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MEMORIALS

OF

THE WESLEY FAMILY.

THE WESLEY FAMILY.

MEMORIALS

OF

THE WESLEY FAMILY:

INCLUDING

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY FOR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS;

TOGETHER WITH A

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE WESLEYS,

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES,
FOR MORE THAN NINE HUNDRED YEARS.

BY

GEORGE J. STEVENSON,

AUTHOR OF

"The Methodist Hymn-Book and its Associations," "City Road Chapel and its Associations," "Sketch of the Life and Ministry of C. H. Spurgeon," "The Origin of Alphabetical Characters," etc.

NEW YORK: NELSON AND PHILLIPS;
CINCINNATI: HITCHCOCK AND WALDEN;
LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.

1876.

THE WESLEY FAMILY GROUP.

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1. John Wesley, A.M., son of the ejected rector of Charmouth, born in 1636. He was a lay preacher. Died 1668, aged 42 years. Portrait from the original painting.

2. Samuel Wesley, A.M., born at Winterborn-Whitchurch, in 1662; educated at Oxford: was forty years rector of Epworth, from 1696 to 1735. Father of nineteen children, of whom Samuel, John, and Charles were the chief. Died at Epworth, 1735, aged 72 years. Portrait from the frontispiece to his "Dissertations on Job."

3. Susanna Wesley, daughter of Dr. Annesley, born in London, 1669; married to the Rev. Samuel Wesley in 1689; died in London, 1742, aged 73. Mother of nineteen children. Portrait from the original painting.

4. Samuel Wesley, A.M., in his 19th year, a student at Oxford; represented as writing his first work, entitled "Maggots," 1681. From a rare print. The poet's wreath round his head, and the maggot gnawing at his brains.

5. John Wesley, A.M., born at Epworth, 1703; educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford; founded Methodism, 1739; died in London, 1791, aged 87 years. Portrait from a rare print.

6. James Hamilton, M.D., John Wesley, A.M., and Joseph Cole, taken in the streets of Edinburgh, 1790, by an eminent artist.

7. Samuel Wesley, A.M., eldest son of the rector of Epworth, born in London, 1690; educated at Westminster and Oxford; head master of Tiverton School; died at Tiverton, 1739, aged 49 years. Portrait from a scarce print.

8. Charles Wesley, A.M., born at Epworth, December, 1707; educated at Westminster and Oxford; died in London, 1788, aged 80 years. Portrait from an original in the possession of the family.

9. John Wesley, A.M., in his 63rd year, from a painting by Howe.

10. Sarah Wesley, wife of Charles Wesley, A.M., in her 86th year, from a very scarce print. Born 1726; married in 1749; died in 1822, aged 96. Mother of Charles, Sarah, and Samuel Wesley.

11. Charles Wesley, musician, born in Bristol, 1757; died at Paddington, 1834, aged 77 years. Portrait from a painting by Russell.

12. Samuel Wesley, born February 24th, 1766; a distinguished organist and composer; died in London, 1837, aged 71 years. Portrait at the age of 8 years, from a rare engraving published by order of Lord Mornington, his patron.

13. Samuel Wesley, musician, at the age of 60. From a painting in the possession of the family.

14. Sarah Wesley, daughter of the Rev. Charles and Sarah Wesley, born in Bristol, 1759; died in Bristol in 1828, aged 69 years. Portrait from a painting by Russell.

15. John Wesley, A.M., at the age of 80. From a rare bust by Enoch Wood, in the possession of G. J. Stevenson, Paternoster Row, London.

PREFACE.

When the Founder of Methodism passed away to his reward in heaven he left all the letters and papers relating to his family to the custody of three endeared friends, the last survivor of whom, the venerable Henry Moore, lived to the year 1844, when he also departed hence, at the ripe age of ninety-three. For fifty years he had possession of the Wesley papers, and if he ever opened and read them he made no use of them. At his death they were by his will left to the custody of three friends, on the same terms as Mr. Wesley had left them. The first-named of these executors, through feeble health, declined to take any responsibility, and so the whole of the papers were placed in the hands of the second-named executor. This gentleman had neither the time nor the taste requisite to examine hundreds of old letters and papers of various kinds, and to determine what was best to be done with them.

Having had the privilege of being one of Mr. Moore's correspondents, Mr. Moore's executor invited me to his house, placed all the papers in my hands for examination and classification, and, that done, a careful copy was taken of those documents which were deemed suitable for publication, which was part of the design of both Mr. Wesley and Mr. Moore. Several months were thus occupied, and in performing that pleasant duty the writer became delighted with his subject, and obtained information respecting the various members of the Wesley family and their friends which had for the most part been sealed from the public since the death of Mrs. Susanna Wesley in 1742.

Some ten years after Mr. Moore's death two of the three of his executors had gone to join him in the better land, when the certified copies of the Wesley papers were given to the writer, and the originals were deposited with the third of Mr. Moore's executors. As both Mr. Wesley and Mr. Moore designed that the papers should be published, it was long a question in what form they should be printed. For some time one or more of those papers appeared occasionally in two serial publications, and it was one of those papers which seems to have originated a work recently written by Dr. Rigg, under the title of "The Living Wesley." Such of the papers as related to the Founder of Methodism were placed at the disposal of the Rev. Luke Tyerman, and they form not the least interesting portion of that gentleman's valuable biography of John Wesley. The late Rev. John Kirk had the perusal of some of the papers, though only once is this alluded to, and that in the second edition of the "Mother of the Wesleys."

How best to comply with Mr. Wesley's desire for the publication of his papers was a problem both his own and Mr. Moore's executors desired to solve. In the mean time numerous other letters and documents relating to the Wesleys had been found and copied, until, at the suggestion of many friends, the plan which seemed most likely to include all the new facts gathered together, if not to embrace all the documents in detail, was the re-writing of the lives of all the members of the Epworth family of Wesley, making each as complete as possible, and bringing the work down to include all the descendants who were known to belong to the family. This has now been done, and the result is before the reader. There are still many Wesley letters unpublished which the plan of the present work does not embrace. Should life and health be continued, some other opportunity may be offered to the writer for their use.

The Epworth Wesleys lived in times of such sore trouble, and they had to struggle so hardly and continuously for a bare subsistence, that they had no time, supposing they had the opportunity, to inquire into the past history of the family:

hence neither the rector of Epworth nor any of his sons had any idea of the character of their ancestors. Indeed the thread of connection between themselves and the century immediately preceding that in which they lived seems to have been entirely severed so far as they themselves were concerned. In all the documents which have come down to us from the Wesleys, only one allusion is made to their ancestry, and that is by John Wesley to "a letter which his grandfather's father had written in 1619 to her he was to marry" in a few days. The great utility of the lives and labours of the Wesleys so occupied the public mind, that all considerations concerning their ancestors were absorbed; and so great was the work accomplished by the brothers Wesley in founding and establishing Methodism, that when the public was deprived by death of their labours, minor matters seem to have sunk in the great work itself. "It is therefore a most natural impulse of posterity to trace up the family to its origin, and to inquire by what means those luminaries, so small at their rising, attained to such a meridian of usefulness and glory, and appeared so broad and resplendent at their setting."

The fame of the labours, writings, and success in the ministry of the Wesleys has reached to all parts of the habitable globe; and wherever the name is known a desire has been naturally enkindled to learn something of the origin and personal history of the men, and of their families. To satisfy that desire this work has been prepared. Of its faults and imperfections, no one knows so much as the writer himself; but when it is understood that the only time for its preparation which was available was before eight o'clock in the morning and after seven o'clock in the evening, the whole of the day being occupied in commercial pursuits, and the responsibility of a large family pressing upon him at home, the reader may be disposed to look with a lenient eye at the shortcomings of the work. The aim has been to make a record of facts, as full and complete as possible, leaving all the adornments of language and the polish of rhetoric to the genius of the reader. That the book will both interest and instruct

cannot be doubted; that its perusal will do good to all who seek good in its pages is sincerely hoped and believed. From a conviction of the truth of the Divine declaration, "Them that honour me, I will honour," and from a conviction that God has put honour upon the Wesley family, it has been the desire of the writer of this work to show in what various ways God has manifested His lovingkindness to them in their lives, their sufferings, and in their posterity. If we look at the life-work of the Wesleys in its widely extended influence over the world, or if we look at their descendants, so far as they are known, we are constrained to say, as the Founder of Methodism himself said when dying, "THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US!"

The portraits forming the frontispiece are authentic likenesses, and are copies of originals which are scarce and valuable.

The author acknowledges his indebtedness to the biographies of the Wesleys written by Dr. Adam Clarke and the Rev. Luke Tyerman. For important aid in preparing the pedigree of the family, he cheerfully accords his thanks to the Rev. Lewis Herbert Wellesley-Wesley, rector of Hatchford, and the Rev. John P. Johnson, of Wood Green.

G. J. STEVENSON.

PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON,
January, 1876.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

Various private and public documents, historical and biographical, have been consulted in order to obtain the information contained in the following notes. It is believed that the first Earl of Mornington was at the cost of the first investigation of the records relating to the Wellesley or Wesley family. A copy of the results thus obtained was supplied during the last century to another branch of the family, and to that document additions have been made by careful research in the library of the British Museum and corrections obtained by the author of this work, so as to make the record as full and authentic as possible. The works consulted were: "The Peerage of Ireland," Playfair's "British Family Antiquity," Banks's "Dormant and Extinct Baronage," Burke's "Heraldic Dictionary," Burke's "Dictionary of the Landed Gentry," Debrett's "Baronetage," Lyson's "Magna Britannia," Fuller's "Worthies of England," Spelman's "Glossary," Stonehouse's "History of the Isle of Axholme," etc. There exists uncertainty about some of the notes, but it is doubtful if more accurate information can be obtained, as it probably does not exist. The first name takes the reader back to exactly the middle of the Christian era, and far into Saxon times, before surnames had been introduced.

THE WESLEY OR WELLESLEY FAMILY.

1. Guy, whose wife was named Phenan, was made a thane by Athelstan [925–40] about the year A.D. 938, and married his kinswoman, the only daughter of an old chieftain. He lived at Welswe, near Wells, in Somerset. His son
2. Geoffrey, or Godfrey, married Emma, daughter of De Sasualls,

of Etingdon, but having been unjustly treated by Ethelred, joined the Danish forces, and marched with Sweyn against him. His son

3. Licolph was married, but his wife is unknown. He is said to have been concerned in the murder of Edmund the Elder, 946, and was in his turn murdered on his way home to Etingdon. He left two sons, Walrond and William: the latter was a monk of Witheycombe, and unmarried.
4. Walrond married Adelicia, daughter of William Percy. He resided on his ancestral estate, the manor of Welswey, and died there about the year 1070–80. He left two sons, Avenant and William.
5. Avenant of Welswey, or Wesley, *temp.* 4th Henry I., A.D. 1104, obtained the serjeantry of all the country east of the river Peret to Bristol Bridge. William de Wellesley married Elène de Chetwynde. He made numerous grants of land to Ash and Witheycombe Abbeys. He left one son, Roger, and two daughters.
6. Roger de Wellesley married Matilda, daughter of Hugh O'Neal, and left issue two sons and two daughters.
7. Matilda was married to Guy de Prendergast. Ann was married to W. Botetheur. Arthur married his kinswoman, the daughter and heiress of Wesley, of Westley Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, one of whose descendants was Sir Nicholas de Westleigh, and from whom the Wesleys of Bury and of Westley Hall, Shropshire, descended. Stephen, the heir, married Alice de Cailli, co. York. Having distinguished himself with Sir John Courcy in the wars in England and Gascony, *temp.* Henry II., he was sent to Ireland, 1172, with Sir John Courcy, to subdue Ulster. He had issue two sons and two daughters, Ann, Emma, Philip, who was a priest, and Walter.
8. Walter married Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Taffe. He held the post of standard-bearer to Henry II., and having accompanied the king into Ireland, 1172, obtained for his military services large grants of land in the counties of Meath and Kildare. A standard, supposed to be the one carried in 1172, was preserved in the Irish branch of the family to a recent period. He had issue two sons, Valerian and Nicholas.

9. Nicholas de Wellesley married Laura Vyvyan, daughter of a Cornish baronet. He was rewarded for much military service. He left issue four sons and two daughters. Matilda was married to M. de Vavaseur; Eleanor was unmarried; Joceline was a priest, and became abbot of a monastery near Wells; Richard was a monk; Geoffrey, who succeeded W. Westley, and had a daughter who married Westley of Westley Hall, Bury St. Edmunds; and William, the heir.
10. William, or Walrond, grandson of the standard-bearer, married Ann, daughter of Sir William Vavaseur by his wife Alice, daughter of Sir Robert Nevill. He was a great warrior, and was known as Walrond the Younger. He was slain, with Sir Robert Percival, in a battle with the Irish, October 22nd, 1303, aged seventy years. He had issue three sons and a daughter: William, who fell in battle with the Irish, Wolfran, Ann, and John, the heir, who inherited the title conferred on his father.
11. Sir John de Wellesley, Knight, married a daughter of Wellesley, co. Somerset, and left issue two sons, John, who was summoned to Parliament as a baron of the realm, and also Sheriff of Kildare, and William, his heir.
12. Sir William de Wellesley was twice married, first to Elizabeth, by whom he had one son, Edward, and three daughters. Edward joined the Scotch army during the crusades, and set out with Sir James Douglas and the crusaders to Palestine, with the intention of placing the heart of Robert Bruce in the Holy Sepulchre. He died without issue in a contention with the Saracens in 1340. In the mean time Sir William was created a peer of the realm, under the title of Baron Noragh, and married for his second wife Alice, daughter of Sir John Trevellion, and had issue four sons, Walrond, the heir, Richard, Robert, and Arthur. Robert was a monk, and died without issue. Each of the other sons became the head of a distinguished family, whose descendants have come down to our own times. Sir William de Wellesley, their father, was summoned to Parliament as a baron of the realm in 1339, and had a grant by patent from Edward II. in 1326 for the custody of the castle of Kildare; but that monarch subsequently conferring the office upon John FitzThomas, Earl of Kildare, Lord Noragh was removed,

and lost the fee of twenty marks per annum. To atone for this, the king granted him the custody of the manor of Demore, in 1342, with the yearly fee of twenty marks. A grant of land was also made to him for his defence of the castle of Dunlavon, and for his services against the O'Tothells, one of whom he took prisoner. He was afterwards made governor of Carbery Castle by Richard II., and died at a very advanced age. His second son, Sir Richard de Wellesley, became the head of the Wesleys of Dangan, co. Meath, Ireland, from whom descended the Marquis of Wellesley, Governor-General of India, and his brother Arthur, Duke of Wellington. His fourth son, Arthur, became the head of the Wesleys of Shropshire and Wales, who in the middle ages took the name and estates of Porter, and from whom descended the well-known Sir Robert Ker Porter, traveller, and his sisters Anna Maria and Mary Jane Porter, authoresses. Walrond inherited the family estates.

13. Walrond de Wellesley, second Baron Noragh, married Geraldine, either daughter or niece of the Earl of Kildare. He succeeded to Wellesley Manor, co. Somerset. He accompanied Prince Edward in a war in France, and on his return to England set out with the king to check an invasion of the Scots in Northumberland, where his brother was killed. He was eventually taken prisoner with the Earl of Pembroke, and died in France, 1373–75. He left issue two sons, John, vicar of Sturminster, and Gerald, the heir.
14. Gerald de Wellesley, third Baron Noragh, who married first Grizelle Aylmer, and secondly Ann Piggott. He succeeded his father in his title and estates, but having offended Henry IV., was deprived of them, and was imprisoned for some years, but was liberated at the accession of Henry V. in 1413. His estates were returned, but the title of nobility was refused. He had issue three sons and three daughters. Walter was chaplain to Edward IV.; Cuthbert fell in battle; Arthur, the heir, took the name of Westley.
15. Arthur Westley married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Ogilvy. Relieved from the responsibilities which rested on his father, he sought the promotion of the interests of his family, and in this he was remarkably successful. He had

issue four sons. John became rector of Langton; Richard married Kate Wellesley, of Dangan Castle, Ireland; and Humphrey married the daughter of Hubert Wesley, of Westley Hall. Hugh, who was his heir, obtained the honour of knighthood, and resumed the name of Wellesley.

16. Sir Hugh de Wellesley married Grizelle de Talbot, daughter of John, Earl of Shrewsbury, by Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James, fourth Earl of Ormonde, by Lady Joan, daughter of Gerald, fifth Earl of Kildare. By this marriage he recovered much of the position in the country of which his grandfather was deprived. He had issue five sons. Richard fell in battle with the Irish, 1570; Herbert was chaplain to the Earl of Ormonde; Hugh married Mabel, daughter of H. de Wellesley; Harold fell into disgrace, having been concerned with Lord Dacre in stealing deer out of Sir John Nicholas Pelham's park, so he fled from England. William was his heir.

17. William de Wellesley married, in 1532, Gwendaline, daughter of Walter de Courtenay, who was grandson of the Earl of Devon, and son of Hugh Courtenay by his wife Lady Katharine Tollemache, daughter of Sir L. Tollemache. He had issue one son and two daughters, the latter named Gwendaline, who was married to Sir R. Echlin, and Frances, who was married to Robert Wellesley, of Ireland, in 1552. Walter was his heir.

18. Walter, who took the name of Wesley, or Westley, married Alice, daughter of Paul Tracey, of Toddington, by his wife Barbara, daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, son of Sir William Tracey by his wife, daughter of Sir William Throckmorton. They had issue six daughters and one son. Millicent became the wife of W. Wellesley, of Kildare and Dangan; Alice, a maid of honour to the Princess of Condé, and four others. Herbert was his heir.

19. Sir Herbert Wesley married (*temp.* Queen Elizabeth) Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Wesley, of Dangan Castle, Ireland. They had three sons: William, his heir; Harphame, who died unmarried; and Bartholomew, who was ordained a priest, and became the head of that branch known as the Wesleys of Epworth.

20. William Wesley was married, but in the troubles of the

times in which he lived the name of his wife is lost. He would be contemporary with the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth and James I. He had issue three sons. Arthur and Thomas died without issue. His heir was William.

21. William Wesley married the daughter of Sir Thomas Piggot, and had issue two sons and two daughters. Thomas was tutor and chaplain to C. Horton, of Catton Hall, co. Derby, and died without issue. George Arthur was his heir.

22. George Arthur Wesley was for some years in the army, and squandered much of his property. He was twice married, first to the daughter of G. A. Pelham, Esq., who was cousin to the Earl of Chichester: she left one son, who died without issue. Secondly he married a lady who is said to have been his kinswoman, but her name is not known. She left issue, one son, Francis, the heir, and Mary, who died unmarried.

23. Francis Wesley was born in 1767, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Frederick Bamfield. He died in 1854, aged eighty-seven years: she died a few years previously, aged eighty-two years. They left issue six children. John, the eldest, was married, and resided for some time in Scotland, but had no son; another brother had three sons, all of whom died young; a third brother went to Australia, where he has a family of five sons and one daughter; the next brother, Alfred, born in 1804, forms the next branch in the family pedigree.

24. Alfred Wesley was born in 1804, and married Anne Lilley, daughter of J. Lilley, Esq., of Hauxton Manor, and left issue six sons, five of whom are living. Their names are Edward Alfred Henry, who married a daughter of Mr. Appleyarde; Charles, who is an officer in the hospital at Buenos Ayres; William, who died without issue; Lewis Herbert, who is in holy orders, has Miss Marsh, late of Beckenham, for his godmother (he graduated at Durham in 1867, and is at present rector of Hatchford, in Surrey); and Ernest George, who is ordained and a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

THE WELLESLEY FAMILY.

1. Sir Richard de Wellesley, son of the first Baron Noragh, and second brother of Walrond, married Johan, daughter of Sir Nicholas de Castlemartin, of Dangan, and widow of Sir Richard Fitzgerald. He was Sheriff of Kildare in 1418, and succeeded to the Irish estates. He left issue three sons: Walter, who died unmarried; Christopher, who married Genet, daughter of Sir Nicholas de Crompe, who by some authorities is made the heir, and was succeeded by his brother Gerald.
2. Gerald de Wellesley, of Dangan, married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, and had issue three sons, Henry, William, and Walter. The latter became Bishop of Kildare.
3. William de Wellesley, of Dangan, married Ismay, daughter of Sir Thomas Plunket, Lord of Rathmore, and had issue one son, Robert, and one daughter, Alice, who was married to John Cusake, of Cussington.
4. Robert de Wellesley, of Dangan, married his kinswoman, Francis, daughter of W. de Wellesley, of Westleigh, and had issue one son, William, and one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to Herbert Wellesley, of Westleigh, her kinsman.
5. William de Wellesley married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Cusake, of Portraine, and left two sons, Valerian, his heir, and William, who married Millicent Wellesley, of Devon, his kinswoman, from whom descended Sir Robert Wesley, Knight, Sheriff of London in 1733, and Lord Mayor of London in 1744, and through whom descended Robert Wesley, of Mount Clozier, who married Ellen, daughter of Isaac Butt, Esq., of Lismore Castle, co. Limerick, whose son and heir was Sir Robert Wesley, who married Mary, daughter of the Rev. Robert Butt, rector of Stranalar, co. Donegal, and sister to Isaac Butt, Esq., M.P., Q.C., etc. They have issue four sons, Robert, Berkeley, Arthur, and Sidney, and one daughter, Arabella, living in 1875.
6. Valerian de Wellesley was twice married, first to Maria, daughter of Walter Cusake, in 1640, and secondly to Ann Cusake, his cousin-german, cousin to Sir Henry Cowley, and relict of Christopher Nugent, Esq. The first wife left

no issue, and the second had issue one son, William, who married Margaret, daughter of Sir Gerald Kempe, whose will is dated October 25th, 1649. She had issue one son, Gerald or Garret, a posthumous son, who became the heir.

7. Garret or Gerald de Wellesley was born after his father's death. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Dudley Colley, or Cowley, who was Member of Parliament in 1660. He left issue two sons and one daughter, the latter named Mary, who was married to Wentworth Harman, Esq., of Bawne, co. Longford, Captain of the Battle-axe Guard. William Wesley, the eldest son, married Miss Keating, sister of his brother's wife, who died without issue. He was succeeded by his brother Garret.

8. Garret Wesley married Catherine, daughter of Maurice Keating, who was sister of his brother's wife. After reaching middle life, and having no issue at nearly the age of sixty, Garret Wesley wrote to his kinsman the Rev. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, asking if he had a son named Charles (of whom he had heard), and would he consent to his being adopted as the heir to his estates in Ireland. During several years the proposal was open for acceptance, but it was ultimately declined by Charles Wesley: thereupon Garret Wesley adopted his cousin Richard Colley, son of Henry Colley, of Castle Carbery. Garret Wesley died suddenly at Dangan, September 23rd, 1728. His will is dated 1727: from it the following passage appended is taken: "Whereas, Garret Wesley, late of Dangan, devised all his real estate to Richard Colley, Esq., of Dublin, for life, etc., provided that he and his sons male assumed and took upon him and them the surname and coat-of-arms of Wesley. Whereupon the said Richard Colley, *alias* Wesley, after the death of the said Garret Wesley in 1728, did assume the surname and coat-of-arms of Wesley." The arms are thus described: "Ar. a cross sa., in each corner three escallops of the last. Crest, a Wiven ppr. Motto, God is Love." The arms vary in different branches of the family.

9. Richard Colley Wesley was auditor of the Royal Hospital, Dublin; Second Chamberlain of the Exchequer, 1713; married on December 23rd, 1719, Elizabeth, daughter of John Sale, LL.D., Member of Parliament for Carysfort.

She died June 17th, 1738, leaving an only son. Richard Colley Wesley was Sheriff of Meath in 1734, Member of Parliament for Trim, and was created by George II. Baron Mornington, by patent dated July 9th, 1746. He entered the House of Peers October 6th, 1747, and died June 21st, 1758. He had issue one son and two daughters, Elizabeth and Frances. Garret was his heir.

10. Garret Colley Wesley was born July 19th, 1735, married Ann, daughter of Arthur Hill, first Viscount Dungannon, Keeper of the Public Records in Ireland. She died September 10th, 1831. He entered the House of Peers February 13th, 1758. He was created Viscount Wellesley of Dangan, by patent dated October 20th, 1760, the title having been extinct since September 26th, 1742. He was the second Earl of Mornington, had been a professor of music in Trinity College, Dublin, and took an active and long-continued interest in the private concerts given by the young sons of the Rev. Charles Wesley, the latter having refused the estates which gave to the earl his titles of nobility. He died May 22nd, 1781, leaving five sons and one daughter, named Ann. They used both the names Wesley and Wellesley. Their names were Richard, William, Arthur, Gerald Valerian, and Henry Wesley.

11. Richard, Viscount Wellesley, was born June 20th, 1760. He was twice married, first in November, 1794. His wife died without issue. Secondly, in 1825, to Marianne Caton, an American lady, and a widow, who also died without issue. He was appointed Governor-General of India in 1797, created Marquis of Wellesley in 1799, and died September 26th, 1842. He was succeeded by his brother William Wesley, born May 20th, 1763; was created Baron Maryborough; married Katharine Elizabeth Forbes in 1794; he succeeded his brother Richard; and died in 1845. Arthur Wesley was born May 1st, 1769; educated at Eton; entered the army in 1787; Member of Parliament for Trim in 1790; married April 10th, 1806, Catherine, daughter of the second Lord Longford, who died in April, 1831; created Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington, 1814; Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1834; Commander-in-Chief of the army; died September 22nd, 1852, aged eighty-three. Gerald Valerian Wesley, D.D., was born December 7th,

1770; married in June, 1802, Emily Mary Sloane, daughter of the first Earl of Cadogan, who died in December, 1839. Dr. Wesley was Prebend of Durham and Chaplain to the Queen, and died October 24th, 1848, leaving issue. Henry Wesley, born January 20th, 1773, became Lord Cowley.

THE PORTER FAMILY OF THE WESLEYS.

1. Arthur Wellesley was fourth son of William de Wellesley, first Baron Noragh, by Alice, his second wife. He married Jane Westley, of Westley Hall, Salop, and Westley Dale, Northumberland. He fell in battle with the Scots near Berwick. He had issue one son, who adopted the name of Westley or Wesley.
2. Meredith Westley, lord of Westley Hall, Westbury, co. Salop, was married, but his wife is not known. He was succeeded by his son
3. Edward Westley, married Jane, daughter of Thomas Corbet, of Lee, ap Roger Corbet, who married Jane, daughter of Sir John Bailey by Alice fech Lord Greye, of Wilton, "Earl of Stainford and Warrington." This Roger was son to Robert ap William Corbet, lord, of course. He was succeeded by his son
4. John Wesley, married Jane fech Gwyllt ap Rhiwallon ap Alo of Powys. This John Wesley brought in Daccws Dda, of Hope, who rebelled against Owen ap Gvyffydd ap Gwenwynwyn ap Owen Cwveiliog, Prince of Powys, for which service the king made him his Grand Porter, and gave him many lands and tenements by charter. He was succeeded by his son
5. John Porter Wesley, who married Margaret, daughter to John Brayless ap John Brayless ap David Brayless. His heir was his son
6. Piers Porter Wesley, who married Sionet fech Trefan ap Llieu ap Einion ap Celinin, of Llwydeditt, by Lenci fech Edward Llwyd. He was succeeded by his son
7. Piers Wesley, of Westley Hall, Salop, was married, and left four sons, from whom the Westleys of Westley Hall, Westbury, Salop, descend. His brother Robert became the founder of the family at Poole Hall.

8. Robert Porter Wesley, of Poole Hall, married Cecely Gwynn fech Gvyffydd ap Reinallt ap Sir Gvyffydd fechan by Joyce fech Owen ap Trefan Blaney, Esq. He was succeeded by his son
9. Howell Wesley Porter, of Poole Hall, married Catein fech Thomas Evans, of Oswestry, by Ellen fech Edward Llwydd, of Llwyny Neath. His successor was
10. Thomas Wesley Porter, of Poole Hall, who married Gwen fech Theophilus Lloyd ap Richard Lloyd ap Roger ap Robert ap Ddafid fechan ap Sir David Llwydd ap Sir Gvyffydd Lloyd. He left two sons.
11. Howell Wesley Porter, of Poole Hall, was succeeded by his brother Theophilus Wesley Porter, 1633, was married, and from whom descended Sir Robert Ker Porter, the traveller, who died in 1842, aged sixty-two; Jane Porter, who died in 1850, aged seventy-four; and Anna Maria Porter, who died in 1832, all celebrated authors.

THE EPWORTH FAMILY OF THE WESLEYS.

It is on this branch of the family, whose pedigree is traced in these pages, that the chief interest of the reader will be concentrated. The separating link from the original stock was the third son of Sir Herbert Wesley, whose mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Wesley, of Dangan Castle, Ireland, so that in him is centred, in his father the original stock, and in his mother the Wellesley branch of that stock. His name was Bartholomew.

1. Bartholomew Wesley was born in the year 1596. Of his early life nothing is now known. In 1619 he married Ann, daughter of Henry Colley, of Castle Carbery, Ireland, whose mother was Ann, daughter of Adam Loftus, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. He was educated at Oxford, where he studied physic as well as divinity. He was for many years rector of Catherston and Charmouth, co. Dorset, from which he was ejected in 1662. He died about the year 1680, aged eighty-four, and left one son.
2. John Wesley, A.M., was born about the year 1636, it is believed in Devonshire. He was educated at New College, Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree, and was greatly

favoured by Dr. Owen, the Vice-Chancellor. He was married in 1658, when only twenty-two, to the daughter of the Rev. John White, then known as the Patriarch of Dorchester. He became the minister of Winterborn-Whitchurch, co. Dorset; and in 1661 he held a long dialogue with Bishop Ironside, who sought, with others, to silence him. He was ejected in 1662, and after enduring great and prolonged hardships died at Preston, Dorset, in 1668, aged forty-two. His widow survived him till 1710. They had a large family, but the names of four only of their children are known: Timothy, born 1659, and had issue; Elizabeth, born 1660, and who was married to Mr. Dyer, and had issue; Samuel, born 1662, and became rector of Epworth; and Matthew, who was an apothecary, and died in London in 1737, and had issue one son, who died unmarried.

3. Samuel Wesley, A.M., was born at Winterborn-Whitchurch, 1662; educated in London, and at Exeter College, Oxford; was ordained priest in St. Andrew's, Holborn, in 1689, in which year he was married to Susanna, the twenty-fifth child of Dr. Samuel Annesley, of London. In 1691 he became rector of South Ormsby, and in 1696 rector of Epworth, and died there April 25th, 1735, aged seventy-two. He had issue nineteen children, of whom Samuel, Emilia, Susanna, Mary, Mehetabel, Anne, John, Martha, Charles, and Kezia came to years of maturity, and all excepting Kezia were married. Mrs. Wesley died in London, July 23rd, 1742, aged seventy-three years.

4. Samuel Wesley, A.M., was born in London, February 10th, 1690; educated at Westminster School, and Christ Church, Oxford; married, in 1715, Phillis, daughter of the Rev. John Berry; was many years usher at Westminster School; and died November 6th, 1739, having been some years head-master of Tiverton School, Devon. He left one daughter, married to Mr. Earle, an apothecary at Barnstaple, by whom she had two daughters, who went to France. One of them is said to have married into the family of Marshal Ney, who was shot in 1815; the other was married to Mr. Mansell, of Dublin.

Emilia Wesley was married to Robert Harper, of Epworth, "a tradesman without a trade." She died in 1771, aged seventy-nine.

Susanna Wesley was married to Richard Ellison, apothecary Epworth; died 1764, aged sixty-nine; left issue two sons, John and Richard Annesley, and two daughters, Ann and Deborah. The names of their descendants are recorded on pages 284–87 of this work.

Mary Wesley was married in 1734 to the Rev. John Whitelamb, and died at Wroote in 1734, aged thirty-eight, leaving no issue.

Mehetabel Wesley was married to William Wright, a plumber, and died in London in 1750, aged fifty-three years, leaving no issue at present known.

Anne Wesley was married to John Lambert, surveyor, Epworth; she left issue one son.

John (Benjamin) Wesley, A.M., founder of Methodism; born in 1703; educated at Oxford; ordained a priest in 1728; founded the United Societies in 1739; married Mrs. Vazeille in 1751; died in London, March 2nd, 1791, aged eighty-seven years; left no issue.

Martha Wesley, born 1706, was married to the Rev. Westley Hall, in 1735, and died in London in 1791, aged eighty-five years, leaving no issue.

Charles Wesley, A.M., born 1707; educated at Oxford; ordained priest in 1735; married Sarah Gwynne in 1749; died in London in 1788, aged eighty years; leaving issue two sons, Charles and Samuel, and one daughter, Sarah. Mrs. Wesley died in 1822, aged ninety-six. Charles and Sarah died unmarried. Samuel was married and left issue.

Kezia Wesley, born 1709, died 1741, unmarried, aged thirty-two.

5. Samuel Wesley, youngest son of the Rev. Charles and Sarah Wesley, born in 1766, married, and had issue Charles Wesley, D.D., John Wesley, and Emma Frances, married (the names of her children are recorded on page 537); also Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Doctor of Music, married and had issue five sons; Rosalind Wesley, who was twice married, and had issue two sons and three daughters; Eliza Wesley, who is unmarried; Matthias Erasmus Wesley, married, and had issue six sons and one daughter; John Wesley, married, and had issue one son and five daughters; Thomasine Wesley, married, and had issue three sons and two daughters; Robert Glenn Wesley, married, and had issue four sons and one daughter. Their descendants are recorded on pages 537–38.

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MEMORIALS

OF

THE WESLEY FAMILY.

BARTHOLOMEW WESLEY.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM.

Born 1595 (?); *died* 1680 (?).

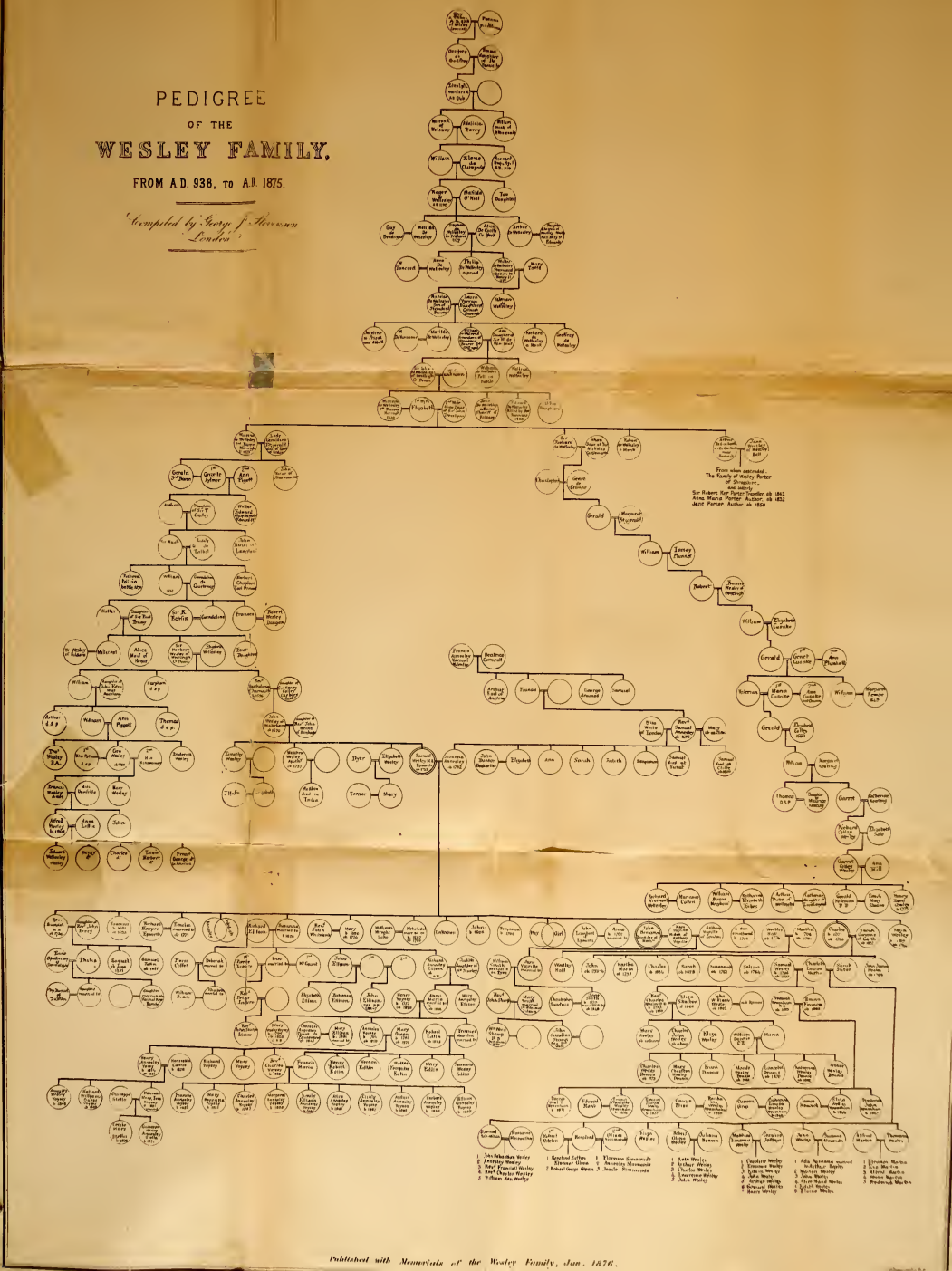
MANY minds and many pens have been occupied, since the death of the Founder of Methodism, in recording such details of biography and history of the leading members of the Wesley family as could be obtained by inquiry and research. Two only of the numerous writers of Wesley biography seem to have taken much pains to ascertain particulars of the family beyond the rector of Epworth. These are the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, and the Rev. William Beal. Both these authors commence with Bartholomew Wesley, and carry their records back only to the beginning of the seventeenth century of the Christian era. Who and what Bartholomew Wesley was prior to the year 1650, seems to have been a mystery alike to both; and the most careful and diligent research of Dr. Clarke in the great libraries of the land, and the equally painstaking investigation of Mr. Beal in the locality where these earlier members of the Wesley family lived and died, were alike almost barren of satisfactory result.

In terms of almost doleful regret, Dr. Clarke summarises the result of his inquiries in these words: "Posterity can mount no higher in tracing the Wesley family than to about the end of the sixteenth century. As far as we can trace them back, we find Mr. Wesley's ancestors appear respectable for learning, conspicuous for piety, and firmly attached to those views of Christianity which they had formed from the sacred Scriptures."

Mr. Beal, after a long and patient investigation through local histories and church registers, in and around the county of

PEDIGREE
OF THE
WESLEY FAMILY,
FROM A.D. 938, to A.D. 1875.

Compiled by George J. Stevenson
London



Published with Memorials of the Wesley Family, Jan. 1876.

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Mr. Beal, after a long and patient investigation through local histories and church registers, in and around the county of

Dorset, records the names of several persons named Westley, or Westleigh, but without any direct lineal connection. Introducing the first lineal ancestor of the Epworth family, he proceeds in these words: "Bartholomew Wesley was born about the year 1600. No record is known by which inquiries as to his parents, the place of his birth, or the circumstances of his early life, can be met."

No subsequent writer has lifted the veil which has hitherto enshrouded the ancestry of the Wesleys prior to the seventeenth century. A brief glance at the leading events of history during the reigns of the Stuarts on the throne of England will supply abundant information to account for the loss of so much personal and family history, especially a family so distinguished for virtue and piety as was that of the Wesleys.

Political and religious opinions ran to extremes, and were maintained with great violence, during the last two reigns of the Tudor dynasty. Public channels of information were few, the pulpit forming one of the chief, as well as the most important. The press had not developed into a popular institution as we have it now; and over those who could command its advantages, the censorship of the period was sufficiently stringent to keep in subjection nearly all, excepting Court favourites. Correspondence and travelling were alike privileges restricted to the educated and wealthy, and were indulged in by but few of those. The death of Queen Elizabeth, and the accession of James I. to the throne of England, terminated the career of the Tudor dynasty, and commenced that of the Stuarts. It was during the closing years of the long reign of Elizabeth that Bartholomew Wesley was born. The place and time of his nativity are alike at present unknown, but these may come to light when his ancestry are better known.

Three branches of the Wesley family with which the writer has become acquainted, first by correspondence, then by personal intercourse, have contributed, from documentary evidence preserved through many successive generations, the information by which the genealogical table of the family has been compiled, so far as it is complete.

No previous writer of the history of the Wesleys seems to have had any knowledge of any but the Epworth branch. For information concerning this branch, all have hitherto had to depend on the writings of John and Charles Wesley. Charles Wesley died in 1788, and left a large number of valuable unpublished manuscripts. It is very remarkable that half a century should have elapsed before these important papers should have in any form been available to the public. John Wesley died in 1791, leaving an equally large number of valuable unpublished manu-

scripts; and in like manner these papers were entirely concealed from the public eye for more than half a century. The late venerable Thomas Jackson was the first person privileged to have access to the papers of Charles Wesley, and to make them of public service. It was the privilege of the present writer to have the earliest access to the papers of John Wesley, soon after the death of the venerable Henry Moore, into whose safe keeping Mr. Wesley had himself by will committed them more than fifty years previously. The interesting personal and family reminiscences which the perusal of these papers communicated to the writer led to further inquiry. These inquiries have been continued for a quarter of a century, as opportunity was presented: the results will be embodied in the successive pages of this work.

The earliest allusion made to his ancestry by the Rev. John Wesley is in the fifth volume of his Works, page 83, where he mentions a "letter which his grandfather's father had written to her he was to marry" in a few days. The letter was dated 1619; and allowing that the marriage was deliberate, with consent, and after arriving at the mature age which is implied by a collegiate education at the University, and the taking of holy orders, it seems only reasonable to fix the date of birth of his "grandfather's father" at about the year 1595, which would give him to the age of twenty-three before he was ordained, and allow of his marrying at the age of twenty-four. From another and older branch of the family ancestry we learn who were the parents of this now historical divine.

Chivalry held high rank at that period. Originating in the eleventh century, it took its birth in the interior of the feudal mansions, with the intention, first, of admitting young men to the rank and occupation of warrior; secondly, it was the tie which bound him to his feudal superior—his lord, who conferred upon him the arms of knighthood. In the course of its development, when once the feudal society had acquired stability and confidence, religion and imagination, poetry and the Church, laid hold of chivalry and used it as a powerful agency for meeting the moral wants which it was the business of its followers to provide for. The aspirant to knighthood had to bathe, as a symbol of purification, and on coming out of the water he was invested with a white tunic as evidence of purity; a red robe was thrown over him, emblematic of the blood he was to shed, and a black doublet, as a token of his mortality. He had to fast twenty-four hours, and to pass the night in prayer in some church, either alone or with priests; he took the sacrament, heard Mass, and usually a sermon on the duties of a chevalier, after which the sword of knighthood was hung round his neck by the priest, accompanied by his benediction. After these religious ceremonies,

the knights in attendance, or some ladies, arrayed him in complete armour, except the helmet; he was then dubbed by his lord, and received the accolade, or blows with the sword on the shoulders. Thus knighted, the young man put on his helmet, mounted his horse within the church, brandished his lance, and flourished his sword, to show his readiness to do battle for the faith, and then quitted the church, to exhibit himself to the populace.

This glance at the origin of chivalry, and knighthood as its outgrowth, is necessary to enable the reader to understand portions of what we know of the life and conduct of the earlier branches of the Wesleys. The father of Bartholomew Wesley was Sir Herbert Westley, or Wesley, of Westleigh, in the county of Devon. His mother was Elizabeth de Wellesley, of Dangan, in Ireland, herself lineally descended from an equally chivalrous race, and indeed a branch of the same ancestry, connected in other ways by marriage with the original stock of the Wesleys.

What we have hitherto known of this distinguished family has marked them as remarkable for learning, piety, poetry, and music. We must now add these other equally peculiar characteristics, loyalty and chivalry. Taking one step only backward in tracing their genealogy, we find in both the father and mother of Bartholomew Wesley persons who were permitted intercourse with the leading minds of the age, and who were privileged to take an active part in moulding that age in its moral, religious, and social aspects. A knight of the shire was a person of distinction and influence; and usually the family location was well known, and for generations remained the same, the elder son succeeding the father in his well-earned patrimony. The issue of the marriage of Sir Herbert and Elizabeth Wesley was three sons, named respectively William, Harphan, and Bartholomew. The two elder of these appear to have died without issue, and Harphan it is believed was unmarried. Of neither of these children do the records of the family make further mention; but inquiries in the locality of the residence of the worthy knight, and reference to the church registers of Westleigh, might reward the painstaking efforts of the investigator. The youngest of their three children is the one on whom has fallen the honour of handing down a posterity and a name as distinguished for virtues as any which graces the pages of history. Like Jacob and Joseph, both younger sons in families remarkable for varied excellences and eminent distinction; so with the chivalrous knight of Devonshire, his youngest-born had to sustain the fair fame of a long line of noble ancestors. Abraham and Isaac had additional lustre put on the family escutcheon by the blessings God vouchsafed to the families of Jacob and Joseph. So was it

with Sir Herbert Wesley, the heroic knight, and his no less heroic son Bartholomew. God, by their successors, even a century afterwards, added imperishable fame and ever-extending honour to the ancestral name by the self-denying labours and unparalleled blessings conferred on suffering humanity by the almost limitless benevolence of John and Charles Wesley's public life and service.

By conjecture only can we arrive at any knowledge of the surroundings, the friends, companions, and pursuits in early life, of Bartholomew Wesley. The age was one of great national ignorance, though the steady diffusion of knowledge by means of the press, and especially by the dissemination of the Scriptures in the language "understanded of the people," was a privilege to which Englishmen were for the first time introduced. The great Bible of Cranmer, and the numerous cheaper and smaller editions of the sacred volume issued by Barker, and others with the annotations of Beza, were widely distributed amongst the educated classes. The memory of the overthrow of the Spanish Armada was still lingering in many households, and high-minded patriotism would be fostered by those still living whose opposition to popery was the more vigorous because of the freshness of the deliverance from its trammels, and the boldness of the queen in maintaining her own supremacy in these realms against that of the pope. Great deeds in both Church and State would often be the themes of conversation in such a household as was that of Sir Herbert Wesley, and chivalry doubtless became the standard of aspiration to his sons, and the source of their most exalted pleasure. Poetry, as well as religion, laid hold on chivalry, and took some of its most popular themes from the heroism of their ancestors. "The poetical remains that have descended to us from that age show that the poet imposed upon the chevalier the fulfilment of the same duties as were inculcated more solemnly by the priest." The public thought, in this particular, as the poet wrote.

Bartholomew Wesley was about seven years old when James I. came to rule over this land. Religion was no strange thing in his home. Judging his parents by the influence religion had on the son's mind, the spirit of Puritanism then developing within the national Church had already penetrated their minds. Seeking to put away from the Church the remains of popery in respect of vestments, ceremonies, images, ornaments, and other things of like character, as well as to set aside the erroneous doctrines, Queen Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity greatly helped the growth of discontent in the Church. Even the clergy were so ignorant that many of them could do little more than read. Many of them were carpenters and tailors, being unable to sub-

sist on their benefices, and some even kept ale-houses. In some churches the people themselves were forced to provide for divine service as they best could. The queen hated and persecuted the Puritans, while some of her ablest ministers befriended them. Under these discouraging circumstances, Sir Herbert Wesley determined to give his son Bartholomew what benefits of learning could be obtained at the University of Oxford. Dr. Calamy, in his "Nonconformist Memorials," states that whilst Bartholomew was at the University he applied himself to the study of physic as well as divinity. In the former practice he appears to have obtained some celebrity, for whilst he was in his living of Charmouth he was often consulted as a physician. After his ejectment in 1662 he applied himself chiefly to this profession, and gained a livelihood by it, though he continued as occasion permitted to preach.

The details relating to the ordination and entry on the Christian ministry of Bartholomew Wesley are, it is feared, entirely lost. His marriage to the daughter of Sir Henry Colley, of Kildare, Ireland, was unknown to all previous writers of his life: her family name is preserved in the genealogy kept by the elder scions of the Wesleys, and by the aid of the allusion of the Rev. John Wesley, previously given, we learn that the marriage took place in 1619. From that time to the year 1640 we do not find any mention of his name even in any existing publications.

Hutchins, in his "History of Dorset," furnishes a list of the rectors of the small village of Catherston, in that county. Samuel Norrington was appointed to that living in 1599, and he continued to hold it till 1640, when he was sequestered. In that year is the entry in the church register, "Bartholomew Westley, intruder; he was ejected after the Restoration." Timothy Hallett succeeded him, March 4th, 1662. What is the exact meaning of that entry we are left to conjecture. The probability is that Samuel Norrington was deprived of the living in 1640, for some cause deemed satisfactory to the bishop; and the people, or the church, being left without a pastor, and Bartholomew Wesley, who was then residing in the locality, having no cure of souls, was invited by the people to undertake the responsibility. Whilst Hutchins records the date of the sequestration as 1640, he does not give any date to Mr. Wesley's name as "intruder;" but the fact that his name is one in the list of rectors of Catherston implies also that he performed the duties which attached to the office, and that he retained the position till the general ejectment in 1662.

As the home for some years of this excellent man, it may be well to add from Hutchins' "History of Dorset" what is there recorded of Catherston and its rectors.

"This little village stands upon the decline of a hill, a mile north from Charmouth, in the south-western extremity of Dorsetshire. It does not occur in Domesday Book, being, perhaps, included in some other parish. The church was dedicated to St. Mary, 1511, but contains nothing remarkable. In Bishop Chandler's register this church is said to have been long unofficiated in, and on the same account has generally, some time before and since the Reformation, been held by the same person as Charmouth. It is a discharged living in Bridport deanery. It is of the clear yearly value of £15. The return to the Commission, 1650, was Bartholomew Westley's glebe, five acres, worth £3 10s., his small tithes, £10; in all, £13 10s. The following is the ecclesiastical return: Rectors, Laurence Orchard, 1554; Bartholomew Westley, 1650; Benjamin Bird, 14th October, 1662."

The return to the Commission in 1650, for Charmouth, was: "Bartholomew Westley, the present possessor by sequestration. That the house and four acres of glebe are worth per annum, £4; the tithes of the parish, £18. They desire that Catherston may continue annexed."

Here we find the first date in connection with the earthly existence of this good man: the return of the Commission of inquiry as to the occupiers of Church livings contains the name of Bartholomew Wesley in the year 1650. His income from that living was the magnificent sum of £13 10s. per annum. Can it be wondered at that clergymen paid at that rate were obliged to turn carpenters, after the example of our blessed Lord, or tailors, or anything by which they might obtain a subsistence?

The foregoing extract contains the information that the living of Catherston was annexed to that of Charmouth, which was of the annual value of £22. By the union of these two incomes the sum of £35 10s. was obtained. Out of this sum he had to maintain the honourable position of a parish clergyman, to sustain the dignity of being the son of a knight of the shire, and that of his wife, who was the daughter of another knight, and they had to support and educate their son—only one, and considering the times, and his remuneration, this only child was responsibility enough.

The Rev. William Beal furnishes an account of the origin of the aforesaid Commission, which will be read with interest. He says: "In 1649, Whitelock, Keeble, and Lisle were appointed Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal. In the same year they were ordered to inquire into the yearly value of all ecclesiastical livings to which any cure of souls was annexed; to certify to the Court of Chancery the names of the incumbents who supplied the cure, and their respective salaries." The returns thus presented to the Court of Chancery are preserved, and from them the above

extracts are obtained. Mr. Beal further observes that the two villages of "Charmouth and Catherston join each other, and are about two miles distant from Lyme. The inquisitive traveller may easily distinguish Catherston by its fir-trees, on an eminence to the right, as he descends to Charmouth from Bridport." Dr. A. Clarke remarks that "Charmouth is remarkable for its singular situation at the foot of a hill which is 1,005 feet high, and opposite to another hill which is 970 feet high."

There is one incident in the life of Bartholomew Wesley which is recorded by several contemporary authors, but with so many variations, that the facts, though few in number, require careful consideration. The incident is that of Mr. Wesley's design to arrest King Charles II. in his flight to France, the king being one of the audience in Mr. Wesley's congregation at Charmouth at morning prayers, on September 23rd, 1651. The particulars are given by Anthony à Wood, in the "Athenæ Oxoniensis" (vol. ii. col. 963); by Mr. Carte, in his "History of England," taken from the king's own mouth by Mr. Secretary Pepys; by Lord Clarendon, and by John Wesley, each in their published "History of England;" and by others.

Anthony à Wood, speaking of the rector of Epworth, says: "The said Samuel Wesley is grandson of [Bar.] Wesley, the fanatical minister, some time of Charmouth, in Dorsetshire, at which time the Lord Wilmot and King Charles II. had like to have been by him betrayed, when they continued incognito in that country." Lord Clarendon's account is given much more in detail; but of this writer and his work the *Quarterly Review* has lately said: "Clarendon's History was written under the afflictions of age, infirmity, and exile, without notes to assist, or documents to correct the frailty natural even to the best memories."

John Wesley, in his "History of England" (vol. iii. p. 230), gives the substance of this affair, chiefly from Clarendon. In doing so he does not seem to have any idea that the leading person of whom he writes was his own great-grandfather. Mr. Wesley's account is as follows: "Pursuing his journey to the seaside, Charles once more had a very providential escape from the little inn where he set up for the night. The day had been appointed by Parliament a solemn fast; and a weaver, who had been a soldier in the parliamentary army, was preaching against the king in a little chapel fronting the house. Charles, to avoid suspicion, was himself among the audience. It happened that a smith, of the same principles with the weaver, had been examining the horses belonging to the passengers, and came to assure the preacher that he knew by the fashion of the shoes that one of the strangers' horses came from the north. The preacher

immediately affirmed that this horse could belong to no other than Charles Stuart, and instantly went with a constable to search the inn. But Charles had left before the constable's arrival."

The Rev. Luke Tyerman, in his "Life and Times of Samuel Wesley" (p. 29), presents the reader with a carefully prepared narrative of this incident, from various authors. He writes: "After the battle of Worcester, in 1651, Charles II. wished to escape to France, and it was privately arranged that the vessel in which he was to cross the Channel was to be near Charmouth on the night of September 22nd. A man was sent to engage for that night the best rooms at the inn at Charmouth, for a pretended wedding party who wished to stop and refresh themselves and their horses. All this being arranged, the party arrived at the inn, and were secretly assured that about midnight the long-boat, to take them to the vessel, would be at the place appointed. The king and Lord Wilmot [with Mrs. Judith Conisby as a servant, adds Carte] waited at the inn; and Colonel Wyndham and his man Peters went to the seaside, where they watched for the boat all night in vain. At daybreak they urged the king and Lord Wilmot quickly to escape from Charmouth, for fear of treachery. The reason why the boat had not come, as was agreed, was because the wife of the man who had charge of it, who resided at Lyme, suspected what was transpiring, and locked her husband in his chamber, and would on no account permit him to leave the house. While Lord Wilmot was obtaining this information, a blacksmith of the name of Hammet was requested to shoe his lordship's horse. [Carte says it was the king's horse, which had a shoe loose.] The smith, from the fashion of the shoes, declared they had been made not in the west, but in the north. Henry Hull, the ostler, hearing this, stated that the company had sat up all night, and kept their horses saddled. It was at once inferred that the party who had departed from Charmouth that morning was either the king and his friends, or some of the king's distinguished adherents. The ostler ran to Mr. Wesley, the minister, to ask his counsel. Wesley was at his morning religious exercise, and being somewhat long-winded, he wearied the ostler's patience, who returned to the blacksmith's shop without telling his suspicions. In the mean time Lord Wilmot had mounted his horse and was gone. The blacksmith then told Wesley what had happened. Wesley went to the inn to make further inquiries, and then went with the blacksmith to a magistrate, to give him information, that warrants might be issued for the apprehension of the fugitives. No warrants, however, were obtained, but a party pursued the king and his friends as far as Dorchester."

From these statements, the points of disagreement are plainly discernible. Anthony à Wood's leanings toward popery make his remarks of very doubtful authority, where they are not confirmed by other writers. Hence his charge, that Mr. Wesley designed to betray the king, seems no better than an invention of his own imagination. The statements of Clarendon, that Wesley was "a fanatical weaver," and that he had "been in the parliamentary army," seem to rest on no better authority. Not one of these three points of observation is supported by any documentary evidence. It is possible that Wesley might have been a chaplain in the parliamentary army, but there is no proof that he was. That he was a weaver is even more improbable, though, owing to his very small income, he might have obtained a spinning wheel to weave his homespun yarns into home-made cloths. The fast-day service of that memorable day might have been held early in the morning, and the king, having been up and awake all night, might have gone into the service for a little diversion. The preacher little dreamed that there was in his congregation, during those protracted prayers, a person so anxiously wanted as Charles Stuart, the second king of that name, then a fugitive seeking protection by flight to a foreign land. Only twelve days previously the Parliament had issued a proclamation threatening severe punishment to those who concealed the king or any of his party; and on the very day that it was arranged for the escape to France to be carried out the proclamation was published only two miles from Charmouth, in the town of Lyme.

From another contemporary author we gather a few additional particulars respecting this occurrence. Abraham Jennings, in 1664, published a book entitled "Miraculum Basilicon," in which he designates Mr. Wesley "the puny parson of the place, and a most devoted friend to the parricides." His morning service in the church he describes as "his long-breathed devotions and his bloody prayers." Of the clergyman's part in this transaction he says: "Wesley, this pitiful dwindling parson, posted to the innkeeper, and, with most eager blustrations, catechised him concerning what travellers he had lodged that night; from whence they came, and whither they would, and what they did there?" His suspicions being aroused by the answers he received, "he went to Dr. Butler, the next justice of the peace, requiring a warrant, by which he could stir up the people and the soldiers to endeavour the apprehending of the king. The justice having refused to grant the warrant, Captain Massey, who was in the neighbourhood, at once gathered as many soldiers as he was able, and followed after the fugitives in the way towards London, until he came to Dorchester; but by a most divine instinct the king

turned another way, crossing the country a little beyond Bridport, and so escaped from his pursuer Captain Massey!"

It is manifest from the tone of this extract what was the temper of the writer, and how strongly prejudice was permitted to interfere with the narration of facts.

With the evidence before us, it is manifest that Bartholomew Wesley, rector of Charmouth, when his suspicions were aroused by the intelligence sent to him from the inn, that the fugitive king had been all night in his parish, did take the best course he could under the circumstances to secure the arrest of the fugitives. As we learn from a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1785 (p. 487), "Mr. Wesley made no secret of the fact that it was his intention and wish to capture the king; and he jokingly told a gentleman that he was confident that, if ever the king came back, he would be certain to love long prayers; for if he (Wesley) had not been at that time longer than ordinary at his devotion, he would have surely snapt him."

Such is the story as far as the exact facts can be obtained. We now present a few of the leading characteristics of the man himself.

In person he was of small stature; he is called "the puny parson," and "the pitiful dwindling parson." The average height of the members of the Wesleys was from five feet four to five feet six inches. Between this limited range stood Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, and his two sons, John and Charles. The same standard of height characterises those descendants of the family who still survive, belonging to the Epworth branch. The recollections of Bartholomew Wesley as handed down in the locality show that he was a kind, pious, and prudent man. "The times," observes Mr. Beal, "had exacted from him, in common with others, whether Episcopalians or Presbyterians, oaths and pledges of fidelity to the existing government. That Mr. Wesley held these appeals to heaven as sacred is sufficiently attested by his afterwards becoming a Nonconformist. There is no evidence that he was ever a bitter political partisan; had he been so, few persons had equal opportunity for signalising themselves in this way: he appears to have cherished a better state of mind, and this in days when moderation was but little known. That he was a devout man, a Christian in his family, one who held communion with God by prayer, can be sustained by testimony gleaned from many witnesses, some even given in derision by his enemies."

Bartholomew Wesley was one of the ejected ministers. When, and for what cause, he was ejected, is indicated by the ecclesiastical records of Charmouth. It is there stated that Samuel Norrington, appointed rector in 1599, was removed by sequestra-

tion in 1640. Then follows this entry: "Bartholomew Wesley, intruder; he was ejected after the Restoration.—Timothy Hallett, 4th March, 1662." From this it is plain that Mr. Wesley's ejectment took place some months before that general ejectment of St. Bartholomew's day, on August 24th, the result of the Act of Uniformity.

Two things require to be noted here: first, Mr. Wesley was appointed to a sequestered living in 1640; secondly, he is described as an "intruder, ejected after the Restoration." The sequestration of the clergy during the reign of the Stuart dynasty arose from four separate sources,—the operation of the "Solemn League and Covenant," the "Negative Oath," petitions against ministers who lived "scandalous" lives; whilst not a few were deprived of their livings, truly conscientious men, "who had scruples of conscience" as to the conduct of the king and government, and they were removed to make room for men more conformable to the new standard of orthodoxy. To which of these causes is to be traced the deprivation of Mr. Wesley's predecessor at Charmouth, it is not necessary to inquire. It is important to note, secondly, that Mr. Wesley's name is entered as an "intruder, who was ejected after the Restoration."

Petitions for sequestration had to be presented, and referred to a committee, of which John White, "a grave lawyer," and Member of Parliament for Southwark, was chairman. He was the author of a work entitled, "The First Century of the Scandalous, etc., Priests," in which the author furnishes other reasons for the sequestration of many incumbents. From this we further learn that "mercy was mingled with judgment;" that the "sequestered clergy were not cast upon the world without any means of support; one-fifth part value of their livings was allowed them; and none, except by direct and continued acts of hostility to the government, were left in a state of destitution." John White further remarks that "those only who were examined and approved by the assembly of divines, or their deputies, were allowed to succeed the sequestered clergy."

Bartholomew Wesley was no doubt thus examined, approved, and appointed in 1640; but, on the return of Charles II. in 1661, he was ejected from Charmouth as an "intruder." Richard Baxter states that within three months of the Restoration many hundred worthy ministers were displaced and cast out of their charges because they were, no matter from what cause, in sequestration. It is plain, from these several statements, that Mr. Wesley was ejected, not from objection raised against him personally, or for any opinions he may have held, but the living having been in sequestration, he must be displaced to make way for a nominee of the Royalist party, and that some months pre-

viously to the ejectment of the two thousand ministers by the Act of Uniformity, in August, 1662.

Ejected from Catherston, and with his family cast on the world, the merciful providence of God undertook for him, and those depending on him. As a young man he worthily and honourably employed his time at the University in acquiring that knowledge which was made useful to both the bodies and the souls of men. Dr. Calamy states that he applied himself at college to the study of physic as well as divinity. In the former practice he seems to have acquired some celebrity, for whilst residing at Charmouth as rector he was often consulted as a physician; and, after his ejectment, he applied himself chiefly to this profession, and gained a livelihood by it, though he continued, as the times would permit, to preach occasionally. As a preacher and pastor, Dr. Calamy further remarks that he was distinguished by a peculiar plainness of speech, and was not what the world terms popular. This fidelity to truth caused him to be more thoroughly esteemed by the thoughtful and serious people of his charge, whilst others of a more worldly disposition thought and spoke otherwise of him, desiring enticing words of man's wisdom, "to that wisdom which maketh wise to salvation."

As a friend and physician, Mr. Wesley was greatly esteemed by those who knew him best as a Christian parent, and the head of a family. There is satisfactory evidence that he walked before God, and in his own household, with a perfect heart, in the acknowledgment and daily worship of God, and from which the trials of life, and the ungodly influence of the times, were not permitted to divert him. The Christian training and education he gave to his only child testifies that he had his reward in the happiness of an obedient, well-educated, and useful son, in whose life was embodied an epitome of the excellence of both father and mother. The blamelessness of his character is attested by the fact that after his ejectment he was permitted to reside at Charmouth, where for twenty-one years he had been the chief pastor, and where he was best known. No act of his life led him to withdraw from the village where he had lived so long, or to put himself out of the way of scrutiny or examination. Although there were those whose malignity led to the incarceration of his son as early as 1661, the year of his father's ejectment, yet no one found occasion to imprison the father. Abraham Jennings, in his "Miraculum Basilicon," published in 1664, refers to the late rector in these words: "This Wesley of Charmouth is since a Nonconformist, and lives by the practice of physic in the same place."

From Charmouth Mr. Wesley must have been driven in 1665

by the Five-mile Act, as this village is not two miles from Lyme, an incorporated town. To deprive both ministers and people of any comfort in this world as Nonconformists, an Act was passed in 1665, which required every person in holy orders "who had not complied with the Act of Uniformity to bind himself by oath to passive obedience, and to protest that he would never seek to make any alteration in the government of Church and State. The Nonconformists who refused thus to swear were prohibited from acting as tutors and schoolmasters; they were not to be seen, unless on the road passing from place to place, within five miles of any corporation, or the place where they had been previously ministers. The violation of this law exposed each person to the penalty of £40 and six months' imprisonment." This severe enactment was designed to complete the triumph of the oppressor, and by it Bartholomew Wesley was driven from his friends, as well as the Church. Forbidden by law, the Nonconformists of south-west Dorset stole away to the solitudes of Pinney, and there in a dell between rocks, like the Covenanters in the north, they worshipped God—a sacred spot unknown and unvisited by few people of Lyme and its vicinity. This place has ever since been known as Whitechapel Rocks.

The severity of the persecution to which Mr. Wesley and his compeers were exposed is not to be estimated by intolerant laws and popular virulence only, but by the gradation of a far nicer scale. To be a proverb and a by-word, to stand despised and alone, where they might naturally wish to be esteemed and loved; to be taunted, rebuked, and insulted by former companions and friends — this is the refinement of moral persecution, the reproach that breaks the heart. Bartholomew Wesley and his devoted wife were driven from Charmouth, but the fruit of his ministry remained. At the venerable age of threescore years and ten, this man of God was exiled from his home and friends, and though it was but a small village towards which his affections clung, yet its proximity to a corporate town compelled the severance of the endearments of many years. Dr. Calamy informs us that "Mr. Wesley lived several years after he was legally silenced, but the death of his son made a sensible alteration in the father, so that he afterwards declined apace, and did not long survive him." This is the last glimpse we get of the "puny parson" from his contemporaries. The vigour of his life had passed, though not the affection and tender-heartedness of the father. The persecutions his reverend son endured terminated his life in 1678, at the early age of forty-two years. When the anticipated prop of his old age was gone, then, dishonoured, an outcast, and in need, he bowed his head, and died. Where and when he closed his pilgrimage we cannot learn ex-

actly; but as his son died in or about 1678, then, from what Dr. Calamy says, he "did not long survive him," he doubtless exchanged mortality for life in or about the year 1680, at about the age of eighty-four or eighty-five years.

The first Nonconformist in Charmouth, he left behind him, sown in the hearts of the people, seed which was to appear to the honour and glory of God. A few years after his death the Nonconformists erected a chapel in the village, after the persecutions of the Stuarts had resulted in the Revolution of 1688, and the Rev. John Brice, formerly of Magdalen College, Oxford, was appointed the first minister. Mr. Brice had been curate to Mr. Thorn, of Weymouth, then incumbent of Marshwood, Dorset, from which he was ejected in 1662. He continued to minister the Word of Life in Charmouth to the date of his decease, March 15th, 1716.

The grave, in some unknown spot, contains the dust of the silenced Bartholomew Wesley, but his name and memory will live and be cherished with endeared associations as long as time shall last. There is no record to say where or when his beloved and accomplished wife terminated her earthly pilgrimage. Father, mother, and son are now united in the realms of everlasting bliss, where they can sing with exultation—

> Above the rest this note shall swell,
> Our Jesus hath done all things well.

Political feeling at that time ran so high as to prevent a record being made of the death and funeral of one who had for so many years been the parish minister of a church in the immediate locality in which he died. In these days of toleration we are better able to judge of the severity of the trials thus enforced on Nonconformist families. Family distinction brought no exemption. Looking at the pedigree of Bartholomew Wesley, as traced in this work through six centuries of his ancestry, including families of high renown, heroic chivalry, and devoted piety, it is only natural to suppose that both himself and his wife would have been honoured in their departure hence, seeing that they both descended from knights of the realm. Another spirit prevailed. They served God in their generation, and their record is on high.

JOHN WESLEY, M.A.

GRANDFATHER OF THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM.

Born 1636; *died* 1678.

THE father of John Wesley was the Rev. Bartholomew Wesley; his mother was the daughter of Sir Henry Colley, of Kildare. Their marriage took place either in 1619 or 1620, but this, their only child, was not born till about the year 1636. The children of pious parents in those days received religious instruction with the same regularity that they received their daily food. The Rev. William Beal observes that "nothing was then thought worthy of the name of education which was not based on Christianity, and sanctified by the Word of God and prayer. Family religion, in the household of the Wesleys, formed an essential part of their discipline; and they made it a matter of conscience to instruct their children and dependants in their social, moral, and religious duties. It was also their practice to set apart particular days for prayer and humiliation in seasons of calamity, and for thanksgiving on the reception of special benefits."

The results of this education on the mind of their son are preserved to us by the diligence and care of Dr. Edmund Calamy, to whom was entrusted the original manuscript diary of this excellent man. Dr. Calamy says: "It pleased God to incline Mr. John Wesley to remember his Creator in the days of his youth, and lay him under serious impressions in his tender years. He had a very humbling sense of sin, and a serious concern for his salvation, even while he was a schoolboy. He began to keep a diary soon after God had begun to work upon him; and he not only recorded the remarkable steps and turns of Providence that affected his outward man, but especially all the methods of the spirit of grace in his dealings with his soul; what was the frame of his heart in his attendance on the several ordinances of the gospel; how he found himself affected under the various methods of Divine Providence, whether merciful or afflictive;

and this course he continued with little interruption to the end of his life."

That precious manuscript journal was entrusted by his widow to Dr. Calamy, but it appears now to be irrecoverably lost. For the extracts from it preserved in the "Nonconformist Memorials" we are indebted for the chief known facts of his life. Dr. Calamy informs us "that he began preaching when he was twenty-two, and in May, 1658, was sent to preach at Whitchurch." Taking twenty-two from 1658, gives us the date of his birth, A.D. 1636.

Dedicated to God and to His service from his birth, whilst yet a youth he was sent to Oxford, and entered New Inn Hall, that he might be presented to the service of the sanctuary in the best state of preparation. He finished his scholastic training under the excitement which preceded and followed the death of Charles I., the overthrow of royalty, and the establishment of the Commonwealth. A youth of fourteen when King Charles was beheaded, and being the only son in a clergyman's family, in which the convulsive throes of the nation were sure to be considered, his youthful mind became imbued with those bitter strifes which attended the exchanging of the Episcopacy for the Presbytery, and the accession of the Puritans to the positions of the prelates. "The divine right of Episcopacy was simply exchanged for the divine right of the Presbytery; and the clergy, who changed not with the times, and who could not conscientiously submit to rapid legislation, were exposed to much suffering. The ascendant clergy, in rejecting the old regimen, were concerned that a secular prelacy should not be substituted in the room of the ecclesiastical. The Commons, on the other hand, were equally vigilant to prevent any spiritual authority to succeed that which had passed, which would perpetuate the same evils under another name.

"This led Parliament to convene the Assembly of Divines, to give their judgment on such questions as the Lords and Commons might submit to their deliberation. The majority of this Assembly were the children of Oxford and Cambridge, who had filled distinguished situations within the pale of the Church, though, during the period spoken of, they had become Presbyterians. There were a few Erastians, who derived their chief support from lawyers, especially Selden and Whitelock. But the great controlling and modifying power with which the Presbyterians had to contend was found in the friends of a small body of returned exiles, who had embraced the principles of the Independents."

On becoming a student at New Inn Hall, John Wesley found the high places of the University of Oxford occupied by leading

Independents. Dr. Thomas Goodwin, President of Magdalen College, had under him Stephen Charnock, Theophilus Gale, John Howe, and others who became distinguished for learning and piety. Dr. John Owen, who was chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, was the Vice-Chancellor of the University. Among the students Owen acted as a father: the vicious he discouraged and punished; the modest, diligent, and worthy he encouraged and rewarded. Owen was elected to that high office in 1652, when John Wesley was a youth of about sixteen years of age, and he retained office during the whole time young Wesley remained at College. "During his stay at Oxford," says Dr. Calamy, "Wesley was taken notice of for his seriousness and diligence. He applied himself particularly to the study of the Oriental languages, in which he made no inconsiderable progress. Dr. Owen, the Vice-Chancellor, had a great kindness for him," etc. "Ingenuous and right-hearted young men," observes Mr. Beal, "become greatly attached to those who are pleased to notice and kindly to patronise them. In the case of young Wesley, the diligent and plastic student was worthy of his distinguished friend; and it is no matter of surprise that on Church government, and perhaps on other subjects, he became a convert to his patron."

John Wesley took with him to Oxford the inestimable treasure of genuine piety. This he held fast, and associated with it valuable accredited learning. He completed his collegiate course honourably, and took his degree of M.A. about the time he attained his majority. Dr. Owen resigned the office of Vice-Chancellor in 1657, and the same year, or early in 1658, John Wesley left Oxford. Cromwell had appointed to office in that University a distinguished body of men of learning and piety, such as had never before been known there. The following summary of their names and qualifications is from the Rev. Luke Tyerman's "Life and Times of Samuel Wesley" (p. 34): "Dr. Thomas Goodwin, President of Magdalen; Stephen Charnock, Senior Proctor of New College; Thomas Cole (tutor of John Locke), Principal of St. Mary's Hall; John Howe, Fellow of Magdalen; Dr. Edmund Staunton (who was a living Concordance to the Bible), President of Corpus Christi; Dr. Wilkins (who married Cromwell's sister, and was afterwards Bishop of Chester), Warden of Wadham. Amongst other names of after-celebrity, there were at Oxford during the same period, William Penn, the Quaker; Philip Henry, Dr. South, Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Whitby, the commentator; Launcelot Addison, father of Joseph Addison; Joseph Alleine, the devout author; and Charles Morton, in whose academy at Stoke Newington Samuel Wesley became a pupil. The following, who were then at Oxford, after-

wards became bishops: Sprat, and Compton (who afterwards ordained Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth), Crewe, Cartwright, Hopkins, Ken, Fowler, Hooper, Huntingdon, Marsh, Cumberland, Turner, and Lloyd. Such were the distinguished contemporaries of John Wesley during his stay at the University."

Taking with him to Oxford a good name, a loving heart, and filial piety, he found opportunity whilst there of cherishing and cultivating those graces; and being a ready scribe, he maintained the fullest intercourse the times permitted with his parents. Returning at the end of his college course to the parsonage at Charmouth, duty led him to unite himself to the people of God in Church fellowship, and at Weymouth he became a member of what is described as the "gathered Church." Thus avoiding the snares of the world, so dangerous to the young, he took the best means he could, by communion with the wise and good, to "learn those lessons of self-distrust, and attain that degree of piety for which nothing can be an equivalent in a Christian minister." Watching the openings of Providence, he was willing to lay himself on the altar of service, wheresoever the Divine Hand might lead him. Episcopal ordination he does not appear to have received. The other qualifications for the ministry—learning, piety, patience, judgment—he had in full measure, but no bishop's hands had been laid on his head; and in consequence of this he was not in a condition to assist his father at the church of Charmouth.

Associated in fellowship with a small "gathered Church" at Weymouth, Christian men and women, who had from various causes separated from the Church as by law established, he first exercised his gift of speaking of the good things of God to the people with whom he worshipped. Going along the coast from Weymouth, he spent much time in discoursing with the seamen on the beach; and at Radipole, a village two miles away, he is reported to have been invited to gather the people into Church fellowship and instruct them in divine things. He was at this time only twenty-one years of age, but his piety was so matured, and his experience of divine things so satisfactory, that the people gladly accepted his services. "His labours were approved by judicious Christians and able ministers, and were attended with success in the apparent conversion of souls."

The death of the Rev. Tobias Walton, in 1658, who had been vicar of Winterborn-Whitchurch since 1603, led to a change in Mr. Wesley's prospects in life. The people of that parish desired him to preach to them as a minister on probation. He went to that village, and his ministry and life gave satisfaction to the parishioners who had invited him. Prelacy was not then in the ascendant, and a bishop's ordination under the Common-

wealth was not a necessary qualification for the ministry in the Church of England; but it was indispensable that he should successfully pass the examination of Cromwell's "Triers."

Oliver Cromwell was made Lord Protector in 1653. Under the Commonwealth, Dissenters increased greatly, and exercised a predominating influence in national affairs. Besides being incumbents in parish churches, their ministers officiated as chaplains of political bodies, and preached the leading sermons of the age. The rights of presentation to livings were still retained by patrons; but to prevent abuses, Cromwell, in 1653, appointed a Board of Commissioners to examine all candidates for holy orders, and without whose sanction none could be admitted to a Church benefice. These commissioners were called "Triers;" they were thirty-eight in number, and included Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists. Among them were Dr. Thomas Goodwin, Dr. John Owen, Joseph Caryl, and Thomas Manton. Richard Baxter records that the Triers, with all their faults, did a great amount of good, as they saved many congregations from ignorant, ungodly, and drunken teachers. "All that either preached against a godly life, or preached as though they knew not what it was, and all who used the ministry merely as a means of getting bread, were usually rejected; while all who were able, serious preachers, and whose lives were holy, were admitted, of whatsoever religious opinions they were, so long as they were "tolerable." The exercise of such authority was required; many men who had the gift of utterance adopted the pulpit only as a means of living. The Triers required every candidate for the pulpit to bring to them, at Westminster, "a testimonial, subscribed by the hands of three persons of known goodness and integrity, one of whom had to be a preacher of the gospel in some constant settled place. On the candidate passing his examination, he was inducted to the Church living to which he had been presented, by a document given in the name of the Triers, signed by the State Registrar, and sealed with the seal of the Commonwealth. He then took possession, cultivated the glebe lands, prayed if he chose without book or surplice, and administered the Eucharist to communicants sitting at a long table."

This picture of the times and the surrounding circumstances of John Wesley is necessary to enable the reader to understand some of the after-events of his life. Having passed the ordeal of the Triers, some of whom he had known personally at Oxford, and having been chosen by the people of the parish as their pastor, in the month of May, 1658, when only twenty-two years of age, he was appointed vicar of Winterborn-Whitchurch, in the county of Dorset. This village is about five miles from

Blandford, in the same county, and in 1851 the entire population of the place was under 600, and was probably much less than that in Mr. Wesley's days. The income of the living was at the time about £30 a year; and with that mere pittance John Wesley honestly laboured to secure the salvation of the souls of the people. It is true he was "promised an augmentation of £100 a year; but, on account of the many changes in public affairs which soon afterwards took place, the promise failed in its fulfilment."

The first of the changes alluded to was the appointment of "a Committee of Safety," consisting of twenty-three persons, who were ordered "to endeavour some settlement of affairs by preparing such a form of government as might best comport with a free state and commonwealth." The committee recommended seven articles, two of which were that there should be, first, no king; second, no house of peers. General Monk and his army wished for the restoration of King Charles, but Parliament and the Committee of Safety opposed this, and civil war was threatened in consequence.

John Wesley, a young man of only twenty-three years, for a time appears to have sympathised with the party represented by the Committee of Safety, and even to have taken up the sword on their behalf. This, however, was probably not of long duration, as, either during the year 1659 or 1660, he settled down to his parish, and entered on the state of matrimony. When Charles was restored to the throne of his fathers, in 1666, Mr. Wesley quietly submitted, and took the oath of allegiance.

Whilst yet a young man, Mr. Wesley entered into the marriage state. Hitherto, the wife of Mr. Wesley has been known only as the niece of Dr. Thomas Fuller, the Church historian; but by the persevering researches of the Rev. William Beal, the Rev. John Kirk, and the Rev. Luke Tyerman, each taking up the thread of the inquiry where his predecessor left it, and making additions, we are able to supply a very interesting account of this most estimable woman, as one of the mothers of the Wesleys.

In one of the letters written by the founder of Methodism to his brother, the Rev. Charles Wesley, dated London, January 15th, 1768, he writes: "So far as I can learn, such a thing has scarce been for these thousand years before, as a son, father, grandfather, *atavus*, *tritavus*, preaching the gospel, nay, and the genuine gospel, in a line. You know Mr. White, sometime chairman of the Assembly of Divines, was my grandmother's father." The Mr. White here alluded to was one of two John Whites, who were contemporaries, and in several public matters were colleagues.

John White, father of Mrs. John Wesley, was born at Stanton St. John, in December, 1574, and was educated at Winchester School, and New College, Oxford: of the latter he was elected a Perpetual Fellow in 1595. After taking his degrees, and being ordained, he became a frequent preacher in and around Oxford. In 1606 he became rector of Trinity Church, Dorchester. About 1624 he and his friends projected and secured a patent for the new colony of Massachusetts, in New England: this was intended as a refuge for the persecuted Churchmen of this country. In 1630 Mr. White was himself prosecuted by Archbishop Laud, for preaching against Arminianism and the ceremonies. He suffered seriously during the civil wars; a party of Prince Rupert's horse-soldiers plundered his house and took away his library. He then fled to London for safety, and was appointed minister of the Savoy. In 1640 he was elected on "the Committee of Religion," appointed by the House of Lords. In 1643 he was chosen on the Westminster Assembly of Divines. Dr. Daniel Featley being ejected from the rectory of Lambeth, in 1645, Mr. White was made rector of that parish, and Dr. Featley's library was assigned to his use till his own could be obtained from Prince Rupert's soldiers. The Wardenship of New College was refused by him in 1647, he preferring to return to his old flock in Dorchester; and in that town he died suddenly, July 21st, 1648, having been long and extensively known in that locality as "the Patriarch of Dorchester." He was seventy-four years old.

This outline of her father's life will assist the reader to understand more accurately the character of the daughter who became the wife of John Wesley of Winterborn-Whitchurch. When Mr. White died, John Wesley was a youth of only twelve years; and for twelve years following, Miss White was a fatherless orphan. The marriage took place after Mr. Wesley had been appointed to a living, though of but small value. Mrs. Wesley's mother was the sister of Dr. Burgess, the great Nonconformist, and the sister of Dr. Fuller, as before stated. Of Mrs. Wesley herself but little is known. Early left an orphan, she had to endure privations before she was married, nor was her lot much relieved in this respect during her married life. Her uncle, Dr. Fuller, died whilst her husband was suffering imprisonment for conscience' sake, so that relief from that source was cut off. Her husband died at the early age of forty-two years, leaving her, as the legacy for her widowhood, his holy example, his loving prayers, and four young orphan children. "How she obtained a living in the early years of her widowhood there is no evidence to show; but in her later years she depended on the little help of £10 a year which her son Samuel was accustomed to squeeze

out of his sadly too small Epworth income, with some help of the same kind from her son Matthew. The whole of her married life was one continued scene of persecution; and the thirty years of her long and dreary widowhood was an increasing struggle with poverty and its attendant pain. She closed her earthly pilgrimage in London, where she was visited by her grandson, the junior Samuel Wesley, eldest son of the rector of Epworth. In a letter young Samuel Wesley wrote to his mother at Epworth, dated from St. Peter's College, Westminister, June 9th, 1709, he commences by saying he had lately visited his grandmother. A Latin letter, the same Samuel Wesley wrote home to his father, from Bromley in Kent, whither he had been taken by Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, dated August, 1710, he closes with words which are thus translated: "I beg yours and my mother's blessing. I saw my grandmother in the last holidays; in those that are approaching I cannot, because I am detained by an unfriendly friend."

Dr. Adam Clarke, in a note upon this letter, says: "The grandmother whom he mentions here was the widow of John Wesley, A.M., of Whitchurch, and niece of Dr. Thomas Fuller." This is the last record which has been found respecting Mrs. Wesley's later years. She is believed to have died in 1710, having survived her husband thirty-two years, and her father sixty-two years. Mrs. Susanna Wesley, in replying to her son's letter under date of December, 1710, makes no mention of the grandmother, which it is reasonable to infer she would have done had she been then living.

To understand more clearly the lengthy dialogue following, it may be well to preface it by observing that "Dr. Gilbert Ironside had been rector of Steepleton and Abbas-Winterborn in Dorset, and a near neighbour of Mr. Wesley's. He was consecrated Bishop of Bristol about the time Charles II. was restored to the throne." Mr. Wesley, having passed the ordeal of Cromwell's Triers, and the trustees of the living having given him possession of the rectorial rights, "as the last step previous to his induction, instead of ordination by bishops or presbyters—the Church of which he had been a private member set apart a day for fasting and prayer, to seek an abundant blessing on his labours. Thus qualified, the young evangelist entered upon his pastoral charge; and laying aside the use of the Liturgy, he introduced the Presbyterian or Independent form of worship, and thereby involved himself in his first great trouble. Some of the parishioners, as Sir Gerrard Napper, Mr. Freak, and Mr. Tregonnel, disliked the change; and as soon as a bishop was appointed after the Restoration, they lodged a complaint against the young minister. This was in the year 1661, a time when it

is doubtful whether the bishop had authority to interfere in such a case; but he had a desire to see, and therefore sent for him, and Mr. Wesley, with a fearless heart and unflinching countenance, sought the bishop's presence, and held the following conversation." Mr. Wesley himself carefully recorded the conversation in his manuscript journal, which document, after his death, was placed in the hands of Dr. Calamy, who has copied and printed the dialogue in his "Nonconformist Memorials."

Bishop. What is your name?

Wesley. John Wesley.

Bishop. There are many great matters charged upon you.

Wesley. Mr. Horloch acquainted me that it is your lordship's desire that I should come to you; and, on that account, I am here to wait upon you.

Bishop. By whom were you ordained? or are you ordained?

Wesley. I am sent to preach the gospel.

Bishop. By whom were you sent?

Wesley. By the Church of Jesus Christ.

Bishop. What Church is that?

Wesley. The Church at Melcombe.

Bishop. That factious and heretical Church!

Wesley. May it please you, sir, I know no faction or heresy that that Church is guilty of.

Bishop. No! Did not you preach such things as tend to faction and heresy?

Wesley. I am not conscious to myself of any such preaching.

Bishop. I am informed by Sir Gerrard Napper, Mr. Freak, and Mr. Tregonnel of your doings. What say you?

Wesley. I have been with those honoured gentlemen, who, being misinformed, proceeded with some heat against me.

Bishop. These are the oaths of several honest men, who have observed you.

Wesley. There was no oath given or taken. Besides, if it be enough to accuse, who shall be innocent? I can appeal to the determination of the great day of judgment, that the large catalogue of matters laid against me are either things invented or mistaken.

Bishop. Did not you ride with your sword in the time of the Committee of Safety, and engage with them?

Wesley. Whatever imprudences in civil matters you may be informed I am guilty of, I shall crave leave to acquaint your lordship that his Majesty having pardoned them fully, and I having suffered on account of them since the pardon, I shall put in no other plea, and waive any other answer.

Bishop. In what manner did the Church you speak of send you to preach? At this rate everybody might preach.

Wesley. Not every one. Everybody has not preaching gifts and preaching graces. Besides, that is not all I have to offer to your lordship to justify my preaching.

Bishop. If you preach, it must be according to order — the order of the Church of England, upon an ordination.

Wesley. What does your lordship mean by an ordination?

Bishop. Do not you know what I mean?

Wesley. If you mean that spoken of in Romans x., I had it.

Bishop. I mean that. What mission had you?

Wesley. I had a mission from God and man.

Bishop. You must have it according to law, and the order of the Church of England.

Wesley. I am not satisfied in my spirit therein.

Bishop. Not satisfied in your spirit? You have more new-coined phrases than ever were heard of! You mean your conscience, do you not?

Wesley. Spirit is no new phrase. We read of being "sanctified in body, soul, and spirit;" but if your lordship like it not so, then I say, I am not satisfied in my *conscience* touching the ordination you speak of.

Bishop. Conscience argues science, science supposes judgment, and judgment reason. What reason have you that you will not be thus ordained?

Wesley. I came not this day to dispute with your lordship; my own ability would forbid me to do so.

Bishop. No, no; but give me your reason.

Wesley. I am not called to office, and therefore cannot be ordained.

Bishop. Why, then, have you preached all this while?

Wesley. I was called to the *work* of the ministry, though not to the *office*. There is, as we believe, *vocatio ad opus, et ad munus*.

Bishop. Why may you not have the office of the ministry? You have so many new distinctions. Oh, how you are deluded!

Wesley. May it please your lordship, because they are not a people that are fit objects for me to exercise office work among them.

Bishop. You mean a gathered Church. But we have no gathered Churches in England, and you will see it so; for there must be unity without divisions among us, and there can be no unity without uniformity. Well, then, we must send you to your Church, that they may dispose of you, if you were ordained by them.

Wesley. I have been informed by my cousin Pitfield and others, concerning your lordship, that you have a disposition opposed to morosity. However you may be prepossessed by some bitter enemies to my person, yet there are others who can and will give you another character of me. Mr. Glisson hath done it; and Sir Francis Fulford desired me to present his service to you, and, being my hearer, is ready to acquaint you concerning me.

Bishop. I asked Sir Francis Fulford whether the presentation to Whitchurch was his. Whose is it? He told me it was not his.

Wesley. There was none presented to it these sixty years. Mr. Walton lived there. At his departure, the people desired me to preach to them; and when there was a way of settlement appointed, I was by the trustees appointed, and by the Triers approved.

Bishop. They would approve any that would come to them, and close with them. I know they approved those who could not read twelve lines of English.

Wesley. All that they did I know not; but I was examined touching gifts and graces.

Bishop. I question not your gifts, Mr. Wesley. I will do you any good I can; but you will not long be suffered to preach, unless you do it according to order.

Wesley. I shall submit to any trial you may please to make. I shall present your lordship with a confession of my faith, or take what other way you please to insist on.

Bishop. No; we are not come to that yet.

Wesley. I shall desire several things may be laid together, which I look on as justifying my preaching: first, I was devoted to the service from my infancy; second, I was educated thereto, at school, and in the University.

Bishop. What University were you of?

Wesley. Oxon.

Bishop. What house?

Wesley. New Inn Hall.

Bishop. What age are you?

Wesley. Twenty-five.

Bishop. No, sure, you are not!

Wesley. Third, as a son of the prophets, after I had taken my degrees, I preached in the country, being approved of by judicious, able Christians, ministers, and others: fourth, it pleased God to bless my labours with success, in the apparent conversion of several souls.

Bishop. Yea, that is, it may be, by your own way.

Wesley. Yea, to the power of godliness, from ignorance and profaneness. If it please your lordship to lay down any evidences of godliness agreeing with the Scriptures, and if they be not found in those persons intended, I am content to be discharged from my ministry. I will stand or fall by the issue thereof.

Bishop. You talk of the power of godliness such as you fancy.

Wesley. Yea, the reality of religion. Let us appeal to any commonplace book for evidence of grace, and they are found in and upon those converts.

Bishop. How many are there of them?

Wesley. I number not the people.

Bishop. Where are they?

Wesley. Wherever I have been called to preach; at Radipole, Melcombe, Turnworth, Whitchurch, and at sea. I shall add another ingredient of my mission: fifth, when the Church saw the presence of God going along with me, they did, by fasting and prayer, in a day set apart for that end, seek an abundant blessing on my endeavours.

Bishop. A particular Church?

Wesley. Yes, my lord, I am not ashamed to own myself a member of one.

Bishop. Why, you mistake the apostles' intent. They went about to convert heathens, and so did what they did. You have no warrant for your particular Churches.

Wesley. We have a plain, full, and sufficient rule for gospel worship in the New Testament, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles and in the Epistles.

Bishop. We have not.

Wesley. The practice of the apostles is a standing rule in those cases which were not extraordinary.

Bishop. Not their practice, but their precepts.

Wesley. Both precepts and practice. Our duty is not delivered to us in Scripture only by precepts, but by precedents, by promises, and by threatenings mixed. We are to follow them as they followed Christ.

Bishop. But the apostle said, "This speak I; not the Lord;" that is, by revelation.

Wesley. Some interpret that place, "This speak I now, by revelation from the Lord;" not the Lord, in that text before instanced, when He gave answer concerning divorce. May it please your lordship, we believe that *cultus non institutus est indebitus.*

Bishop. It is false.

Wesley. The second commandment speaks the same: "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image."

Bishop. That is, forms of your own invention.

Wesley. Bishop Andrews, taking notice of *non facies tibi*, satisfied me that we may not worship God but as commanded.

Bishop. You take discipline, Church government, and circumstance for worship.

Wesley. You account ceremonies a part of worship.

Bishop. But what say you? Did you not wear a sword in the time of the Committee of Safety, with Demy and the rest of them?

Wesley. My lord, I have given you my answer therein; and I further say

that I have conscientiously taken the oath of allegiance, and faithfully kept it hitherto. I appeal to all that are around me.

Bishop. But nobody will trust you. You stood it out to the last gasp.

Wesley. I know not what you mean by the last gasp. When I saw the pleasure of Providence to turn the order of things, I did submit quietly thereto.

Bishop. That was at last.

Wesley. Yet many such men are trusted, and [are] now about the king.

Bishop. They are such as, though on the Parliament side during the war, yet disown those latter proceedings; but you abode even to Haselrig's coming to Portsmouth.

Wesley. His Majesty has pardoned whatever you may be informed of concerning me of that nature. I am not here on that account.

Bishop. I expected you not.

Wesley. Your lordship sent your desire by two or three messengers. Had I been refractory, I need not have come; but I would give you no just cause of offence. I think the old Nonconformists were none of his Majesty's enemies.

Bishop. They were traitors: they began the war. Knox and Buchanan in Scotland, and those like them in England.

Wesley. I have read the protestation of owning the king's supremacy.

Bishop. They did it in hypocrisy.

Wesley. You used to tax the poor Independents for judging folks' hearts. Who doth it now?

Bishop. I did it not; for they pretended one thing and acted another. Do not I know them better than you?

Wesley. I know them by their works, as they have therein delivered us their hearts.

Bishop. Well, then, you will justify your preaching, will you, without ordination according to law?

Wesley. All these things laid together are satisfactory to me, for my procedure therein.

Bishop. They are not enough.

Wesley. There has been more written in proof of preaching of gifted persons, with such approbation, than has been answered by any one yet.

Bishop. Have you anything more to say to me, Mr. Wesley?

Wesley. Nothing. Your lordship sent for me.

Bishop. I am glad I heard this from your own mouth. You will stand on your principles, you say?

Wesley. I intend it, by the grace of God; and to be faithful to the king's majesty, however you deal with me.

Bishop. I will not meddle with you.

Wesley. Farewell to you, sir.

Bishop. Farewell, good Mr. Wesley.

The candour, courage, and honesty of Mr. Wesley, as indicated by this conversation, will ever testify to the integrity and uprightness of his life and character. Bishop Ironside, in his ecclesiastical interrogations, is obliged to acknowledge him to be a good man, and one with whose usefulness he did not intend to interfere. But the prejudices of others soon involved the good man in cruel persecutions. Supposing his birth to have been in the year 1656, this interview took place, Mr. Wesley replies, when he was twenty-five years of age: this was most likely early

in the year 1661. It was some time prior to the Privy Council order of July, 1661, releasing him from prison.

Soon after his return to Whitchurch, he was arrested on coming out of his church on the Lord's day, and was taken immediately to Blandford, and committed to prison. The reason assigned for this most unjust proceeding was that he would not use the Liturgy. It was the same accusation which had brought him before Bishop Ironside, but his diocesan not having the authority, or the disposition, to interfere with him, his enemies sought more determined means to silence him. It was not till the month of November, 1661, that the Prayer Book was revised by Convocation; and it was not till August, 1662, that the use of it was made binding. "It is true," observes the Rev. Luke Tyerman, "that during the summer of 1660, Parliament had passed a bill giving power to expel from Church livings any that had not been ordained by an ecclesiastic, and by that Act John Wesley might have been expelled from Whitchurch; but this was not the ground taken by Sir Gerrard Napper and other parishioners who opposed him." Probably they were not aware, seeing that he had his University degree of M.A., that he had not received ordination, and hence their illegal plot to imprison and expel him, simply for the non-use of the Liturgy.

"Sir Gerrard Napper had been his most furious enemy, so Dr. Calamy informs us, and the most forward in committing him, but after Wesley had lain in prison for a long time, Sir Gerrard broke his collar-bone, and, perhaps thinking that the disaster had happened as a judgment upon him for his cruelty to the young minister, he requested some of his friends to bail him, and told them that if they refused he would give bail himself. At length, by an order of the Privy Council, dated July 24th, 1661, it was directed that he should be discharged from his imprisonment upon taking the oaths of supremacy and allegiance. He was taken accordingly before a magistrate, who, for some reason, declined administering the oaths, but issued a warrant, dated July 29th, 1661, commanding him to appear before the judges of the assizes, to be holden at Dorchester, the 1st day of August following."

It will be noticed by the above dates that there were only two days between the issuing of the warrant and the commencement of the assizes. Mr. Wesley has recorded in his diary the goodness of God in inclining a solicitor to plead for him even at that short notice, and in restraining the wrath of man: so that even the judge, though a man of sharp temper, spoke not an angry word to him. Mr. Wesley entered in his diary a summary of the proceedings against him, which Calamy printed, and which is as follows:—

Clerk. Call Mr. Wesley, of Whitchurch.
Wesley. Here.
Clerk. You are indicted for not reading the Common Prayer. Will you traverse it?
Solicitor. May it please your lordship, we desire this business may be deferred till next assizes.
Judge. Why till then?
Solicitor. Our witnesses are not ready at present [for want of time, not will].
Judge. Why not ready now? Why have you not prepared for a trial?
Solicitor. We thought our prosecutors would not appear.
Judge. Why so, young man? Why should you think so? Why did you not provide them?
Wesley. May it please your lordship, I understand not the question.
Judge. Why will you not read the Book of Common Prayer?
Wesley. The book was never tendered to me.
Judge. Must the book be tendered to you?
Wesley. So I conceive by the Act.
Judge. Are you ordained?
Wesley. I am ordained to preach the gospel.
Judge. From whom?
Wesley. I have given an account thereof already to the bishop.
Judge. What bishop?
Wesley. The Bishop of Bristol.
Judge. I say, by whom were you ordained? How long is it since?
Wesley. Four or five years since.
Judge. By whom then?
Wesley. By those who were then empowered.
Judge. I thought so. Have you a presentation to your place?
Wesley. I have.
Judge. From whom?
Wesley. May it please your lordship, it is a legal presentation.
Judge. By whom was it?
Wesley, By the trustees.
Judge. Have you brought it?
Wesley. I have not.
Judge. Why not?
Wesley. Because I did not think I should be asked any such questions here.
Judge. I would wish you to read the Common Prayer, at your peril. You will not say, "From all sedition and privy conspiracy; from all false doctrines, heresy, and schism, good Lord, deliver us!"
Clerk. Call Mr. Meech.
Meech. Here.
Clerk. Does Mr. Wesley read the Common Prayer yet?
Meech. May it please your lordship, he never did, nor he never will.
Judge. Friend, how do you know that? He may bethink himself.
Meech. He never did; he never will.
Solicitor. We will, when we see the new book, either read it, or leave our place, at Bartholomew-tide.
Judge. Are you not bound to read the old book till then? Let us see the Act.

The Act was handed to the judge; and while he was reading it another cause was called, and John Wesley was bound over to the next assizes.

He went joyfully home, and preached each Lord's day till August 17th, 1662, when he delivered his farewell sermon to a weeping audience, from the words, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and the word of his grace" (Acts xx. 32).

There are difficulties about some of the dates given in the foregoing narrative which it seems impossible to reconcile, at this distance of time, without further evidence. Distinctly enough, Mr. Wesley gives his age at twenty-five when before the bishop. Fixing this event early in the year 1661, he was soon afterwards cast into prison, where "for a length of time" he was incarcerated, but released by the order of Council, July 24th, 1661, and on the twenty-ninth of the same month bound over to appear at the assizes two days afterwards. The judge, after making inquiry into the charges alleged against him, consents to postpone the trial till the next assizes. When the next assizes were held, whether in the spring or the fall of the year 1662, is not recorded in the notices of Mr. Wesley's life. The new book spoken of by the solicitor defending Mr. Wesley was not prepared by Convocation till November, 1661; and the Act of Uniformity, making the use of it binding, was not passed before May 19th, 1662, and its penalties were not to be enforced till August 24th, of this same year.

On St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, all who would not submit to reordination, perjure themselves by violating oaths which they had most solemnly taken, consent to political opinions which they had abjured, and swear that the Book of Common Prayer contains nothing contrary to the Word of God—all who could not meet these demands were cast with their families on the mercy of Divine Providence and the world. Bartholomew's Day was chosen because the tithes for the year became due on that day, so that not only ejection, but immediate want as well, tested the faith and the principles of the persecuted Puritans.

Where John Wesley and his family spent the first six months after his ejectment from the rectory of Whitchurch, there is no evidence to show. He probably remained in the village where he had resided the last four years. On October 26th, the place was by an apparitor declared vacant, and an order was given to sequester the profits; but his people had with much consideration given Mr. Wesley all the money then due to him.

To add to the other troubles of the time, Mrs. Wesley gave birth to her second son within three or four months of their ejection from the rectory house. On February 22nd, 1663, John Wesley, his beloved wife, and their infant sons Matthew and Samuel, the latter only nine weeks old, removed from Whitchurch to Melcombe. Dr. Calamy, and Hutchins, the Dorsetshire historian, appear to favour the opinion that Samuel was

not born at Whitchurch, but at Preston; but the evidence in favour of Whitchurch being the birthplace of the rector of Epworth places it almost beyond doubt. They are said to have had a numerous family of children: four names only are known.

Before the arrival of the persecuted family at Melcombe, their old enemy, Sir Gerrard Napper, not content with his revengeful conduct at Whitchurch, joined by some other magistrates of the locality, by an excess of legal authority had turned out of office the mayor and aldermen of the borough, and had put into their place others more subservient to their will. When the expelled rector of Whitchurch and his family reached Melcombe, they found that the new corporation had made an order against their settlement in the town; and that if they persisted in remaining there, a fine of £20 was to be levied on the owner of the house in which they lived, and five shillings per week upon themselves. Mr. Wesley waited upon the mayor and some other persons, pleading that he had lived in Melcombe previously, and offering to give security for his proper behaviour; but his plea was unavailing, and a few days afterwards another order was drawn up for putting the former one into execution.

The cruel injustice of these violent proceedings drove Mr. Wesley from the town, where a few years before he had lived beloved by all who knew him. He went to Ilminster, and from thence to Bridgewater and Taunton, in all of which places the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists treated him with much kindness, and where he preached almost every day.

Mr. Stanford, the author of "Joseph Alleine: his Companions and Times," states in that work, that from March 11th, 1663, to the beginning of May in the same year, John Wesley was the enthusiastic follower of Joseph Alleine; and that he preached almost every day, dividing his time between Mr. Alleine's people at Taunton, and Mr. Norman's, at Bridgewater: he also occasionally administered to congregations of Baptists and Independents at both places.

Alleine and Norman were both ejected clergymen, and persons of learning and piety, eminently gifted as preachers and spiritual counsellors. In the month of May, both Alleine and Norman were cast into Ilchester gaol, where, with fifty Quakers, seventeen Baptists, and thirteen other ministers, they were confined in one room, day and night, for many months, for no other crime than preaching and praying. John Wesley narrowly escaped being put into the same prison with these friends of his. Divine Providence opened Mr. Wesley's way out of these exciting trials to a place of quiet repose.

The self-denials, privations, and varied sufferings of Mr. Wesley and his family it would be painful to recount; but God, whom he

so faithfully served, knowing the tenderness of his heart and the gentleness of his nature, provided relief from his most severe trials. A gentleman whose name is now unknown, and to ascertain which has baffled all previous inquiry, who owned a house at Preston, near Weymouth, offered it to Mr. Wesley for himself and family to live in rent-free. Thither, therefore, he removed with his wife and children early in May, 1663, and thus he avoided imprisonment with his friends whom he had been assisting during six or more weeks. In this village commenced the education and training of that infant son afterwards to become the world-renowned rector of Epworth, and father of the founder of Methodism.

John Wesley at one time wished to go as a missionary to Surinam, a settlement in Guiana, South America; and at another time to Maryland, in America; but in neither instance was his wish accomplished. Probably the advice of his friends, and the expense of the journey at that time, presented difficulties which could not be surmounted. An overruling Providence ordered these matters, for had John Wesley gone abroad, his son Samuel would not have become rector of Epworth, and the Epworth Wesleys would not have existed to bless the world with their godly example and labours.

Kind friends lent their aid to supply the necessities of his family, supplemented by some aid derived from private tuition, for which Mr. Wesley was so well qualified. For awhile he seems to have been obliged to give up preaching; and as there was no public worship except that at the village church, in which the Liturgy was used, he was troubled at being debarred from joining in the services of the sanctuary. By reading Philip Nye's "Arguments for the Lawfulness of Hearing Ministers of the Church of England," his scruples concerning the Liturgy were so far removed that he was able, with a safe conscience, to attend the Church service.

A feeling of safety emboldened Mr. Wesley to commence preaching again, and in Preston he gathered a few good people together, to whom he delivered the Word of Life. He also visited Weymouth, and other places around, preaching the gospel to as many as would hear him. After a short time had elapsed, a number of serious people at Poole invited him to become their pastor. He consented, and continued in that capacity while he lived, administering to them all the ordinances of God as opportunity offered. In consequence, however, of the Five-mile Act, passed in 1665, he was often put to great inconvenience. Notwithstanding all his prudence in managing his meetings, he was frequently disturbed, several times apprehended, and four times imprisoned. Once, at Dorchester, he was three months in the

gaol; once at Poole for half a year; once at least he was obliged to leave his wife, his four children, and his flock, and for a considerable time hide himself in a place of secrecy from the bitter persecution of the godless ecclesiastics of the age.

Again and again the little Church of God-fearing people, meeting in the house of Henry Saunders, mariner, of Melcombe, were arrested for being present at a conventicle, and were fined, imprisoned, or otherwise punished. Such was the intolerance of the age in which the rector of Epworth was born, and in which his beloved father lived.

To Dr. Calamy's "Memorials" we are indebted for the last glimpses we get of the earthly pilgrimage of this youthful "saint of God." He records that "John Wesley was in many straits and difficulties, but was wonderfully supported and comforted, and was many times very seasonably and surprisingly relieved and delivered. Nevertheless, the removal of many eminent Christians into another world, who had been his intimate acquaintance and kind friends, the great decay of serious religion among many professors, and the increasing rage of the enemies of real godliness, manifestly seized on and sunk his spirits; and he died, when he had not been much longer an inhabitant here below than his blessed Master was, whom he served with his whole heart, according to the best light he had."

What is here said about his age is somewhat misleading, and has induced some to conclude, that as our Lord's residence on earth terminated at the age of thirty-three, Mr. Wesley's, not being "much longer," must have closed at or about the age of thirty-six. Dr. Calamy's statement is not sufficiently guarded, and is in fact decidedly wrong. What we do know of Mr. Wesley's age may be briefly summarised. He tells us himself that he was twenty-five when he held the interview with Bishop Ironside. The Privy Council order for his release from prison the first time is dated July, 1661: that was a few months only after his conversation with the bishop. This fixes the date of his birth in 1636. The date of his death is recorded as 1678; this is not disputed; therefore he was forty-two years old when his sufferings on earth terminated. He left behind him three sons, one daughter, and a faithful wife, who remained his widow for more than thirty years, enduring hardships and privations throughout the whole course of her widowhood. They had other children, of whom no record is preserved.

When Mr. Wesley died in the village of Preston, application was made to the vicar to have his body interred within the church; but the request was denied, and his body peacefully reposes in the churchyard. No stone marks the spot where his ashes lie, nor is there any known monument to record his worth.

Though young in years, John Wesley evinced a mind far above the common level, even of those who have had the advantages of a University training. He was a man of mature thought, with a clear head and a sound judgment. He made himself master of the controverted points between the Established Church and the Dissenters; and his opinions, founded upon conviction, were held with unyielding fidelity. His interview with the Bishop of Bristol displays the same sincere and zealous piety, the same manly sense and heroic boldness, which distinguished his son Samuel, who became rector of Epworth, and his three grandsons, Samuel, John, and Charles Wesley of the eighteenth century. Dr. Adam Clarke adds, respecting his conversation with the bishop, that from it the reader may learn two important facts: first, that the grandfather of the founder of Methodism was a lay-preacher; second, that he was an itinerant evangelist. Indeed, the personal history of this good man contains an epitome of the Methodism which sprang up through the instrumentality of his grandsons John and Charles. His mode of preaching, matter, manner, and success, all bear a striking resemblance to theirs and their coadjutors.

The earliest known portrait of any member of the Wesley family is that of John Wesley of Whitchurch. It was left by his widow to those friends with whom she died, in 1710. When Dr. Adam Clarke was writing his "Memoirs of the Wesley Family," his attention was directed to the original painting, which he says was in the possession of Mr. Cropp, Vincent Square, Westminster. On the back of the painting is this inscription: "Copied from the back of this portrait before it was restored—John Wesley, A.M., of New Inn Hall, Oxford (grandfather to the late Mr. J. Wesley), ejected for Nonconformity." An engraving from this portrait will be found in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1840, and in a group of portraits of the Wesley Family issued in 1868. This shows the hair long, dark, and parted in the middle; the forehead is capacious, the nose large, the eyes soft and sweet, the face pale, without whiskers, and the countenance full of seriousness and thought. This type of face is preserved in this good man's descendants of the fourth and fifth generations.

It will interest some readers to be informed that in the *Times* newspaper of December 16th, 1829, the following announcement was made, which has reference to Mr. Wesley of Whitchurch: "There is now in the possession of a gentleman at Manchester, an old Bible, in good condition, which contains about a thousand copperplate engravings, and maps of all the ancient places mentioned in Scripture; as also the Apocrypha, and the Psalms of David in metre. This Bible formerly belonged to the grandfather of John Wesley: it also belonged to

his father. It was in the house when it was on fire, but was saved from the conquering element, and handed down to the present possessor as a valuable relic."

This, and a thousand other matters, books, journals, diaries, letters, engravings, relics, which have belonged to the Wesley family and their successors, should be gathered up and preserved in a public museum and library. Such an institution has long been contemplated, but it is a work which still remains to be done. America will soon gather the best of these treasures if they are not speedily secured in England.

Two or three brief notices of Mrs. Wesley, and her son Samuel, must close this account of the grandfather of the founder of Methodism. She was left a widow in 1678, and died in the year 1710, a period of thirty-two years. Samuel Wesley, jun., in a letter he sent home to Epworth in 1710, says that he visited his grandmother Wesley, then a widow of almost forty-eight years. This is quite a misstatement, and is introduced here merely to show its inaccuracy. The Rev. Samuel Wesley of Epworth, in a letter he printed in 1703, says: "My father dying early, while I was at a country school, and almost fit for the University, I was sent to London, March 8th, 1678." The death of the father taking place in 1678, and the son being sent to London in March, 1678, in consequence of that death, it follows that the father died either in January or February of that year. Samuel Wesley was a youth of sixteen when his father died; he continued a year longer at a grammar school, and then entered the Dissenting academies, where he remained four years; then, in August, 1683, he entered Exeter College, Oxford, as a servitor.

It does not appear that Mrs. Wesley had any help from her father's family, but seems to have depended for support on her two sons, Matthew and Samuel. The latter, in describing some of his trials to Archbishop Sharpe in a letter dated December 30th, 1700, remarks: "The next year my barn fell, which cost me forty pounds in rebuilding (thanks to your grace for a part of it); and having an aged mother (who must have gone to prison if I had not have assisted her), she cost me upwards of forty pounds more. Ten pounds a year I allow my mother to keep her from starving."

How doleful was the lot of this good woman! persecuted, with her husband, during all her married life, and abandoned to poverty during a long widowhood! Yet God took care of her.

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MATTHEW WESLEY.

SURGEON; BROTHER OF THE RECTOR OF EPWORTH.

THE terribly troublous times, and the long continuance of the strife both in Church and State, when Matthew Wesley was born, is the reason no doubt why there exists no record either where or when he began his earthly existence. His father, the Rev. John Wesley, was appointed by Cromwell's Triers to the rectory of Whitchurch, Dorset, in May, 1658. His marriage to Miss White, daughter of the Patriarch of Dorchester, is believed to have taken place during the same year. Matthew Wesley is believed to have been their third child, and to have been born in the spring of the year 1661. One recent writer of memorials of the Wesley family has said that their first child was Timothy, born April 17th, 1659; their second, Elizabeth, born January 29th, 1660; and their fourth, Samuel, born December 17th, 1662. When Matthew was born there is no evidence to show, although he is believed to have been older than Samuel.

Dr. Calamy has left it on record that John Wesley of Whitchurch had a numerous family. From incidental sources we obtain the names of four of their children, three sons and one daughter, all of whom were married. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and at least three of his sisters, were intimately and personally acquainted with Matthew Wesley, their father's brother, who resided in or near Fleet Street; his last residence was in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London. He had an extensive practice in the city as a surgeon. Mehetabel, Susanna, and Martha Wesley resided with their uncle. The latter was intimately acquainted with Miss Sarah Wesley, daughter of the Rev. Charles Wesley; and from Miss Sarah Wesley, Dr. Adam Clarke obtained most of the facts about the family which he has recorded in his "Memoirs." The greater part of Miss Wesley's letters to Dr. Clarke relating to these memoirs are now before the writer, and the facts they contain will be noted in their proper order. To the painstaking research of the learned doctor we are indebted for most of the facts which have come down to us respecting Matthew Wesley.

Concerning his early life and education we have no knowledge. His education was as complete as the limited means of his father would permit. The advantages which his grandfather, the Rev. Bartholomew Wesley, derived from the study of physic, were present to the mind of his father, and it was this, probably, which suggested to the Rev. John Wesley the choice of the medical profession for his son. "The father taught a school for the support of his family," writes Dr. A. Clarke, "for which he was well qualified; and no doubt his sons, particularly Matthew, who is said to have been the youngest, had the rudiments of a classical education from himself." At the death of his father, in 1678, he would be about seventeen years of age, and his choice of a profession had then been made, and considerable progress attained in his preliminary medical pursuits. "It is very likely that he obtained additional instruction at the Free School in Dorchester, or in some of the Dissenting academies, as we know his brother Samuel did."

Dr. Clarke farther remarks, that although "Matthew is generally styled a physician, yet we do not know that he ever graduated, or studied in any University, unless it were in a foreign one. This is probable." In a letter written from Epworth in the year 1731 by Susanna Wesley to her son John at Oxford, speaking of Matthew Wesley, who had just been on a visit to their family, she says, "He had tried all the spas in Europe, both in Germany and elsewhere." Dr. Clarke proceeds: "Former times were not so nice in distinctions as the present; surgeons, apothecaries, and medical practitioners of all sorts were generally termed physicians or doctors. The latter was the most usual title. This Matthew Wesley might have had by courtesy: in his will he designates himself an apothecary. In the verses addressed to his memory in the *Gentleman's Magazine* he is not styled physician, nor even doctor, although those verses were written at the time of his death; nor is he termed doctor in any of the family letters which have come under notice."

He resided and practised chiefly in London: his residence for some years before his death was in the parish of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, near Temple Bar. He is reported to have been eminent and singularly useful, and is said to have made a fortune by his practice. "The whole family of the Wesleys," says Dr. Clarke, "were blessed with a genius that surmounted all difficulties. Opposition and unfavourable circumstances only served as a stimulus to industry and enterprise; and they ever rose the higher in proportion to the causes which tended to oppress them."

When about seventy years of age, Matthew Wesley deter-

mined to pay a visit to his brother Samuel at Epworth. Being in affluent circumstances, he took his man-servant with him. By this means, the surprise with which he had intended to greet the rector was partly frustrated. The particulars are related in a long letter which the rector's wife wrote to her son John, then a student at Oxford. The letter is dated from Epworth, in 1731: it contains some very interesting and curious particulars, and is as follows:—

Matthew Wesley's Visit to Epworth.

"My brother Wesley had designed to have surprised us, and had travelled under a feigned name from London to Gainsborough; but there, sending his man out for guide to the Isle [of Axholme] the next day, the man told one that keeps our market his master's name, and that he was going to see his brother, which was the minister of Epworth. The man he informed met with Molly in the market about an hour before my brother got thither. She, full of the news, hastened home, and told us her uncle Wesley was coming to see us; but we could hardly believe her. 'Twas odd to observe how all the town took the alarm, and were upon the gaze, as if some great prince had been about to make his entry. He rode directly to John Dawson's (the inn); but we had soon notice of his arrival, and sent John Brown with an invitation to our house. He expressed some displeasure at his servant for letting us know of his coming; for he intended to have sent for Mr. Wesley to dine with him at Dawson's, and then come to visit us in the afternoon. However, he soon followed John home, where we were all ready to receive him with great satisfaction.

"His behaviour among us was perfectly civil and obliging. He spake little to the children the first day, being employed (as he afterwards told them) in observing their carriage, and seeing how he liked them: afterwards he was very free, and expressed great kindness to them all.

"He was strangely scandalised at the poverty of our furniture, and much more at the meanness of the children's habit. He always talked more freely with your sisters of our circumstances than to me; and told them he wondered what his brother had done with his income, for 'twas visible he had not spent it in furnishing his house or clothing his family.

"We had a little talk together sometimes, but it was not often we could hold a private conference; and he was very shy of speaking anything relating to the children before your father, or indeed of any other matter. I informed him, as far as I handsomely could, of our losses, etc., for I was afraid that he should think that I was about to beg of him; but the girls (with whom

he had many private discourses), I believe, told him everything they could think on.

"He was particularly pleased with Patty [who was then twenty-five years old], and one morning, before Mr. Wesley came down, he asked me if I was willing to let Patty go and stay a year or two with him in London. 'Sister,' says he, 'I have endeavoured already to make one of your children easy while she lives; and if you choose to trust Patty with me, I will endeavour to make her so too.' Whatever others may think, I thought this a generous offer; and the more so, because he had done so much for Sukey and Hetty. I expressed my gratitude as well as I could, and would have had him speak to your father, but he would not himself—he left that to me; nor did he ever mention it to Mr. Wesley till the evening before he left us.

"He always behaved himself very decently at family prayers, and in your father's absence said grace for us before and after meat. Nor did he ever interrupt our privacy, but went into his own chamber when we went into ours.

"He stayed from Thursday to the Wednesday after; then he left us to go to Scarborough, from whence he returned the Saturday se'nnight after, intending to stay with us a few days; but finding your sisters gone the day before to Lincoln, he would leave us on Sunday morning, for, he said, he might see the girls before they set forward for London. He overtook them at Lincoln, and had Mrs. Taylor, Emily, and Kezzy, with the rest, to supper with him at the 'Angel.' On Monday they breakfasted with him; then they parted, expecting to see him no more till they came to London, but on Wednesday he sent his man to invite them to supper at night. On Thursday he invited them to dinner, at night to supper, and on Friday morning to breakfast, when he took his leave of them, and rode for London. They got into town on Saturday about noon, and that evening Patty writ me an account of the journey.

"Before Mr. Wesley went to Scarborough, I informed him of what I knew of Mr. Morgan's case [who was one of John Wesley's college companions, then in declining health, and who died in September, 1732]. When he came back, he told me he had tried the spa at Scarborough, and would assure me that it far excelled all the spas in Europe, for he had been at them all, both in Germany and elsewhere; that at Scarborough there were two springs, as he was informed, close together, which flowed into one basin, the one a chalybeate, the other a purging water; and he did not believe there was the like in any part of the world. Says he, 'If that gentleman you told me of could by any means be gotten thither, though his age is the most dangerous

time in life for his distemper, yet I am of opinion those waters would cure him. I thought good to tell you this, that you might, if you please, inform Mr. Morgan of it.

"Dear Jackey, I can't stay now to talk about Hetty and Patty, but this—I hope better of both than some others do. I pray God to bless you. Adieu. "S. W.

" July 12th, 1731."

What a vivid picture the details in this letter afford of the persons and the times to which it relates! It reads like a picture photographed. Certainly Mrs. Wesley had the power of saying what she meant, in language both comprehensive and to the point. The letter plainly indicates that there was no great freedom of intimacy between the two brothers. This doubtless arose from the change in the religious, and perhaps in the political opinions of the rector. Both Matthew and Samuel Wesley were born and educated at first amongst the Dissenters, and amongst the latter Matthew had maintained an unbroken intimacy; and to this circumstance he may have in part attributed his good fortune and his success in worldly concerns. On the other hand, Samuel had left the Dissenters, resolutely and of design, and had allied himself to the opposite party both in Church and State. Hence the shyness and distance observed between them. Matthew is represented as a careful economist, who got his wealth with difficulty and long-continued hard labours. Knowing little of the troubles of a family, having had, it is reported, only one son, an only child, he could ill judge of the domestic expenses on a large scale, the rector of Epworth and his estimable wife having had born to them nineteen children.

Soon after his return to London, Matthew Wesley gave utterance to some of his views and feelings, in a severe and caustic letter to his brother, accusing him of bad economy, and of not making provision for his large family; and indirectly almost blaming him for having become a married man. The letter is without date, and so much of it as remains is in the handwriting of the rector of Epworth. The following is the extract preserved:—

MATTHEW WESLEY'S LETTER.

The same record which assures us an infidel cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, also asserts in the consequence that a worse than an infidel can never do it. It likewise describes the characterof such an one: "He provides not for his own, especially those of his own house."

You have a numerous offspring; you have had a long time a plentiful estate, great and generous benefactions, and have made no provision for those of your own house, who can have nothing in view at your exit but distress. This I think a black account, let the case be folly, or vanity, or

ungovernable appetites. I hopeProvidence has restored you again to give you time to settle this balance, which shocks me to think of. To this end I must advise you to be frequent in your perusal of Father Beveridge on Repentance, and Dr. Tillotson on Restitution; for it is not saying, "Lord! Lord!" will bring us to the kingdom of heaven, but doing justice to all our fellow-creatures, and not a poetical imagination that we do so. A serious consideration of these things, and suitable actions, I doubt not, will qualify you to meet me where sorrow shall be no more, which is the highest hope and expectation of yours, etc.,

MATTHEW WESLEY.

The rector of Epworth was a man of independent spirit, and had a strong conviction of his own integrity before God. Conscious that his brother had misunderstood his real character and conduct, he took time to consider what answer was best to be made to the grave charges which had been alleged against him. Instead of sending a hasty offhand reply, he adopts the seriojocose style, and writes in the third person. The reply is in the handwriting of the rector, and is headed, "John O'Styles' apology against the imputation of his ill-husbandry." The main charge brought by Mr. Surgeon Wesley against Mr. Rector Wesley was this, that having "a plentiful estate, great and generous benefactions, yet he had made no provision for his numerous children." Presuming that Matthew's letter had been read to this third person, the narrator goes on:—

SAMUEL WESLEY'S REPLY.

When I had read this to my friend John O'Styles, I was a little surprised that he did not fall into flouncing and bouncing, as I have too often seen him do on far less provocation, which I ascribed to a fit of sickness he had lately, and which I hope may have brought him to something of a better mind. He stood calm and composed for a minute or two, and then desired he might peruse the letter, adding, that if the matter of fact therein were true, and not aggravated or misrepresented, he was obliged in conscience to acknowledge it, and ask pardon, at least of his family, if he could make them no other satisfaction. If it were not true, he owed that justice to himself and family, to clear himself, if possible, of so vile an imputation. After he had read it over, he said he did not think it necessary to enter into a detail of the history of his whole life, from sixteen [A.D. 1678] to upwards of seventy [A.D. 1732], in order to the vindication of his conduct in all the particulars of it; but the method he chose, which he hoped would be satisfactory to all unprejudiced persons, would be to make some general observations on those general accusations which have been brought against him, and then to add some balance of his incomes and expenses ever since he entered on the stage of life.

He observes that all his indictment consists of generals, wherein fraud almost always lurks, and it is next to impossible for the clearest character to free itself entirely from it.

The sum of the libel may be reduced to the following assertions:—1. That John O'Styles is worse than an infidel, and therefore can never go to heaven; which, secondly, he aims at proving, because he provides not for his own house; as notorious instances of which he adds, in the third place, that in pursuit of his pleasures he had produced a numerous offspring, and has had

a long time a plentiful estate, and great and generous benefactors, but that he had made no provision for those of his own house, which he thinks a black account.

Answer.—If God has blessed him with a numerous offspring, he has no reason to be ashamed of them, nor they of him, unless perhaps one of them; and if he had but that single one, it might have proved no honour or support to his name and family. Neither does his conscience accuse him that he has made no provision for those of his own house, which general accusation includes them all. But has he none—nay, not above one, two, or three—of whom he has (and some of them at very considerable expenses) given the best education which England could afford?—by God's blessing on which they live honourably and comfortably in the world; some of whom have already been a considerable help to the others as well as to himself, and he has no reason to doubt the same of the rest, as soon as God shall enable them to do it. There are many gentlemen's families in England who by the same method provide for their younger children. He hardly thinks that there are many of greater estates but would be glad to change the best of theirs, or even all their stock, for almost the worst of his. Neither is he ashamed of claiming some merit in his having been so happy in breeding them up in his own principles and practices; not only the priests of his family, but all the rest, to a steady opposition and confederacy against all such as are avowed and declared enemies to God and His clergy, and who deny or disbelieve any articles of natural or revealed religion, as well as to such as are open or secret friends to the Great Rebellion, or to any such principles as do but squint towards the same practices: so that he hopes they are all staunch High Church and for inviolable passive obedience, from which if any of them should be so wicked as to degenerate, he can't tell whether he could prevail with himself to give them his blessing. At the same time he almost equally abhors all servile submission to the greatest and most overgrown tool of state, whose avowed design it is to aggrandise his prince at the expense of the liberties and properties of his freeborn subjects.

Thus much for John O'Styles's ecclesiastical and political creed; and, as he hopes, for those of his family. As his adversary adds: "At his exit they could have nothing in view but distress, and that is a black account, let the cause be folly, or vanity, or ungovernable appetites;" John O'Styles answered: He has not the least doubt of God's provision for his family after his decease, if they continue in the way of righteousness, as well as for himself while he has been living. As for his folly, he owns he can hardly demur to the charge, for he fairly acknowledges he never was, nor ever will be, like the children of this world, who are accounted wise in their generation, in doting upon this world, coveting this world, and regarding nothing else. Not but that he has all his life laboured truly with his hands, head, and heart, to provide things honest in the sight of all men, to get his own living and that of those who have been dependants on him. As for his vanity, he challenges an instance to be given of any extravagance in any single branch of his expenses, through the whole course of his life, either in dress, diet, horses, or recreation or diversion, either in himself or his family.

Now if these, which are the main objections, are wiped off, what becomes of the black account, or of the worse than infidelity, which this *Severus Frater et Avunculus Puerorum* has in the plenitude of his power (as he takes upon himself to have the full power of the keys) urged, to exclude those who, for want of equal illumination, or equal estates, think or act differently from himself, out of the kingdom of heaven?

As for the plentiful estate, and great and generous benefactions which he mentions: as to the latter of them, the person accused answered that he could never acknowledge as he ought the goodness of God, and his generous

benefactors, on that occasion; but hopes he may add that he had never tasted so much of their kindness if they had not believed him to be an honest man.

Thus much he said in general, but added, as to particular instances, he should only add a blank balance, and leave it to any after his death, if they should think it worth while, to cast it up according to common equity, and then they would be more proper judges whether he deserved those imputations which had been thrown upon him.

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis, when he first walked to Oxford he had in cash	2	5	0
He lived there till he took his bachelor's degree, without any preferment or assistance, except one crown.....	0	5	0
By God's blessing on his own industry he brought to London ...	10	15	0
When he came to London he got deacon's orders, and a cure, for which he had for one year	28	0	0
In which year, for his board, ordination, and habit, he was indebted £30, which he afterwards paid	30	0	0
Then he went to sea, where he had for one year £70, not paid till two years after his return.....	70	0	0
He then got a curacy at £30 per annum, for two years, and by his own industry in writing, etc., he made it £60 per annum.....	120	0	0

He had then a living given him in the country [South Ormsby], let for £50 per annum, where he had five children more [Susanna, Emilia, Annesley, Jedidiah, and Susanna the second]; in which time, and while he lived in London, he wrote a book ["Life of Christ"], which he dedicated to Queen Mary, who for that reason gave him an [additional] living in the country [Epworth], valued at £200 per annum, where he remained for nearly forty years, and wherein his numerous offspring amounted with the former to eighteen or nineteen children.

Half of his parsonage-house was first burnt, which he rebuilt; some time after the whole was burnt to the ground, which he rebuilt from the foundations, and it cost him above £400, besides the furniture, none of which was saved, and he was forced to renew it.

About ten years since* he got a living adjoining to his former [Wroote], the profits of which very little more than paid the expenses of serving it, and sometimes hardly so much, his whole tithe being in a manner swept away by inundations, for which the parishioners had a brief, though he thought it not decent for himself to be joined with them in it.

For the greater part of these last ten years he has been closely employed in composing a large book ["Dissertationes in Librum Jobi"], whereby he hoped he might have done some benefit to the world, and in some measure amend his own fortunes. By sticking so close to this, he has broken a pretty strong constitution, and fallen into the palsy and gout. Besides this he has had sickness in his family for most of the years since he was married.

His greater living seldom cleared above eightscore pounds per annum, out of which he allowed £20 per annum to a person [John Whitelamb] who had married one of his daughters [Mary]. Could we on the whole fix the balance it would easily appear whether he had been an ill husband, or careless and idle, and taken no care of his family. Let us range on the one side his income, and on the other his expenses, while he has been at the top of his fortunes, taking them at the full extent:—

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* Dr. Whitehead says he got the living of Wroote in 1723. Mr. Wesley's letter to the Chancellor seems to fix the date at 1725.

Income.	£	s.	d.	Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
His income, about £200 per annum for near forty years	8,000	0	0	Expended in sickness for above forty years			
				Expenses in taking the livings, repairing the houses, etc.	160	0	0
				Rebuilding part of his house the first time	60	0	0
				Rebuilding the whole house	400	0	0
				Furnishing it			
				Eight [nine] children born and buried			
				Ten * (thank God!) living, brought up, and educated			
				Most of the daughters put out to a way of living			
				To three sons, for the best education I could get them in England			
				Attending the convocation three years	150	0	0

Let all this be balanced, and then a guess may be easily made of his sorry management.

He can struggle with the world, but not with Providence; nor can he resist sickness, fires, and inundations.

The palsied hand referred to as having been one of his sorrows, is clearly indicated in the writing of this remarkable letter. Twenty lines only are in the handwriting of the rector himself. Mrs. Wesley continued it to the part commencing "Imprimis," and John Wesley, their son, finished it, as the chief amanuensis, in his own neat small handwriting. Here it is evident, to use the rector's own words, "Time had shaken him by the hand, and death was not far behind."

In reviewing this remarkable and interesting letter, sent to Matthew Wesley, Dr. A. Clarke observes that it "is a most complete and happy confutation of his brother's charges, and of those who have felt inclined to repeat them. When we consider his expenses, and the numerous family he brought up, we may be well surprised how, with so small an income, he was able to meet and cover such great demands. He had spared neither pains nor cost in the education of his children. I have seen letters from nearly all of them, full of mind and strong sense; and the writing, especially that of the females, remarkably correct and elegant. As to the three sons, Samuel, John, and Charles, we know the men, and their education, by their works.

* The ten children then living, in 1732, were Samuel, Emilia, Mary, Ann, Susanna, John, Mehetabel, Martha, Charles, and Kezia.

"The letter further shows that Samuel Wesley's Church-and-State principles were of the highest order, yet he was nevertheless an enemy to arbitrary power. Of the former, his whole life gave proof; of the latter, we have an instance in his refusal to read the declaration of King James II. in favour of popery. This requisition of the king's was so repugnant to the great body of the clergy, that only about two hundred in all England complied with it."

John Wesley once said, so reports the Rev. Thomas Stedman, vicar of St. Chads, Shrewsbury, who knew him, that at first his father was much attached to the interests of James. "But," said the rector of Epworth, "when I heard the king say to the Master and Fellows of Magdalen College, lifting up his lean arm, 'If you refuse to obey me you shall feel the weight of a king's right hand,' then I saw he was a tyrant; and though I was not inclined to take an active part against him, I was resolved from that time to give him no kind of support."

To this circumstance Mr. Wesley's son refers in the following lines, addressed to his aged father, and published by John Wesley in the *Arminian Magazine* (vol. i. p. 141):—

> No worldly views the real convert call,
> He sought God's altar when it seemed to fall;
> To Oxford hastened, even in dangerous days,
> When royal anger struck the fated place,
> When a king's *hand stretched out* amazed they saw,
> And troops were ordered to supply the law;
> Then luckless James possessed the British throne,
> And for the papal grandeur risked his own.

Matthew Wesley, in seeking to arraign his brother's conduct, seems rather to have arraigned the dispensations and ordinances of Divine Providence. The subsequent issues indicate very plainly on whose side was the right. Matthew Wesley was rich, and occupied a prominent position in the city of London; his brother Samuel was a country clergyman, poor and despised. Matthew had one son, who succeeded him in his profession, but he is reported to have led a profligate life, to have squandered all his father's money, and to have died a miserable spendthrift; Samuel's children, those which grew to maturity, became an honour alike to their parents, to the Church, and to the world, and their sons rose to eminence and distinction which is extending higher and wider with the lapse of years. But for the care of Dr. Adam Clarke, Surgeon Wesley's name would have been extinct, whilst that of his brother Samuel and his children is becoming more than ever endeared to thousands and even millions of the most thoughtful of the world's population. "Such a family," writes Dr. Clarke, "I have never read of,

heard of, or known; nor since the days of Abraham and Sarah, Joseph and Mary, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted."

As a medical man, Matthew Wesley is described by his niece Mehetabel as one of the gentlest of human beings, and as rescuing thousands from the grave by his healing skill. In his way he was a good and excellent man, but appears to have been little acquainted with the heart, the feelings, the joys and sorrows of a parent. Excepting a little kindness shown to three of his brother's children, we are left without evidence that he possessed that nobility of heart which prompted the embarrassed rector to squeeze out of his small income the pittance he yearly gave to his much-loved mother.

When the Epworth rectory-house was burned down in 1709, it became necessary to scatter the children amongst friends. Their uncle Matthew took two of the sisters, Susanna and Mehetabel, and they remained with him a considerable time. He afterwards took Martha, and she is said to have remained with him for several years. Mehetabel more than repaid his kindness by her conduct towards him during his two latest illnesses, the last of which proved fatal.

He is believed to have been about seventy years old when he paid his memorable visit to Epworth in 1731. Six years afterwards he was seized with a severe illness, but from which he had a temporary recovery. Whatever his friends might hope for, he himself could scarcely expect, at the age of seventy-six, to be long spared from paying the penalty exacted from every one. Yet the event of his restoration to health, and the important position which he professionally held in the City, were deemed to be of sufficient importance to be noticed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1737 (p. 248), where the reader will find a poem from the pen of his niece Mehetabel Wesley, then Mrs. Wright, for she had been married about ten years, and resided in Soho:—

ON RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

Deprest with pains unfelt before,
My muse her wonted strain forbore;
Sad melancholy seized my mind,
To books or converse disinclined,
And dark ideas filled my brain,
Of chronic ills and years of pain;
Whatever image pictures life
Of grief expressive, pain and strife:
A journey through a dreary way,
A gloomy sky, a stormy day,
A voyage through impetuous waves,
Where Scylla barks, Charybdis raves,

Where ambushed rocks and quicksands wait,
And every billow threatens fate;
These, uninvited, crowd my thought,
A region all with vapours fraught.
Yet still, amidst this anxious care,
I bar my bosom from despair,
Solicit patience, heavenly guest,
To fortify my feeble breast.
She, welcome friend, with lenient art,
Can lessen pain, and ease impart;
Or with her love the soul incline
To bear distress, and not repine.
When Providence this power bestowed,
He lightened half our penal load:
At her approach my throbs decrease,
My mental tumult sinks to peace.
Nor long my absent health I mourned,
The rosy goddess soon returned,
My wasted strength again supplies
And bids my drooping spirits rise.
Be first my thankful tribute given
To Thy dispose, all-grateful Heaven!
Thy providential care ordains
My share of pleasure and of pains.
'Tis Thine, that first I drew my breath,
Thine are the issues, too, from death.
Nor be the due returns withheld
To Wesley, sage, in medicine skilled,
Whose kindly draughts our pains assuage,
And make diseases cease to rage,
As Heaven was pleased by him to save,
And disappoint the gaping grave.
Ungrateful! worthless! were my lays
Should I forget Urbanus' praise;
'Twas owing to his friendly care
I breathed at ease the rural air,
Her ample bounds where Reading spreads,
Where Kennet winds along the meads,
Where Thomson the retreat approves,
By streams refreshed, and gloomed with groves,
Where, from Cadogan's lofty seat,
Our view surrounding landscapes greet;
'Twas here he made my leisure blest,
There waked the muse within my breast,
While his improving converse joined
At once both cheered and raised my mind.

Sylvius.

Restored health to him was of but short duration, as we learn from another historic source. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1737, we find from the same pen, "Verses on the death of Matthew Wesley." The reader will find some lines on the same subject, from the same pen, in the *Christian Magazine*, 1737 (vol. iii. p. 284):—

MATTHEW WESLEY, SURGEON, DECEASED.

How can the muse attempt the string,
Forsaken by her guardian power?
Ah me! that she survives to sing,
Her friend and patron now no more!
Yet private grief she might suppress,
Since Clio bears no selfish mind;
But oh! she mourns, to wild excess,
The friend and patron of mankind.

Alas! the sovereign healing art,
Which rescued thousands from the grave,
Unaided left the gentlest heart,
Nor could its skilful master save.
Who shall the helpless sex sustain
Now Varro's lenient hand is gone,
Which knew so well to soften pain,
And ward all dangers but its own?

His darling nurse, his Clio dear,
Whom first his favour raised to fame;
His gentle voice vouchsafed to cheer,
His art upheld her tender frame:
Pale envy durst not show her teeth;
Above contempt she gaily shone
Chief favourite! till the hand of death
Endangered both by striking one.

Perceiving well, devoid of fear,
His latest fatal conflict nigh;
Reclined on her he held most dear,
Whose breast received his parting sigh:
With every art and grace adorned,
By man admired, by Heaven approved—
Good Varro died—applauded, mourned,
And honoured by the muse he loved.

Judged by these verses, one scarcely knows which most to admire, the virtues of the man, or the skill and taste of the poet. Long residence in the family of her uncle had endeared Mehetabel Wesley, and his virtues and graces to her were sweet memories. Added to these advantages was the still further blessing that her own delicate frame and constitution had, under the skilful care of her uncle, often been restored to health when weakness and sickness prostrated her. From the verses she wrote to his memory, we "learn that he was a man of a truly benevolent mind; had much learning and information; greatly excelled in his profession, particularly in the treatment of females; was a good judge and lover of poetry; showed kindness to members of his brother Samuel's large family; was the particular friend, patron, and support of his niece Mehetabel; that he was adorned with all the art and grace of a Christian

gentleman; and in the closing scene of life he was saved from the fear of death. Leaning on the bosom of Mehetabel, he expired towards the end of May, 1737, aged about seventy-six years." His body was interred, June 16th, in the old vault in St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street.

The following tribute to his memory, also written by his niece, will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1737:—

ON THE DEATH OF MR. MATTHEW WESLEY.

When vulgar funerals trail their pomp along,
We idly stand amidst the gazing throng,
Perhaps such trite reflections rise: "Alas!
How weak the human frame! all flesh is grass!
A bubble frail! a shade that swiftly flies!
A flower that opes at morn, at evening dies!"
No farther we the serious thought pursue
Than the slight inference, "We must follow too!"
But if the final, fatal hour remove
To death's black shades a relative we love,
Or chosen friend, in pressure fully tried,
A faithful guardian, counsellor, and guide,
More awful thoughts are by the stroke imprest,
And the wise aims of Providence confest.
"Can righteous Heaven" (thus right we argue then)
"Regardless view such signal worth in men?
Their virtue and their piety disown?
And shall they be to dark oblivion thrown?
Oh no! most truly Scripture strains attest,
For such remains an everlasting rest."
Undoubted in the sacred book appears
A future state assigned through endless years,
And still we find to what these lights reveal
Our calm, unbiassed reason sets her seal.
As here the sun, with his prolific rays,
The blooms and verdures of the globe displays;
So God, the Sun that heavenly region gilds,
Spreads heavenly riches o'er its blissful fields:
And surely as that sun shall ever shine,
Those endless treasures, WESLEY, all are thine!
Whate'er with lavish fancy poets feign
Of bowery scenes and an Elysian plain,
Where everlasting zephyrs waft perfume,
Fruits ever ripen, flowers for ever bloom;
Those fruits and flowers, which on the borders grow
Of living streams, where waves of nectar flow,
Where happy guests on rosy beds recline,
And press from heavenly grapes immortal wine;
Whate'er the surer Scripture-page displays
Of golden wreaths, enchased with starry rays,
Which crown the blest; the shining robes they wear,
The shouts they utter, and the palms they bear,
The angel-songs which swell the concert high,
And all the immortal music of the sky—

These strong, these bright ideas are all too faint
The joys ineffable of heaven to paint.
Thus, while thy drooping friends surround the urn,
We meditate thy bliss, and cease to mourn;
Recite the virtues of thy life below,
Till we with zealous emulation grow;
Resolve like thine our future life to frame;
To make each social, useful grace our aim;
To propagate true knowledge, void of guile;
To combat craft, whose schemes the truth defile;
To cheer the afflicted, the depressed to raise,
And modest worth to fortify with praise.
'Twas thus, if small to match with great we dare,
A mortal's virtue with a God's compare;
'Twas thus the Saviour of the world exprest
The Life Divine, in human semblance drest;
Spotless in act, unwearied ill to chase,
And arduous for the weal of human race.

SYLVIUS.

Three things may be noticed in summing up the life and character of Matthew Wesley. He was pious, learned, and benevolent. Born of Nonconformist parents, we find no intimation that he ever left their communion. He seems to have taken no part in the polemical disputes which divided and tortured the people of that day, and he has been thought to be indifferent to religion. Of this there is no evidence. "Had this been so," says Miss Sarah Wesley, in a letter to Dr. Clarke, "I should hardly have supposed that such good parents as my grandfather and grandmother would have entrusted him with three of their daughters. He had for some time Hetty and Susanna, and afterwards he had Martha for some years. Martha often told me she never had reason to believe it, as he approved her habit of going regularly to morning prayers [at St. Paul's], and was exemplary moral in his words and actions, esteeming religion, but never talking of its mysteries. Silence on the subject in that age, when controversy was frequent, might give rise to the suspicion that he was sceptically inclined, especially in a family jealous for its spirituality." Martha is said to have lived twelve years with him, and was used by him with the greatest tenderness. In a letter to her brother John, dated March 10th, 1730, whilst residing with her uncle in London, she thus writes: "My uncle is pretty well recovered. I hereby join with you in wishing you may have a conference with him—who knows but he might be better for it? [John was then a young clergyman of two years' standing.] He had several years ago a violent fit of illness; seemed wondrous serious; and sent for a clergyman, who stayed with him some hours, and when he came from him, told my grandmother, if it pleased God to spare his life, he believed he would be a good man. But when he did recover

again, and got among his companions, all his good resolutions vanished immediately."

Martha Wesley had then been residing with her uncle some years, and had abundant opportunity of knowing all the details about which she wrote. The illness must have been many years previously, for her grandmother received the message of the clergyman who gave him godly counsel; but she died in 1710, which was twenty years previous to her writing the letter to her brother John. The conduct of Matthew during his visit to Epworth favours the opinion that he was pious.

His learning is sufficiently indicated in the allusions made to him in the verses printed respecting him; that he was high in his profession is manifest; and he had influence enough to introduce his niece Mehetabel to Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to the pages of which work she became a contributor.

His benevolence is also borne testimony to in the lines before mentioned. He by his healing art "rescued thousands from the grave." The allusion made by Martha in her letter to John intimates that his mother was staying in his family, and in all probability she died under his roof. If he did not show much kindness and sympathy to his brother, he did to his children. To Hetty, when she was married to John Wright the plumber, he gave a marriage portion, which enabled her husband to commence business for himself; but he was unworthy of either the noble woman who became his wife, or of her dowry. Susanna also was assisted by her uncle when she was married. How Martha was treated by her uncle, she tells John in a further portion of the letter above-named. She says, "Was almost anybody else in my place, they would think themselves very happy. I want neither money nor clothes; nay, I have both given me in the most obliging manner. And yet I am not so." Shortly afterwards Martha was married, unfortunately, to the Rev. Westley Hall, and her uncle gave her £400 as a marriage portion.

Mrs. Susanna Wesley, in a letter to her son John, dated 1735, records a saying of Matthew Wesley's which is worth preserving. It is—"Never let any man know that you have heard what he has said against you. It may be he spoke on some misinformation, or was in a passion, or did it in a weak compliance with the company; perhaps he has changed his mind, and is sorry for having done it, and may continue friendly to you. But if he finds that you are acquainted with what he has said, he will conclude you cannot forgive him, and upon that supposition will become your enemy."

Justice to truth requires that we give what is recorded respect-

ing his only son, who was educated at Oxford, but who shortened his life by intemperance. Mr. Charles Wesley, the musician, occasionally made use of the saying, "This young man was a profligate, and the only drunkard in the family." In the "Bankrupts' Directory," in 1708, is the name of Matthew Wesley, apothecary, London. This, says Dr. A. Clarke, "was probably the son of old Dr. Matthew Wesley, who not only shortened his life, but dissipated his goods by riotous living." In a "Familiar Epistle to a Friend," published in the poems of Samuel Wesley, jun., in 1743, there appears to be an allusion to this "battered rake," in a "tale which was told by my aunt of seventy-five," referring to Matthew's wife and her profligate son.

After his misfortunes, and the varied sufferings his wayward wickedness had brought on him through profligacy, Matthew Wesley's only son went to India, where he lived for some years, but apparently without holding any correspondence with his parents. When his father made his will in 1735, he describes his son as in India, though in doubt whether he were then alive.

The wife of Matthew is not named in his will, from which it may be reasonably inferred that she had died previously to its being made. He leaves his sister Elizabeth chief executrix to his will. He left property of the value of about £2,500, nearly the whole of which he left in sums varying from £100 to £400 to ten of his nephews and nieces, the children of his brothers and his sister Elizabeth.

THE WILL OF MATTHEW WESLEY.

I, Matthew Wesley, of the parish of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West * in London, Apothecary, do give and bequeath to my sister Elizabeth Dyer the annual interest or dividend of one thousand pounds Old South Sea Annuity Stock, to be received by her half-yearly as usual during her natural life. After her decease I give and bequeath five hundred pounds of the said thousand to my son Matthew Wesley, now in India, if he be then living; but if then dead, I bequeath that money in manner following: To my two nephews, John and George Iliffe, one hundred pounds each; to my nephew John Lambert, jun., one hundred pound; to my niece Amelia Wright, one hundred pound; to my niece Elizabeth Turner, one hundred. The other five hundred of the fore-mentioned thousand, I do give one hundred of it, after my sister's decease, to my niece Elizabeth Wesley; one hundred pound to my niece Mary Wesley; one hundred pound to my niece Mary Turner; one hundred pound to my nephew John Iliffe, if then living: if dead, I give that hundred pound and another hundred pound also to his brother, George Iliffe.

Another thousand pound I have in Old South Sea Annuity Stock I dispose of as follows: To my niece Martha Hall, the wife of Mr. Hall of Salisbury, I give four hundred when he shall have settled upon her an annuity of forty pound a year for her life, the first payment to her to be made three months after her husband's decease. Till such settlement be made, I will that only

* The Register of Burial of the Parish of St. Dunstan's-West has the following entry:—1737, June 16, "Matthew Wesley, from Johnson's Court, in the Old Vault."

the dividends arising from that sum be paid Mrs. Hall at the usual times. I do give to my niece Mehetabel Wright two hundred pound, to be paid into her own hands at what time and in what manner my executor shall judge most proper to serve her. I do give my niece Mary Turner one hundred pound; my niece Ann Lambert I give one hundred pound; to my niece Lydia Wesley, one hundred pound; to my niece Mary Wesley, one hundred pound; to Mrs. Catherine Hewet, ten pounds; to Mr. Robert Knight, fifty pound and my great punch-bowl, if he pleases to accept it. To all my servants that shall have dwelt two years, five pounds apiece for mourning. I give my son ten pounds for mourning. I give to the Water Dippers at Tunbridge Wells five pound, to be distributed amongst them by the Rev. Mr. Elton in what proportions he thinks fit.

I desire to be buried in the parish burying-place wherever I die; to be put in lead, and with as little noise, ceremony, or expense as is consistent with the class I stand in. If I die at Tunbridge Wells, I desire to be buried in Trant churchyard; and I do appoint, and to which they have consented, my very good friends, Robert Knight, Esq., and my sister, Elizabeth Dyer, executors to this my last Will and testament, written with my own hand this eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and thirty-five, and then signed by me. MATTHEW WESLEY.

I have £2,000 Old South Sea Annuity Stock which will now sell for £2,200. I have given by my Will specifically £2,100. Good debts, stock, plate, household goods may possibly raise three or four hundred pound more; which I desire my executors to dispose of amongst my necessitous relations in whatever manner they think best. Feb. 8, 1735–6. MATTHEW WESLEY.

From this will it appears that £900 of his money was given to his brother Samuel's family, as follows: To Martha Wesley (Mrs. Hall), £400; Hetty Wesley (Mrs. Wright), £200; to her daughter, Amelia Wright, £100; to Ann Wesley (Mrs. Lambert) and her son John, £100 each. The other portions of his money were given to the children of his brother Timothy and his sister Elizabeth Dyer, from whom the Iliffes, and Elizabeth and Mary Turner, are believed to have descended.

It is proper to record here that there was a Sir Robert Wesley, Knight, Sheriff of London in 1733, who was Lord Mayor of that city in 1744, the notice of whom will be found in Wilson's "History of Merchant Taylors' School."

SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M.

RECTOR OF EPWORTH; FATHER OF THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM.

THE father of Samuel Wesley was the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., sometime rector of Winterborn-Whitchurch, Dorset, in which place Samuel is believed to have been born, on December 17th, 1662. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. John White, many years rector of Trinity Church, Dorchester, and known as the "Patriarch of Dorchester."

Like his Old Testament namesake, he was designed by his parents for the service of the sanctuary, and every assistance which they could give him in the work of preparation for these sacred duties they cheerfully and generously rendered. At the Free School, in Dorchester, under the careful and painstaking tuition of Mr. Henry Dolling, he laid the foundation of that varied learning which was alike honourable to his industry and profitable to his necessities.

He was born about four months after that dark St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, on which his father, grandfather, and some two thousand godly ministers of religion were ejected from their churches and driven from their homes. In the midst of social and national troubles of more than ordinary severity he began life, and it was his hard lot to struggle with difficulties during nearly sixty years. The Great Plague of 1665 depopulated London, whilst he was yet a child, followed in the next year by that terrible fire which made the greater part of the city a heap of ruins. He remained at the Dorchester School till the year 1677; and in the following year his father died, leaving his mother a widow, with several children, and very poor.

Samuel was now in his sixteenth year. Considering the cruel treatment his father and two grandfathers had received from the Episcopalians, it was not likely he would think of entering the ministry of their Church. Although his father and grandfathers held livings in that Church, yet they refused to use the Liturgy, and were regarded as Dissenters. His father's Dissenting friends came to the relief of his mother in her time of press-

ing need, and obtained for her son an exhibition of £30 a year, raised by the Dissenters, by which means he was sent to the metropolis to carry on his education; and he arrived in London, 1678. In the academy of Edward Veal, of Stepney, Samuel Wesley remained for two years, making the utmost use of his time and opportunity in cultivating his mind.

During his residence at Stepney, as he himself records, he "was a dabbler in rhyme and faction, and had already printed several things with the party's imprimatur." His Dissenting patrons were so far pleased with his zeal and ability that they printed some of the effusions from his pen. Here he began writing those miscellaneous pieces which he afterwards collected and published as his first work.

In consequence of his good behaviour and progress he received a further bonus of £10 per annum from his father's friend Dr. Owen, who encouraged him in the prosecution of his studies, and advised him to have a particular regard to critical learning. Mr. Veal having relinquished the office of tutor, by reason of magisterial prosecutions, young Wesley, at the age of eighteen, was recommended to the academy of Charles Morton, A.M., of Newington Green, whose scholarly attainments and gentlemanly manners had raised the reputation of his school to the highest position, amongst Dissenters, in England.

Whilst he was at Mr. Morton's academy he met with the works of John Biddle, the father of the English Unitarians, whose pernicious works were allowed to be read by the pupils; and Samuel Wesley was employed to translate some of these dangerous writings, for which he was promised a considerable gratuity. When, however, he discovered their tendency, he refused to go on with the work.

Among the occurrences of that period must be named the fact of Mr. Wesley's hearing John Bunyan preach. This incident comes out of his controversy with Palmer. Mr. Wesley observes: "Nothing is more common among Dissenters than to hear persons [preach], and that daily, who have no form of ordination. I remember several of us went to hear friend Bunyan, when he preached at Newington Green, and Mr. Morton commended him." Even this simple recital was made by Palmer a subject for some rather severe reflections; so high and strong ran the prejudices of that age.

Remembering the sufferings, privations, and persecutions of his father and grandfather, and the widowed and almost destitute condition of his mother, from the conduct of the then existing government, it is not strange that Samuel Wesley, a sprightly young man, on coming in contact with some of those political ministers of religion should catch some of their spirit,

and be, as he observes, "forward enough to write lampoons and pasquils, be abundantly zealous in the cause, be fired with hopes of suffering, and desire to be brought before kings and rulers, because he thought what he did was done for the sake of Christ." One sentence more may be given before this point is dismissed, to show the influences which created rather than allayed the disquiet of his mind. Mr. Wesley adds that it was from among the most famous of the Dissenting ministers that he "learned this way of writing; that it was in their hands he first saw the lampoons then most famous against the government; and that he had often heard them repeated by their own lips, oaths and all."

The last year of his stay at Mr. Morton's brought him acquainted with one of the most famous literary men of the time, John Dunton, the eccentric bookseller of London. The attachment then formed was in many respects mutually advantageous: Wesley found brains, and Dunton found money; the connection became close and intimate for many years, with some variations. On August 3rd, 1682, Dunton married Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Dr. Samuel Annesley, on which occasion young Wesley wrote and presented the happy pair with an epithalamium of ten verses, which Dunton printed in his "Life and Errors," and also in the first volume of the *Athenian Oracle*. Wesley afterwards married Susanna, the youngest sister of Mrs. Dunton, and thus by marriage became related to Dunton.

Just a year after Dunton's marriage, there came the turning-point in Samuel Wesley's religious and political life. He was coming of age, his twenty-first birthday was only four months distant, when he took the decisive step of leaving the Dissenters and joining the Church of England. How this change came about, his son John shall relate. Originally designed for the ministry among the Dissenters, in whose principles he had been very carefully educated, the transition to a zealous Churchman was the more remarkable.

John Wesley's statement is as follows: "Some severe invectives being written against the Dissenters, Mr. S. Wesley, being a young man of considerable talents, was pitched upon to answer them. This set him on a course of reading, which soon produced an effect very different from what had been intended. Instead of writing the wished-for answer, he himself conceived he saw reason to change his opinions, and actually formed a resolution to renounce the Dissenters and attach himself to the Established Church. He lived, at that time, with his mother and an old aunt, both of whom were too strongly attached to the Dissenting doctrines to have borne with any patience the

disclosure of his design. He therefore got up one morning at a very early hour, and, without acquainting any one of his purpose, set out on foot to Oxford, and entered himself at Exeter College."

The account of this change given by Samuel Wesley himself is, in substance, that Dr. J. Owen wished him and some others to graduate at the University, on the ground that Dissenters were expecting the times to change, in which case their party would be looked upon with favour, and their pupils be allowed to take University degrees. Owen insisted that they ought not to take the oaths and subscriptions. In his own defence he further writes: "I earnestly implored the Divine direction in a business of so weighty a concern, and on which so much of my whole life depended. I examined things over as calmly and impassionately as possible, and, the further I looked, still the more the mist cleared up, and things appeared in another sort of light than I had seen them in all my life before. So far were the sufferings of the Dissenters at that time from influencing my resolution to leave them, that I profess it was a thing which retarded me most of any. I began to have inclinations to the University, if I knew how to get thither, or to live there when I came. I was not then acquainted with one soul of the Church of England to whom I might address myself for assistance or advice."

He entered himself at Exeter College, as a *pauper scholaris*, in August, 1683. He then returned to London for a time, to give the subject further consideration. Dr. Owen, his friend, having died, the trustees of the £10 exhibition urged him to enter the University with all speed. Soon after, he had £20 given him, part of a sum of money left by a Dissenter to be distributed among ministers. With this sum he paid Mr. Morton, and his other debts, as far as it would go. One sentence more, and we leave the young student to his arduous mental pursuits. Mr. Wesley writes: "A reverend and worthy person, my relation, who lived a great distance, coming to London, was so kind as to see me while I was at Mr. Morton's, and gave me such arguments against the Dissenting schism, which I was then embarked with, as added weight to my resolutions when I began to think of leaving it."

Forty-five shillings was the entire property which Samuel Wesley had when he set out for Oxford. By leaving the Dissenters, he left all the friends who were likely to help him. He was five years at Oxford, and during that time all the help he received from his family and friends was five shillings. Yet he had made up his mind, and whatever sacrifices it might involve, he undertook them cheerfully and courageously.

Dr. Southey obtained the following extract from the registers of Exeter College, from which we learn that his caution money was paid to Mr. Richard Hutchins, bursar, by Mr. William Crabb, then dean of that college, September 26th, 1684, and was returned December 22nd, 1686.

Deposit of Caution Money.	Return of Caution Money.
Sep. 26, 1684.	Dec. 22, 1686.
Mrs. Hutchins, pro Samuele Westley, paup. schol. de Dorchester, £3.	Samueli Westley, pro scipso.
Ric. Hutchins.	Ric. Hutchins.
Guil. Crabb.	Samuel Westley.
Feb. 9, 1686.	Jan. 10, 1687.
Mrs. Paynter, pro Sam. Westley, p. schol. olim admisso, £3.	Mihi ipsi pro impensis Coll. debitis ad fest Nat. 87, £3.
Guil. Paynter.	Jo. Harris.
Ric. Hutchins.	

Thrown entirely upon his own resources, he had now to find himself in clothes, books, and whatever more he might require; but he had first to earn the money before he could spend it. "Besides attending the humiliating duties of a servitor, he composed exercises for those who had more money than mind, and gave instruction to those who wished to profit by his lessons. Thus, by unwearied toil, great frugality, and indomitable energy, the almost friendless scholar not only supported himself, but obtained his B.A. degree, and retired from the University in 1688, seven pounds fifteen shillings richer than he was when he entered Oxford in 1683. During the first winter of his residence at Oxford the frost and cold were so severe that coaches plied as freely on the Thames from the Temple to Westminster as if they had gone upon the land."

During the second year of his University life he collected all his boyish rhymes and verses, with the view of publishing them. These he dedicated to his first schoolmaster, "the honoured Mr. H[enry] D[olling], head master of the Free School in Dorchester." These he sent to his literary acquaintance in London, John Dunton, by whom the volume was printed and published, under the title of "Maggots; or, Poems on several subjects never before handled. By a Scholar. London: Printed for John Dunton, at the sign of the Black Raven, near the Royal Exchange, 1685."

The volume extends to one hundred and seventy-two pages, and contains twenty-four poems of various lengths,* three

* That the reader may see what trifles then occupied attention, the titles of the poems are here given: 1. A Maggot; 2. Two Soldiers killing one another for a Groat; 3. The Tame Snake in a Box of Bran; 4. The Grunting of a Hog; 5. To my Gingerbread Mistress; 6. The Bear-faced Lady; 7. A Pair of Breeches; 8. A Tobacco-pipe; 9. A Cow's Tail; 10. The Liar; 11. A Hat broke at Cudgels; 12.

dialogues, and six other pieces. It opens with an anonymous portrait of the author, crowned with laurel, and having a maggot occupying the place of the parting in his hair. He is seated at a table in the act of writing, with a window in the rear, and a shelf on which are a few books. Beneath the portrait are the following lines: —

> In his own defence the author writes,
> Because when this foul maggot bites,
> He ne'er can rest in quiet:
> Which makes him make so sad a face,
> He'd beg your worship, or your grace,
> Unsight, unseen, to buy it.

This remarkable portrait has been more highly prized by some than the book it illustrates. About 1821, Mr. Thomas Rodd, antiquarian publisher, had it re-engraved in excellent facsimile.

By that work Mr. Wesley obtained some relief for his necessities, but the reward was not equal to the labour, time, and money spent upon it. In a lively and witty epistle to the reader, the author observes, "I am to tell you, *bona fides*, that is, in English, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that all are here my own *pure Maggots*, the natural issue of my own brain-pan, bred and born there." What Hogarth did by his pencil years afterwards, Samuel Wesley did with his pen, levelled his wit against the vices of the age; and some of his pieces are scorchingly severe. Dr. Adam Clarke's remark on this point is very just. He says: "Mr. Wesley's poetic talents, of whatever order, were always employed in the cause of truth and moral purity."

Samuel Wesley's time at the University was occupied in attending to the duties of servitor, as on that his maintenance depended. To enable him to pay the fees, he gave assistance to other students not so far advanced as himself. He had to prepare himself for his own examinations: these he passed with success, and in June, 1688, he took his B.A. degree. He was the only student of Exeter College who, during that year, obtained such a distinction. In addition to his onerous college duties, his benevolent heart led him to seek to benefit others, those who most needed help. This point will be best explained by an extract from a letter he wrote in 1730, to his sons John and Charles, then at Oxford. He says: "Go on, in God's name, in the path to which your Saviour has directed you, and that track wherein your father has gone before you. For when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I visited those in the castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day. Walk as pru-

A Covetous Old Fellow; A Supper of a Duck; 14. To the Land of a Dog; 15. The Death of Poor Spot; 16. A Box like an Egg; 17. The Beggar and Poet; 18. Aristotle and Alexander; 19. A King turned Thrasher; 20. A Discourteous Damsel; 21. A Cheese; 22. A Journey; 23. Leather Bottle, etc.

dently as you can, though not fearfully, and my heart and prayers are with you" ("Wesley's Works," vol. i. p. 7).

During the second year of Mr. Wesley's stay at college, Charles II. died, and James II. succeeded him. Shortly afterwards the new king paid a visit to Oxford, to exhibit his kingly authority. Disputes ran high as to whether the usages of the University, the rights of founders, or the king's pleasure should predominate. Exeter College, to which Mr. Wesley belonged, was especially the place where the king made his voice heard and his power felt. The king demanded that Father Petrè should have the right, as descendant from the founder, to name seven Fellows of Exeter College; he further demanded that one Parker should be elected Bishop of Oxford. The University refused compliance with both these claims, at which James II. was so annoyed that he went to Oxford in the summer of 1687 to enforce his wishes. He summoned the unmanageable Fellows into his royal presence. Samuel Wesley was an intensely interested spectator of the scene, which is thus described: "You have not dealt with me like gentlemen!" cried the furious king: "you have been unmannerly as well as undutiful. Is this your Church of England loyalty? I could not have believed that so many clergymen of the Church should have been concerned in such a business. Go home! Get you gone! I am king! I will be obeyed! Go to your chapel this instant, and admit the Bishop of Oxford. Let those who refuse, look to it; they shall feel the whole weight of my hand; they shall know what it is to incur the displeasure of their sovereign."

Writing of this period of his life, Samuel Wesley says: "I tarried in Exeter College, though I met with some hardships I had before been unacquainted with, till I was of standing sufficient to take my Bachelor's degree; and not being able to subsist there afterwards, I came to London during the time of my Lord Bishop of London's suspension by the High Commission, and was instituted into deacon's orders by my Lord Bishop [Dr. Thomas Sprat] of Rochester, at his palace at Bromley, August 7th, 1688." It is worthy of remark that Mr. Wesley left Oxford during the trial of the seven bishops, and he was ordained priest by Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, February 24th, 1689. This was only twelve days after William, Prince of Orange, and his wife were declared by Parliament to be king and queen of Great Britain. Both the prelates who ordained Samuel Wesley were graduates of Oxford with his father.

Samuel Wesley's first Church preferment was a curacy which brought an income of £28 per annum. He was next appointed chaplain on board a man-of-war, where his salary was raised to £70. Here, having much leisure time, he commenced writing

his poem on the Life of Christ. His pen was seldom idle, and being a rapid writer, and seldom waiting to polish or refine, his writings became numerous. John Dunton, his publisher and brother-in-law, said, "He used to write two hundred couplets a day, which were too many by two-thirds to be well finished with all the beauties and graces of the art!" The necessity of living urged him to use his pen freely, seeing what a scanty pittance his curacy brought him.

The chaplaincy he soon gave up, and obtained another curacy in London, which he held for two years, with the income of £30 a year. During the second year of his curacy he earned by his pen £30 more; and with an income so liberal, yet so hardly earned, he ventured to take to himself a wife. He remained in lodgings with his wife, in some humble abode, till their first child, Samuel, was born.

The young lady who united her hand and heart with Samuel Wesley's was Susanna, the youngest and twenty-fourth child of her mother, and the twenty-fifth child of her father, Dr. Samuel Annesley. Where and when the marriage took place is not known; but it took place in London, and it is believed in the spring of the year 1689. He is said to have lodged near Holborn, and as he was ordained in St. Andrew's Church, it is not unlikely that he was married there, though it may have been in some city church near Dr. Annesley's residence. Writing of her husband after they had been married more than thirty years, Mrs. Wesley says, "Since I have taken my husband for better, for worse, I'll take my residence with him; where he lives will I live, and where he dies will I die, and there will I be buried. God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part him and me." No wonder in their married life they were really helpsmeet, and attached to each other. In person she is said to have been both graceful and beautiful; the accomplishments of her mind were of the highest order; and for womanly virtues she has probably never been surpassed. The saying of the wise king was never more thoroughly exemplified than in the case of Mrs. Wesley: "Many women have done virtuously: but thou excellest them all." She afterwards became the mother of nineteen children; and was, as already stated, herself the twenty-fourth child of her own mother.

"No man," says Dr. R. Southey, "was ever more suitably mated than Samuel Wesley. The wife whom he chose was, like himself, the child of a man eminent among the Nonconformists; and, like himself, in early life she had chosen her own path. She had examined the controversy between the Dissenters and the Church of England with conscientious diligence, and satisfied herself that the schismatics were wrong. She had

reasoned herself into Socinianism, from which her husband reclaimed her. She was an admirable woman, an obedient wife, an exemplary mother, and a fervent Christian. The marriage was blessed in all its circumstances; it was contracted in the prime of their youth; it was fruitful; and death did not divide them till they were full of days."

It is strange that Dunton, who records so many things of this nature in his "Life and Errors," should have omitted to include amongst them the marriage of his own wife's sister. Four years after their marriage, when residing in their very humble parsonage at South Ormsby, Mr. Wesley wrote, and published in his "Life of Christ," the following poetic portrait of his wife:—

She graced my humble roof, and blest my life,
Blest me by a far greater name than wife;
Yet still I bore an undisputed sway,
Nor was't her task, but pleasure, to obey:
Scarce thought, much less could act, what I denied.
In our low house there was no room for pride;
Nor need I e'er direct what still was right,
She studied my convenience and delight.
Nor did I for her care ungrateful prove,
But only used my power to show my love:
Whate'er she asked I gave, without reproach or grudge,
For still she reason asked, and I was judge.
All my commands, requests at her fair hands;
And her requests to me were all commands.
To other thresholds rarely she'd incline:
Her house her pleasure was,—and she was mine;
Rarely abroad, or never, but with me,
Or when by pity called, or charity.

With such united testimony to each other's worth as Samuel and Susanna Wesley wrote, it will not be wondered at that their home for forty-six years was one of the most exemplary for virtue, piety, happiness, and usefulness which could be found in all England. Mr. Wesley began his married life under many disadvantages. He had himself no property, and Dr. Annesley's family was probably much reduced, so that he could give little with any of his daughters. He wrote much for Dunton, and for which service Wesley received considerable assistance; but when Dunton fell into difficulties, and was thrown into prison, he acknowledged that Wesley was his chief creditor, which debt he never repaid.

Without any solicitation on his part, the Marquis of Normanby, on the living of South Ormsby, in Lincolnshire, becoming vacant by death, interested himself with the Massingberd family, who were the patrons, and Samuel Wesley was appointed to the living there. The previous rector was

interred January 19th, 1690; the first entry in the parish register by Samuel Wesley is dated August 26th, 1690. Between these two dates Samuel Wesley's first child was born in London; he himself was appointed to a rectory in the country, and, with his wife and infant son, he left London to reside in Lincolnshire, where he arrived June 15th, and where he had his home during the remainder of his earthly pilgrimage; and there his body rests in peace to await the resurrection of the just.

Previously to Mr. Wesley's leaving London for a permanent residence in the country, he joined Mr. Dunton and others in establishing the *Athenian Gazettee*, a work which appeared every week for a long time, and to which Mr. Wesley contributed several hundred articles. The contributions to that work were addressed to the members of the Athenian Society, which met statedly at Smith's Coffee-house, George Yard, now George Street, near the Mansion House, in the City.

Here Mr. Wesley met with his literary colleagues, to arrange the articles for the Gazettee. One day some gentlemen in a box at the other end of the room had in their company an officer of the Guards who swore dreadfully. Mr. Wesley saw that he could not speak to him without much difficulty: he therefore desired the waiter to bring him a glass of water. When it was brought, he said aloud, "Carry it to that gentleman in the red coat, and desire him to wash his mouth after his oaths." The officer rose up in a fury; but the gentlemen in the box laid hold of him, one of them crying out, "Nay, colonel; you gave the first offence. You know it is an affront to swear in his presence." The officer was restrained, and Mr. Wesley departed. Some years after, while Mr. Wesley was in London attending Convocation, a gentleman accosted him as he was going through St. James's Park, and inquired if he recollected him. Mr. Wesley said he did not. The gentleman then recalled to his remembrance the scene at the coffee-house, and added, "Since that time, sir, I thank God, I have feared an oath, and every thing that is offensive to the Divine Majesty; and as I have a perfect recollection of you, I rejoiced at seeing you, and could not refrain from expressing my gratitude to God and you." "A word fitly spoken, how good is it!"

The volumes of the *Athenian Mercury* becoming very scarce, the most valuable questions and answers were selected, and, in 1703-4, republished under the title of the *Athenian Oracle*, in three octavo volumes, and was a very profitable undertaking for the publisher, Andrew Bell.

Charles Gildon wrote a history of the Athenian Society. He was of the same age, and contemporary with Mr. Wesley, whom he thus describes: "He was a man of profound knowledge, not

only of the Holy Scriptures, of the councils, and of the Fathers, but also of every other art that comes within those called liberal. His zeal and ability in giving spiritual directions were great. With invincible power he confirmed the wavering, and confuted heretics. Beneath the genial warmth of his wit the most barren subject became fertile and divertive. His style was sweet and manly, soft without satiety, and learned without pedantry. His temper and conversation were affable. His compassion for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures was as great as his learning and his parts. Were it possible for any man to act the part of a universal priest, he would certainly deem it his duty to take care of the spiritual good of all mankind. In all his writings and actions he evinced a deep concern for all that bear the glorious image of their Maker, and was so apostolical in his spirit, that pains, labours, watchings, and prayers were far more delightful to him than honours to the ambitious, wealth to the miser, or pleasure to the voluptuous."

The Rev. Luke Tyerman gives a list of eighty-four questions he has selected from that publication, answered by Samuel Wesley; and these, he adds, are but a tenth part of Mr. Wesley's contributions to the work. It is proper to add that the number of the Gazettee for October 17th, 1691, is entirely occupied by a Millenarian article, which had been previously announced, and which was Mr. Wesley's contribution, and sets forth the views he held on that subject. We have not seen this article reproduced in any of the Millenarian publications of our own time. It deserves reproduction. The Gazettee terminated June 14th, 1697.

Mrs. Wesley's first child was a son, born in London, February 10th, 1690, and was named Samuel, after his father. It will be interesting and helpful to the reader to see the whole family in their proper order of precedence : a record which has been prepared with much care from various sources, and which will be found on the next page.

Two observations are necessary here: first, owing to the destruction of the Epworth registers when the rectory was burnt down in 1709, the exact particulars of deaths are irrecoverably lost, and even the name of one of the nineteen children cannot now be known. What has been ascertained is from incidental statements in the letters of the various members of the family, the originals of nearly all which the writer has had the privilege of reading and transcribing. Second, John Wesley, marked No. 15, was baptized, by desire of his parents, John Benjamin, in memory of the two brothers, Nos. 10 and 11, who died in infancy. The second name, Benjamin, was by consent dropped by the family after the registers were consumed. The fact itself

THE EPWORTH WESLEY FAMILY.

	Name.	Where Born.	When Born.	When Died.	Married to	Where Buried.	Age.
	Samuel Wesley, A.M.	Whitchurch	Dec. 17, 1662	April 25, 1735		Epworth Church	73
	Susanna Annesley	London	Jan. 20, 1669	July 23, 1742	Wesley	Bunhill Fields	73
1	Samuel Wesley, A.M.	London	Feb. 10, 1690	Nov. 6, 1739		Tiverton	49
2	Susanna Wesley	So. Ormsby	1691	April, 1693		So. Ormsby	Infant
3	Emilia Wesley	So. Ormsby	Jan. 1692	1771	Harper	London	79
4	Annesley Wesley	So. Ormsby	Twins 1694	Jan. 1695		So. Ormsby	Infant
5	Jedediah Wesley	So. Ormsby	Twins 1694	Jan. 31, 1695		So. Ormsby	Infant
6	Susanna Wesley	So. Ormsby	1695	Dec. 7, 1764	Ellison	London	69
7	Mary Wesley	So. Ormsby	1696	Nov. 1734	Whitelamb	Wroote	38
8	Mehetabel Wesley	Epworth	1697	March 21, 1750	Wright	London	53
9	Unknown	Epworth	1698			Epworth	Infant
10	John Wesley	Epworth	May 18, 1699			Epworth	Infant
11	Benjamin Wesley	Epworth	1700	1700		Epworth	Infant
12	Boy, Twins Wesley	Epworth	May 17, 1701			Epworth	Infant
13	Girl, Twins Wesley	Epworth	May 17, 1701			Epworth	Infant
14	Anne Wesley	Epworth	1702		Lambert Vazeille		
15	John Benjamin Wesley, A.M.	Epworth	June 17, 1703	March 2, 1791		City Road	87
16	[Son smothered by nurse]	Epworth	May 8, 1705	May 30, 1705		Epworth	Infant
17	Martha Wesley	Epworth	1706	July 19, 1791	Hall	City Road	85
18	Charles Wesley, A.M.	Epworth	Dec. 18, 1707	March 29, 1788	S. Gwynne	Marylebone	80
19	Kezia Wesley [Fire child]	Epworth	March, 1709	March 9, 1741		London	32

has been handed down amongst the descendants of the Epworth family, and the name retained in the pedigree.

Withdrawn from London, and settled down to the seclusion of a small country village, such as was South Ormsby, Samuel Wesley had ample opportunity to study, to read, and write, receiving by post, at considerable intervals, the questions sent him from London. Let us "interview" the young rector in his new home. South Ormsby is situated about eight miles from Spilsby, eight miles from Louth, and nine from Horncastle. It contained thirty-six dwelling-houses, two hundred and sixty inhabitants, and had a small church dedicated to St. Leonard, with a tower, a nave, and a chancel, and a small chapel on the north side. The church is ancient, situated on a small eminence, with trees near it, and overlooks the rectory-house, which is built on lower ground adjoining the churchyard. Both are close to a gentleman's seat called the Hall, with its surrounding park, the whole having both a pleasing and picturesque aspect. Such may be considered the historian's account of the place. Let us now have the rector's own description.

Samuel Wesley arrived at the village, June 25th, 1691. He was then twenty-eight years old, and his wife was in her twenty-second year, with their infant son Samuel just turned four months old. The rectory-house was little better than a mud-built hut, and in that hovel Samuel Wesley and his noble young wife lived five years, during which period they had five children born, and here the rector wrote some of the most able works he ever published. In one of them he describes his own life there in these expressive lines :—

> In a mean cot, composed of reeds and clay,
> Wasting in sighs the uncomfortable day,
> Near where the inhospitable Humber roars,
> Devouring by degrees the neighbouring shores.
> Let earth go where it will, I'll not repine,
> Nor can unhappy be while heaven is mine.

The Hall, near the parish church, had been the residence of the Hon. John, Lord Marquis of Normanby, who was well acquainted with Mr. Wesley, and who made him his domestic chaplain in 1694. Soon afterwards the mansion appears to have been rented for a time by the Earl of Castleton, whose loose manner of life gave the rector great uneasiness. In one of the questions in the Gazettee which he answers, he records having "to see misses drinking, gaming, etc., and dare not open his mouth against them." The marquis was kind to him when in residence at Ormsby, but he was a rake, and Wesley was brought into company not only with him, but with his mistresses. This greatly disturbed his peace of mind, and he was not able always

to keep silence. In the summer of 1696 a crisis came, which is thus related by the rector's son, the Rev. John Wesley: "The Marquis of Normanby had a house in the parish of South Ormsby, where a woman who lived with him usually resided. This lady would be intimate with my mother, whether she would or not. To such an intercourse my father would not submit. Coming in one day, and finding this intrusive visitant sitting with my mother, he went up to her, took her by the hand, and very fairly handed her out. The nobleman resented the affront so outrageously as to make it necessary for my father to resign the living."

This he did in the year 1696; yet four years afterwards, when Mr. Wesley published, in 1700, "The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared. To which is added A Short Discourse on Baptism:" he states on the title-page that he was "chaplain to the Most Hon. John, Marquis of Normanby." A year later, in 1701, he dedicated his "History of the Old and New Testament" to the Marchioness of Normanby. About the same time, to relieve Mr. Wesley from some of his difficulties, the marquis presented him with twenty guineas, and the marchioness five. For years afterwards he retained his chaplaincy in the family of the marquis, and participated in their friendship.

Several literary works occupied his attention during his residence at South Ormsby. The first of these was one which originated out of the *Athenian Gazettee*, in which work, under date of October 17th, 1691, the announcement was made of this new work; and on June 6th, 1692, appeared a folio volume, entitled, "The Young Student's Library: containing Extracts and Abridgments of the most Valuable Books printed in England, and in the Foreign Journals, from the year '65 to this time. To which is added A New Essay upon all sorts of Learning; wherein the use of the Sciences is distinctly treated on by the Athenian Society. London: Printed for John Dunton. 1692."

The work by which he is best known was published in 1693, and entitled, "The Life of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A heroic poem in ten books, dedicated to her Most Sacred Majesty Queen Mary. Attempted by Samuel Wesley, A.M., Rector of South Ormsby, in the County of Lincoln. Each Book illustrated by Necessary Notes, explaining all the more difficult matters in the whole history. Also a Prefatory Discourse concerning Heroic Poetry. With sixty copper plates. London, printed for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-Luce, over against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street; and Benjamin Motte, Aldersgate Street. 1693. Folio." It contains three hundred and forty-nine pages, made up of nearly nine thousand lines.

The preface fills fourteen pages. The author says he "began the work on the Irish Seas, and has since completed it in several parts of England." It went through a second edition in 1697, "revised, and improved with a large map of the Holy Land."

Commendatory verses by various hands are prefixed to the work, some of which are highly eulogistic, especially those by Nahum Tate, who was then the poet-laureate.

It is only just to observe that there were some who thought but meanly of this work. Dunton, who was not employed to publish it, which is rather to be wondered at, describes it as "intolerably dull;" and Pope was not more favourably disposed towards it. In an edition of the "Dunciad" now open before us he places Wesley in the Temple of Dulness, as set forth in the following lines:—

> Now all the suffering brotherhood retire,
> And 'scape the martyrdom of jokes and fire;
> A Gothic library of Greece and Rome
> Well purged, and worthy Wesley, Watts, and Blome.

It is said that Pope did not authorise the publication of the last line as given above; but it certainly appears in an edition of Pope's works, though it is reported to have been a surreptitious one. Dr. Watts is believed to have remonstrated with Pope for the use thus made of his name; and Samuel Wesley, jun., is reported to have written to Pope in defence of his father; hence, in a subsequent edition of the "Dunciad," the line is altered to—

> Well purged, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.

In the authorised edition of Pope's works, dated 1757, the line reads—

> Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

These various changes in one line, two of which have been noticed, indicated how strong was the feeling of friends and partisans in reference thereto, so as to have secured two alterations after the first publication.

Pope entertained a high opinion of Wesley's piety, learning, and industry, which he manifested in a letter he wrote to Dean Swift respecting his work on Job. So that if he ever wrote the objectionable line, he did not wish the names to be thus printed. In one edition of Pope's works the names are printed, "W—l—y, W—s." Under date of April 12th, 1730, in writing to Swift on Mr. Wesley's "Commentary on Job," Pope says: "It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life—I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly did his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a

favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the Church of England, though you are Whig, as I am."

Mr. Wesley, speaking of his own publication, very modestly says of it: "The cuts are good; the notes pretty good; the verses so-so." His eldest son Samuel wrote of it in sober commendation in these lines:—

Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end,
Faith to assert, and virtue to defend.
He sang of God, the Saviour deign'd to expire,
With Vida's piety, though not his fire;
Deduced his Maker's praise from age to age,
Through the long annals of the sacred page.

What was of most consequence to Mr. Wesley was, the book was highly approved by the queen, to whom it was dedicated, who conferred on him the living of Epworth, in the county of Lincoln, "without any solicitation on his part, or without his once thinking of such a favour."

More than a hundred years after its first publication, Dr. Coke published a corrected and abridged edition of the "Life of Christ" in three small volumes, and at a moderate price. Dr. Coke, having access to the unpublished papers of the Rev. John Wesley, might have found amongst them his opinion concerning that work, and that would probably suggest to him the idea of republication with omissions. John Wesley says: "In my father's poem on the life of Christ there are many excellent lines, but they must be taken in connection with the rest. It would not be at all proper to print them separate.

The Rev. Luke Tyerman, after giving the volume a thoughtful reading, says of it: "The sentiments and the spirit of the book cannot fail to be of service to every one who will give it a fair perusal; many of its lines are ponderous with thought, and full of genius. For learning, energy of mind, vivid imagination, picturesque phrases, and forceful language, it is immeasurably superior to scores of other poems," which have been forced into popular favour.

Amongst the changes of his eventful life at South Ormsby must be noticed the fact of his taking up his degree of Master of Arts, at Cambridge. Dr. Adam Clarke obtained from the University Register of that place the entry which records this fact. It was not then customary to give either the month or the day when honours were conferred, so the entry on the book stands thus:—

Incorporated 1694.
Sam. Westley, A.B. Coll. Exon. Ox.
Samuel Westley, A.M. Coll. C.C. Camb., 1694.

Mr. Wesley had at that period dropped the "t" from his name; but seeing it was so entered at Oxford in taking his A.B. degree, it was proper to write his name in the same way when he took his degree of A.M.

Five, if not six, children were born to them at South Ormsby; and three of them died and were buried there.

Susanna, their first daughter, was born soon after the family had settled in the "mud-hut" rectory, in 1691; she died in April, 1693, at two years old.

Emilia was born in January, 1692; she lived 78 years, was married, and died in London, in 1770.

Annesley and Jedediah were twins, born in 1694, and were baptized on the 3rd day of December, soon after their birth. They both died soon afterwards. The date of Annesley's burial is January, 1695; and of Jedediah's, January 31st, 1695.

Susanna, the second of that name, was born in 1695, two years after the first Susanna's death. She was married to Richard Ellison, of Epworth, and after death left four children, each of whom was married; and about fifty descendants, occupying respectable positions in society, are now living, belonging to that one branch of the family. One of them is the Rev. Charles Voysey, who was for seven years vicar of Healaugh, Yorkshire, and who with his family now resides at Dulwich, near London. Mrs. Ellison died happy, in December, 1764.

Mary, if born at South Ormsby, was the sixth added to the family there. She was born in 1696, was delicate and feeble all her life, became the wife of her father's curate, John Whitelamb, and died soon after giving birth to her first child, November 1st, 1734, and was buried at Wroote at the age of thirty-eight years.

Whilst at South Ormsby, an effort was made by his patron to secure for him a bishopric in Ireland. Two dioceses in that country were without bishops in the summer of 1694. The Marquis of Normanby, who was Mr. Wesley's near neighbour, and in whose family he long acted as domestic chaplain, desiring to serve Mr. Wesley, recommended him to Archbishop Tillotson for one of the vacant sees. In Birche's Life of the Archbishop will be found the following letter, which the primate addressed to the Bishop of Salisbury:—

Lambeth House, August 31st, 1694.

My Lord Marquis of Normanby having made Mr. Waseley [Wesley] his chaplain, sent Colonel Fitzgerald to propose him for a bishopric in Ireland, wherewith I acquainted her majesty; who, according to her true judgment, did by no means think fit. Their majesties have made Dr. Foley bishop of Down, and Dean Pulleyn bishop of Cloyne.

This was, in all probability, a wise step; for, as Mr. Tyerman observes, "Wesley was then only about thirty-two years of age.

It was not more than six years since he had been ordained, and his ministry had been confined to a small parish of two hundred and fifty inhabitants." He might have the learning, talent, and piety requisite for so important an office, but he certainly had not then the requisite experience. Had the father been made a bishop in Ireland, it is very doubtful if his son would have become the founder of Methodism in England.

Just previous to leaving the humble rectory of South Ormsby, he had to join Mrs. Wesley in mourning the death of her excellent father, the learned Dr. Samuel Annesley. The doctor had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of health until the autumn of 1696, when he was taken ill, and for seventeen weeks endured much pain and weakness, without discovering the least degree of impatience; and he quietly died on the last day of the year 1696, aged seventy-seven years. He was one of the most sincere and godly men of the age. Immediately following this event was the removal of the family across the county of Lincoln to their new home.

Epworth is a small market town, of about two thousand inhabitants. It forms the principal place in a district known as the Isle of Axholme, ten miles long and four broad. The rivers Trent, Don, and Idle run so as to enclose this district, and make it an island. The land is divided into seven parishes, of which Epworth is the chief. The population of the island in Mr. Wesley's days was about ten thousand persons; and he records that one Roman Catholic, one Presbyterian, and himself, divided the population pastorally among them. The time of Mr. Wesley's removal to Epworth was, it is believed, between January and April of 1697. He died in April, 1735, and on his tombstone it is said he was thirty-nine years rector of that parish. He was at South Ormsby at the close of the year 1696. To complete the term of thirty-nine years occupancy, he must therefore have been in residence before the month of April. The destruction of the church registers in 1709, when the rectory-house was burnt down, is the cause of the uncertainty about the exact time of commencing his residence there, and of the exact dates of the births of his children during the early period of his location there.

The church at Epworth is dedicated to St. Andrew, and consists of a nave, aisles, a chancel, and a tower. The rectory-house the family first occupied there was an improvement on what they had left at Ormsby. It is thus described in a document dated 1607: "It consists of five baies, built all of timber and plaister, and covered with straw hatchet, the whole building being contrived into three stories, and disposed in seven chief rooms—a kitchinge, a hall, a parlour, a butterie, and three large upper rooms, and some others of common use; and also a little

garden, empailed betwine the stone wall and the south." There was also "one barn of six baies, built all of timber and clay walls and covered with straw thatche, with outshotts about it, and free house therebye: likewise one dovecote of timber and plaister, covered with straw thatche, and one hemp-kiln that hath been usealeie occupied for the parsonage ground, and joining upon the south" (Stonehouse's "History of Axholme"). The entire site covered about three acres. Such was the house in which John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, spent the first six years of his eventful life, and in which Charles Wesley spent his first year.

It is reported to have been in accordance with some wish or promise of the late Queen Mary that the living of Epworth was conferred on Mr. Wesley. "The living was in itself a good one, being worth, in the currency of those times, about £200 a year. Mr. Wesley's family was already large; himself, wife, four children, and servant; he was in debt; the fees necessary to be paid before entering on the living added greatly to his debt. A considerable sum was required for furniture, to stock the farm and bring it into proper cultivation." This combination of outlay increased his embarrassment, and for a time made his available income little if any better than it was at South Ormsby, which was valued at £50 a year. At Epworth he was so much occupied with business that he had greatly to abridge the time he had previously given to literary pursuits. He was called upon to take a prominent part in the ecclesiastical affairs of the archdeaconry, which necessitated his preaching the visitation sermon at Gainsborough before the assembled clergy. He was also appointed "Convocation man," a duty which on three occasions required him to leave Epworth and go to reside in London, at his own charge, for periods of various length: on one occasion he was absent from his parish about nine months.

They had now been married eight years. Soon after removing to Epworth, Mehetabel, their eighth child, was born, during the summer of 1697. Three of the eight children had died previously.

The Epworth family had mourned the death of Dr. Annesley during the early days of January, 1697. On the 28th day of May, in the same year, Mrs. Wesley, about the time her eighth child was born, had to mourn the death of her elder sister, Elizabeth, wife of John Dunton, publisher, London. Writing to Epworth to tell the sad tidings of his bereavement, Dunton desired the rector to supply him with an elegy on her death, and an epitaph for her tomb. Other and more urgent duties prevented his compliance with this request as soon as was desired; but Mrs. Dunton, in the mean time, was interred in Bunhill Fields, and the Rev. Timothy Rogers, A.M., preached a funeral

sermon on her departure, which Dunton published in a volume of three hundred pages! Dunton's description of Mrs. Wesley's sister cannot fail to be interesting to any Methodist reader: "Tall; of good aspect; hair of light chestnut colour; dark eyes; mouth small and sweet; air somewhat melancholy, but agreeable; neck long and graceful; complexion fair; piety scarce paralleled; and wit solid. She is sweetly modest, and has all kind of virtues. She is an agreeable acquaintance, a trusty friend, and is mistress of all the graces that make a perfect woman. For the fifteen years we lived together, there never passed an angry look." Such was the woman whose life and virtues the rector of Epworth was desired to write upon. His letter to Dunton in reply is as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO JOHN DUNTON.

Epworth, July 24th, 1697.

DEAR BROTHER,—It has been neither unkindness to you, with whom I have traded and been justly used for many years, nor unthankfulness to Mr. Rogers (for I shall own my obligations to that good man while I live), which has made me so long neglect answering your several letters; but the hurry of a remove [to this place] and my extraordinary business, being obliged to preach the visitation sermon at Gainsborough, at the bishop's coming hither, which is but just over. Besides, I would fain have sent you an elegy as well as an epitaph, but cannot get one to my mind, and therefore you must be content with half your desire; and if you please to accept this epitaph, it is at your service. I hope it will come before you need another epithalamium.—I am, your obliged friend and brother, S. WESLEY.

The epitaph, in the following words, was engraved on Mrs. Dunton's tomb:—

TEARS TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ELIZABETH DUNTON,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 28, 1697.

Sacred urn! with whom we trust
This dear pile of sacred dust,
Know thy charge, and safely guard,
Till death's brazen gates unbarred;
Till the angel bids it rise,
And removes to Paradise.
A wife obliging, tender, wise;
A friend to comfort and advise;
Virtue, mild as Zephyr's breath;
Piety, which smiled in death;
Such a wife and such a friend
All lament, and all commend.
Most, with eating cares opprest,
He who knew and loved her best;
Who her loyal heart did share,
He who reigned unrivalled there,
And no truce to sighs will give
Till he die, with her to live.
Or, if more he would comprise,
Here interred ELIZA lies.

Dunton was lavish in his laudations of his wife, and the funeral sermon of Mr. Rogers is an ample record of her graces and virtues; yet, for all that, Dunton had married a second wife before his first one had been six months dead. The second marriage terminated the friendship between Dunton and Wesley, which had for fifteen years been so pleasantly continued. Ever afterwards Dunton spoke of his literary friend with unmistakable animosity. In one part of his "Life and Errors," Dunton sums up the leading events of Mr. Wesley's life, into which he drops all the sneering remarks he well can, and concludes his "maggoty" sketch of this "conforming Dissenter" by saying, "Except he further provokes me, I bid him farewell till we meet in heaven, and there I hope we shall renew our friendship; for, human frailties excepted, I believe Sam. Wesley a pious man. I shall only add that giving this true character of Parson Wesley is all the satisfaction I ever desire for his *dropping* an old friend."

The reader will find many curious particulars respecting Mr. Wesley's early and literary life in John Dunton's "Life and Errors." When Dunton afterwards fell into crushing financial difficulties, Mr. Wesley was his chief creditor, and he wrote to Dunton, assuring him that he should do nothing to his prejudice. Dunton never paid Wesley the sum owing to him.

The first publication of Mr. Wesley's from his new home was "A Sermon, preached before the Society for the Reformation of Manners," which he had preached first at St. James's Church, Westminster, February 13th, 1698, and afterwards repeated in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street. The text was, "Who will rise up for me against evil-doers? Or who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity?" (Ps. xciv. 16.) It is a curious fact that just sixty-five years afterwards his son, the Rev. John Wesley, preached before the same society from the same text, in West Street Chapel, Seven Dials. John Wesley so highly valued the work done by this society, that in 1764, he proposed to the London Leaders' Meeting that a collection be made in their chapels on its behalf.

Samuel Wesley's description given in his sermon of the morals of the city and the nation is appalling. In Mr. Tyerman's "Life of Samuel Wesley," and in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1814, the reader may fully satisfy his curiosity on this subject. The sermon is long, able, and earnest.

Various religious societies were originated in the year 1677, one of which was that for the Reformation of Manners. They continued to exist nearly a century. In 1738, John Wesley records visiting one of these societies in Oxford; in September, 1738, he visited another in Bear Yard, Aldersgate Street, and one

in Gutter Lane, in the City; in November, the same year, and in April, 1739, he visited others in Bristol, in Wapping, in Fetter Lane, in Deptford, and in Islington; and in May, 1740, one in Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was doubtless the want of a bond of union amongst these societies which led Mr. Wesley to originate in December, 1739, his "United Societies," as they were at first called; and hence the origin of Methodism. What was done by Beveridge, Horneck, and Smithies, in commencing the societies above alluded to, was repeated by John Wesley sixty-two years afterwards.

How far the rector of Epworth approved of those organisations is plainly set forth in "A Letter concerning the Religious Societies. By Samuel Wesley. 1699." After giving a description of them, the author urges the formation of such societies "in all considerable towns and populous villages, to aid the clergy in caring for the sick and poor, giving an account of their spiritual state, and persuading parents to catechise their children, and fit them for confirmation."

About the end of the century, Mr. Wesley turned farmer, but with unfortunate results. For that business he had neither the knowledge nor the capital, and without these failure was almost certain. His ardent love of books, and his long-continued literary habits were unfriendly to such a course of action. The consequence was he soon fell into debt and very serious embarrassments. During the early years of the eighteenth century, troubles of various kinds gathered thickly around him, and so completely enclosed (though they did not overwhelm) him, that to satisfy the animus of his enemies he was sent a prisoner to Lincoln Castle.

The history of the first seven years of the last century, so far as regards the rector of Epworth, would have been a blank to us, but for the preservation of the letters he wrote to Archbishop Sharpe concerning his troubles and deliverances. Dr. John Sharpe, then Archbishop of York, acted "the part of a most tender father and beneficent patron" to Samuel Wesley during all his most severe trials. On the death of the archbishop it was deemed wise to seal up all his papers for a term of years, owing to the decided part his grace took in politics during his lifetime. For about a century those papers remained unopened. On the death of Granville Sharpe, Esq. (grandson to the archbishop), "the first man whose call awakened the British nation to the wrongs of Africa," the papers came into the possession of his niece, Miss Sharpe.

About the year 1814, Miss Sharpe consulted Dr. Adam Clarke as to what he deemed best to be done with those important and interesting papers, containing the manuscripts of Archbishop

Sharpe, Bishop Chandler, and Dr. Mangey. The papers were especially rich in documents which had passed between the archbishop and the Privy Council, relative to the Roman Catholics in Great Britain. To these were added the correspondence between that prelate and the rector of Epworth. Dr. Clarke consented that Miss Sharpe should send all the papers to his residence in Harpur Street, Red Lion Square, and they were sent in several chests. The doctor devoted much time and care in classifying and arranging the large mass of manuscripts; and ultimately some were sent to the libraries belonging to the cathedrals of Canterbury, York, and Durham. The rest were lodged in the British Museum. When the question of compensating Dr. Clarke for his labours was under consideration by the trustees of the British Museum, several proposals were made and declined—he would neither accept money nor books. At length the trustees offered the doctor all the documents which had passed between Mr. Wesley and Archbishop Sharpe, which he accepted most cheerfully. But for this act on their part, it is doubtful if Dr. Clarke would ever have commenced writing "Memoirs of the Wesley Family." The chest in which the Wesley papers were conveyed to Dr. Clarke was carefully preserved by him, and, after his death, by his daughter, by whom it was presented to the writer.

The possession of these interesting documents induced Dr. Clarke to institute inquiries in various parts of England for other manuscripts relating to the Epworth family: especially he commenced and long continued a correspondence with Miss Sarah and Mr. Charles Wesley, the former writing very frequently and freely all her recollections of the family history derived from her father, the Rev. Charles Wesley, her uncle, the Rev. John Wesley, and her aunt, Mrs. Hall. Miss Wesley's letters were carefully preserved for many years, and ultimately they were presented to the writer, who is using them in preparing this work. Had Dr. Clarke delayed to make his inquiries ten years longer, it is doubtful if any subsequent writers could have succeeded in collecting the requisite information for preparing anything like a complete narrative of the life of any member of the Wesley family excepting the founder of Methodism himself. The Rev. Charles Wesley had been dead more than fifty years before any satisfactory memoirs of his life were published.

Before introducing the letters sent to the Archbishop, two works from the pen of the Rev. Samuel Wesley must be briefly noticed, as having precedence in time.

The first of these is entitled "The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared; or, a Discourse concerning the Blessed Sacraments. With prayers and hymns. To which is added, A Short Discourse

of Baptism. By Samuel Wesley, A.M., chaplain to the Most Honourable John, Lord Marquis of Normanby, and Rector of Epworth, in the diocese of Lincoln. London: printed for Charles Harper, 1700." This is a small volume of two hundred and eighty pages; two appendices are added, and the great Hallel or paschal hymn, that which was sung by the Jews at their Passover feast, and by our Saviour and His apostles when He instituted the Sacrament. This hymn is made up of the six psalms commencing with the ninety-third and ending with the ninety-eighth psalm. As a specimen of Mr. Wesley's versification of these psalms, the following is given:—

PASCHAL HYMN.—PSALM CXVI.

1. O God, who when I did complain
Did all my griefs remove;
O Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love.

2. Since Thou a gentle ear didst give
And heard me when I prayed,
I'll call upon Thee while I live,
And never doubt Thine aid.

3. Pale Death, with all his ghastly train,
My soul encompassed round;
Anguish, and woe, and hellish pain,
Too soon, alas! I found.

4. Then to the Lord of life I prayed,
And did for succour flee:
"O save in my distress," I said,
"The soul that trusts in Thee!"

5, 6. How good and just! How large His grace!
How easy to forgive!
The simple He delights to raise,
And by His love I live.

7. Then, O my soul, be still, nor more
With anxious thoughts distressed!
God's bounteous love does thee restore
To wonted ease and rest.

8, 9. My eyes no longer drowned in tears,
My feet from stumbling free,
Redeemed from death and deadly fears,
O Lord, I'll live to Thee.

10. When nearest pressed, I still believed,
11. Still gloried in Thy aid;
Though when by faithless men deceived,
"All, all are false," I said.

12. To Him what offerings shall I make,
Whence my salvation came?
The cup of blessing now I'll take,
13. And call upon His name.

14. Those vows which in my greatest straits
Unto the Lord I made,
Shall now be at His temple gates,
Before His people, paid.

15. That life which Thou, O Lord, didst save,
From raging tyrants free,
16. That ransomed life Thy bounty gave,
I dedicate to Thee.

17. My heart and voice at once I'll raise,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
With loud and grateful songs of praise,
I'll call upon Thy name.

18. Yes, all those vows which in my straits
Unto the Lord I made,
Shall now be at His temple gates,
Before His people, paid.

19. His priests shall mix their hymns with mine,
His goodness to record;
And all Jerusalem shall join
With me to praise the Lord.

Mr. Wesley's next publication was, "An Epistle to a Friend concerning Poetry. London, printed for Charles Harper, 1700. 32 pp. folio." It is a poem containing 1,083 lines. In this production he shows considerable knowledge of his subject, of which he takes a comprehensive view. It contains several excellent verses, but, like most of his other productions, appears to have been written in great haste, and not to have been revised with sufficient care and attention.

This work was designed to furnish the chief characteristics of the poets of that and preceding ages. Some of his descriptions are severe enough. Of Dryden's impure verses he writes in contrast with his own more humble flights, in these lines:—

I envy not great Dryden's loftier strain
Of arms and men, designed to entertain
Princes and courts, so I but please the plain.
Nor would I barter profit for delight,
Nor would have writ like him: like him to write,
If there's hereafter, and a last Great Day,
What fire's enough to purge his stains away;
How will he wish each lewd applauded line,
Which makes vice pleasing, and damnation shine,
Had been as dull as honest Quarles', or mine!
With sixty years of lewdness rest content,
It mayn't be yet too late, oh yet repent!

Even thee our injured altar will receive;
While yet there's hope, fly to its arms and live!
So shall for thee their harps the angels string,
And the returning prodigal shall sing;
New joys through all the heavenly host be shown,
In numbers only sweeter than thy own.

The Rev. Luke Tyerman describes Mr. Wesley's "Epistle Concerning Poetry" as "ingenious and able, and might have suggested to Alexander Pope the writing of his Dunciad, which appeared in 1727." The Rev. James Everett observes, in writing of Mr. Wesley's Epistle, that "such a poem may have suggested Lord Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'"

Mr. Wesley had made the acquaintance of the Archbishop of York previous to the date of his first letter found amongst the papers of his grace, which is indicated by the following communication, dated from Epworth, December 30th, 1700:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

For the Most Rev. Father in God, the Lord Archbishop of York, at Bishop Thorp.

MY LORD,—I have lived on the thoughts of your Grace's generous offer ever since I was at Bishop Thorp; and the hope I have of seeing some end, or at least mitigation, of my troubles, makes me pass through them with much more ease than I should otherwise have done. I can now make a shift to be dunned with some patience, and to be affronted, because I want the virtue of riches by those who scarce think there is any other virtue.

I must own I was ashamed, when at Bishop Thorp, to confess that I was three hundred pounds in debt, when I have a living of which I have made two hundred pounds per annum, though I could hardly let it now for eight-score.

I doubt not but one reason of my being sunk so far is my not understanding worldly affairs, and my aversion to law, which my people have always known but too well. But I think I can give a tolerable account of my affairs, and satisfy any equal judge that a better husband than myself might have been in debt, though perhaps not so deeply, had he been in the same circumstances and met with the same misfortunes.

'Twill be no great wonder that when I had but fifty pounds per annum for six or seven years together, nothing to begin the world with, one child at least per annum, and my wife sick for half that time, that I should run one hundred and fifty pounds behindhand; especially when about a hundred of it had been expended in goods, without doors and within.

When I had the rectory of Epworth given me, my Lord of Sarum was so generous as to pass his word to his goldsmith * for one hundred pounds, which I borrowed of him. It cost me very little less than fifty pounds of this in my journey to London, and getting into my living, for the Broad Seal, etc.; and with the other fifty pounds I stopped the mouths of my most importunate creditors.

When I removed to Epworth I was forced to take up fifty pounds more, for setting up a little husbandry when I took the tithes into my own hand, and buying some part of what was necessary towards furnishing my house,

* Such was the denomination of bankers in that day. See Ellis's Correspondence.

which was larger, as well as my family, than what I had on the other side the county.

The next year my barn fell, which cost me forty pounds in rebuilding (thanks to your Grace for part of it); and having an aged mother, who must have gone to prison if I had not assisted her, she cost me upwards of forty pounds more, which obliged me to take up another fifty pounds. I have had but three children born since I came hither, about three years since; but another coming, and my wife incapable of any business in my family, as she has been for almost a quarter of a year; yet we have but one maid-servant, to retrench all possible expenses.

My first-fruits came to about twenty-eight pounds, my tenths near three pounds per annum. I pay a yearly pension of three pounds out of my rectory to John of Jerusalem. My taxes came to upwards of twenty pounds per annum, but they are now retrenched to about half. My collection to the poor comes to five pounds per annum; besides which, they have lately bestowed an apprentice upon me, whom I suppose I must teach to beat rime. Ten pounds a year I allow my mother, to help to keep her from starving. I wish I could give as good an account for some charities, which I am now satisfied have been imprudent, considering my circumstances.

Fifty pounds interest and principal I have paid my Lord of Sarum's goldsmith. All which together keeps me nccessitous, especially since interest-money begins to pinch me, and I am always called on for money before I make it, and must buy everything at the worst hand; whereas, could I be sc happy as to get on the right side of my income, I should not fear, by God's help, but to live honestly in the world, and to leave a little to my children after me. I think, as 'tis, I could perhaps work it out in time, in half a dozen or half a score years, if my heart should hold so long: but for that God's willbe done! Humbly asking pardon for this tedious trouble, I am, your Grace's most obliged and most humble servant, S. Wesley.

Epworth, 10r [December] 30, 1700.

This letter supplies information respecting several matters of urgent interest to the rector. It recounts some of the necessary expenses which accompanied his acceptance of the new living; and further intimates that he had to continue the free use of his pen in "beating rhyme," a term which would be understood in the country as corresponding, on the part of the poet, to the action of the labourer in "beating hemp or flax;" so the poor poet had to beat his brains for rhyme. This seems plainly implied in the following lines from Mr. Wesley's "Essay on Poetry:"—

> But meanly why do you your fate deplore
> Yet still write on? Why do a thousand more,
> Who for their own, or some forefather's crime,
> Are doomed to wear their days in beating rhime?

The preceding letter had made a strong impression on the mind of the archbishop in his favour; who, willing to serve him in every possible way, not only spoke to several of the more charitably disposed nobility in his behalf, but had actually endeavoured to get a brief for him, and had made an application to the House of Lords to this effect. The Countess of Northampton, to whom the archbishop had mentioned Mr. Wesley's case, had

generously sent him £20. For these and other favours, from and through the archbishop, he expresses himself in a very feeling and energetic manner in the following letter :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Epworth, May 14th, 1701.

MY LORD,—In the first place, I do, as I am bound, heartily thank God for raising me so great and generous a benefactor as your Grace, when I so little expected or deserved it.

And then return my poor thanks to your Lordship; though but a sorry acknowledgment, yet all I have, for the pains and trouble you have been at on my account. I most humbly thank your Grace that you did not close with the motion which you mentioned in your Grace's first letter, for I should rather choose to remain all my life in my present circumstances, than so much as consent that your Lordship should do any such thing; nor, indeed, should I be willing on my own account to trouble the House of Lords in the method proposed, for I believe *mine* would be the first instance of a *brief for losses by child-bearing* that ever came before that honourable House.

Had your Grace been able to have effected nothing for me, the generosity and goodness had been the same, and I should have prayed for as great a heap of blessings on your Grace and your family. But I can do no more now I have such considerable assistance by your Grace's charitable endeavours. When I received your Grace's first letter, I thanked God upon my knees for it; and have done the same I believe twenty times since, as often as I have read it, and more than once for the other, which I received but yesterday.

Certainly, never did an archbishop of England write in such a manner to an Isle-poet; but it is peculiar to your Grace to oblige so as none besides can do it. I know your Grace will be angry, but I can't help it: truth will out, though in a plain and rough dress; and I should sin against God if I now neglected to make all the poor acknowledgments I am able.

After several other matters of a more private nature, he mentions the great kindness of the Countess of Northampton; and says he must divide what she has given him, "half to my poor mother, with whom I am now above a year behindhand; the other ten pounds for my own family. My mother will wait on your Grace for her ten pounds; she knows not the particulars of my circumstances, which I keep from her as much as I can, that they may not trouble her."

The following letter, written four days after the above, is both singular and characteristic :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Epworth, May 18th, 1701.

MY LORD,—This comes as a rider to the last, by the same post, to bring such news as I presume will not be unwelcome to a person who has so particular a concern for me. Last night my wife brought me a *few* children. There are but *two* yet, a boy and a girl, and I think they are all at present: we have had four in two years and a day, three of which are living.

Never came anything more like a gift from heaven than what the Countess of Northampton sent by your Lordship's charitable offices. Wednesday evening my wife and I clubbed and joined stocks, which came but to *six shillings*, to send for coals. Thursday morning I received the *ten pounds*, and at night my wife was delivered. Glory be to God for His unspeakable goodness!—I am your Grace's most obliged and most humble servant,

S. WESLEY.

In tracing the history of the Epworth family, the short letter dated May 18th, 1701, throws considerable light upon an otherwise dark period. First it records the birth of twins—a boy and girl—on the previous day; and, secondly, it affirms that "we have had four children in two years and a day, three of which are living." It was understood and spoken of in the family for years afterwards, that previously to the birth of the founder of Methodism there had been a son called John, and another son called Benjamin. These two are believed to be amongst those referred to by the rector in his letter; the second John, born in 1703, was named, when baptized by his father, John Benjamin, after these two previously-born brothers. We hear no more of either John or Benjamin, or of the twins: all four of the children named by the father, three of whom were living when he wrote the letter, disappear ever after from the family history; and the loss of the parish registers by the fire of 1709 makes it now impossible otherwise to identify these four children. Twin children are said to have been added on two occasions to the Epworth family, but they died in infancy.

The question of Mr. Wesley's attending Convocation in the year 1701, and twice afterwards, is one of considerable importance for two reasons: first, his three attendances cost him £150—money which he could ill spare, seeing it was all required for the expenses of his family; secondly, he has been by some writers much blamed for accepting such an appointment at all, and thus absenting himself from home and parish.

Much has been made out of the supposed political differences which are said to have existed between Samuel and Susanna Wesley in reference to the Prince of Orange; and the Rev. John Wesley says, in the *Arminian Magazine* for 1784 (p. 606), that his father left the rectory, resolved not to return till Mrs. Wesley would acknowledge William III. as king; and that his father was absent "for a twelvemonth." These charges against the rector lose most, if not all their force, when the exact facts relating to the Convocation of 1701 are fairly considered. This has been done by the Rev. Luke Tyerman, and the result is stated clearly in his "Life and Times of Samuel Wesley." Besides, had John Wesley known the facts of the family history for the two years preceding his own birth, and the correspondence which his father had with the Archbishop of York during the spring of the year 1701, he would never have written that his father was "for a twelvemonth absent from home." The letters to the archbishop are evidence that he could not have been so long absent.

Convocation had not transacted any business for nearly forty years. In February, 1701, it was summoned to meet for business at the Chapter House of St. Paul's Cathedral. The clergy met,

deliberated, and adjourned five times during the year. The following are the dates of the successive meetings in that year, as recorded in the journals of the period:—

Convocation opened—1701,			February 10.	Adjourned,	February 25.
,,	,,	,,	March 6.	,,	March 8 (?).
,,	,,	,,	March 20.	,,	April 8.
,,	,,	,,	May 8.	,,	June 24.
,,	,,	,,	December 31.	,,	March 8, 1702.

A journey from Epworth to London and back in those days was both a serious and expensive undertaking. It will not be doubted that Mr. Wesley was present when Convocation assembled; that he remained in London to the time of the adjournment on April 8th may be reasonably inferred. That he was present during the deliberations for six weeks between May 8th and June 24th there is reason to doubt. The two letters given at page 81, written by the rector from Epworth, dated respectively May 14th and May 18th, 1701, prove that the rector was not in London, but at home at that time. The second letter states that Mrs. Wesley, the night before, "brought me a *few* children. There are but two yet, a boy and a girl." They died shortly afterwards, consequently were unknown to John Wesley, who was not born till two years afterwards. John Wesley acknowledges that his father returned home "on the death of King William, March 8th, 1702." The rector was at home during Mrs. Wesley's confinement. If he left home after Mrs. Wesley's recovery to health, the further sittings of Convocation to June 24th would justify his return to London to fulfil the duties of the office to which the clergy of the diocese had appointed him. Even supposing he remained in the metropolis between the adjournment at the end of June and the reassembling at the end of December, it should be remembered that his income was small; that the illness of his wife had obliged him to return home in May, and the cost of another journey back to Epworth and again to London would be impossible, owing to the want of means. Besides, he had many friends in the City under whose roof he would be welcomed. There was his own beloved and widowed mother, whose welfare he so touchingly alludes to in his letter dated May 14th; his brother Matthew was then one of the popular surgeons in the City, in the enjoyment of a large professional practice. Convocation itself was only adjourned, not prorogued. Viewed, therefore, in the light of these varied circumstances, the conduct of Mr. Wesley, in remaining in London, seems to have been right and wise, and really to have been the only proper course open to him, if he was to fulfil, to its entire extent, the obligation laid upon

him by the clergy of the diocese he represented. He appears to be deserving of sympathy and commendation, rather than censure, for his absence from home; he was certainly there when the claims of his family required his presence, and he must have given up some of the deliberations of Convocation to attend to the more urgent claims of home, while Mrs. Wesley's illness continued.

The next publication which came from the pen of the rector of Epworth was entitled, "The History of the Old and New Testament, attempted in verse, and adorned with three hundred and thirty Sculptures. Written by S. Wesley, A.M.; the cuts done by J. Sturt. London: Printed for C. Harper." This work was in three volumes, of about three hundred and fifty pages each. Dr. Clarke says that the first edition was issued in 1701. If this date is correct, it is more than probable that the rector remained in London during the autumn of that year to carry this work through the press. This will furnish another reason against the statement of John Wesley as to what he alleges to be the cause of his father's absence from Epworth in 1701.

Another edition of that work appeared in 1704, and a third edition was issued in 1717, which was dedicated to "the Most Honourable the Lady Marchioness of Normanby," a lady "ennobled by birth, beauty, and fortune; but more by piety and virtue."

On Mr. Wesley's return to Epworth, after the death of the king, in March, 1702, he found his affairs still embarrassed and his creditors would allow him no peace. He made another journey to London, to try what aid he could obtain from his friends. In this he was much encouraged, and returned home, joyful enough, to thank God, pay his debts as far as he could, and write to the archbishop, whose influence had been used on his behalf. In that letter he records with gratitude how much relief he had obtained, but he also relates the particulars of another and more serious calamity. The letter is dated Epworth, August 7th, 1702. Mr. Wesley commences by naming several sums which he had received from eminent persons, and proceeds as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

The Dean of Exeter, £10; Dr. Stanley, £10; Archbishop of Canterbury, £10 10s.; and even my Lord Marquis of Normanby, by my good lady's solicitations succeeding your Grace's, did verily and indeed, with his own hand, give me twenty guineas, and my lady five. With these and other sums I made up about sixty pounds, and came home joyful enough, thanked God, paid as many debts as I could, quieted the rest of my creditors, took the management of my house into my own hands, and had ten guineas left to take my harvest.

But he that's born to be a poet must, I am afraid, live and die so (that is, poor), for on the last of July, 1702, a fire broke out in my house, by some

sparks which took hold of the thatch this dry time, and consumed about two-thirds of it before it could be quenched. I was at the lower end of the town, to visit a sick person, and thence to R. Cogan's. As I was returning, they brought me the news. I got one of his horses, rode up, and heard by the way that my wife, children, and books were saved, for which God be praised, as well as for what He has taken. They were all together in my study, and the fire under them. When it broke out she got two of the children in her arms, and ran through the smoke and fire; but one of them was left in the hurry, till the other cried for her, and the neighbours ran in and got her out through the fire, as they did my books and most of my goods; this very paper amongst the rest, which I afterwards found, as I was looking over what was saved.

I find 'tis some happiness to have been miserable, for my mind has been so blunted with former misfortunes that this scarce made any impression upon me. I shall go on, by God's assistance, to take my title; and, when that's in, to rebuild my house, having at last crowded my family into what's left, and not missing many of my goods.

I humbly ask your Grace's pardon for this long, melancholy story, and leave to subscribe myself your Grace's ever obliged and most humble servant,

S. WESLEY.

The original letter has been examined by the writer: it is singular that on the same paper the rector had begun a letter to the archbishop six days before the fire broke out, and he had just written the words, "Epworth, July 25th, 1702. My Lord;" on which Dr. Clarke remarks: "Not having time then to proceed, this sheet lay ready in his study for his farther entries; was saved out of the fire with the rest of his books and papers, the fire having consumed about four square inches of the lower corner of the fly-leaf. On this burnt paper was the above letter written. It lies before me, a monument of God's mercy in preserving from so near a death his wife and children. The stains of the water that helped to quench the burning are still evident on the paper."

Shortly before, or immediately after this fire had occurred, their daughter Anne was born. At the age of twenty-three she married John Lambert, a land-surveyor at Epworth. They afterwards came to London, and then removed to Hatfield, where, in 1737, they were visited by the Rev. Charles Wesley.

That the rector's troubles were heavy enough during the rebuilding of the rectory-house cannot be doubted. That they were greatly relieved by the purse and influence of the Archbishop of York is equally certain. In the true spirit of gratitude, and in terms at once pious and dignified, Mr. Wesley thus writes to his archiepiscopal friend:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Epworth, Mart. 20th, 1703.

MY LORD,—I have heard that all great men have the art of forgetfulness, but never found it in such perfection as in your Lordship, only it is in a different way from others; for most forget their *promises*, but your Grace those *benefits* you have conferred. I am pretty confident your Grace

neither reflects on nor imagines how much you have done for me; nor what sums I have received by your lordship's bounty and favour; without which I had been, ere this, mouldy in a jail, and sunk a thousand fathom below nothing.

Will your Grace permit me to show you an account of some of them?

	£	s.	d.
From the Marchioness of Normanby	20	0	0
The Lady Northampton (I think)	20	0	0
Duke of Buckingham and Duchess, two years since	26	17	6
The Queen	43	0	0
The Bishop of Sarum	40	0	0
The Archbishop of York, at least	10	0	0
Besides lent to (almost) a desperate debtor	25	0	0
	£184	17	6

A frightful sum, if one saw it altogether; but it is beyond thanks, and I must never hope to perform that as I ought till another world; where, if I get first into the harbour, I hope none shall go before me in welcoming your lordship into everlasting habitations, where you will be no more tired with my follies, nor concerned at my misfortunes. However, I may pray for your Grace while I have breath, and that for something nobler than the world can give; it is for the increase of God's favour, of the light of His countenance, and of the foretastes of those joys the firm belief whereof can only support us in this weary wilderness. And, if it be not too bold a request, I beg your Grace would not forget me, though it be but in your prayer for all sorts and conditions of men; among whom, as none has been more obliged to your Grace, so I am sure none ought to have a deeper sense of it than your Grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, S. Wesley.

Fresh troubles overtook the good rector during the same year. Previously to his leaving London to reside in the country in 1691, he had been a visitor at a violent political party known as the Calves' Head Club. On January 30th, 1690, it is believed, he was overpersuaded to attend the annual meeting of this club. The discourse of those present, who were chiefly Dissenters, is described as "fulsome, profane, and lewd." The meeting Mr. Wesley attended was held in Leadenhall Street. He believed that those he met with as members were a disaffected and disloyal people. He felt disgusted, left the room, and went home to his lodgings. He began immediately to embody his sentiments on the education of the Dissenters in the form of a letter, which he continued to write at, and "finished it before five o'clock next morning." He then went to bed, placing his manuscript under his pillow. While he slept, a Dissenting friend came and stealthily took the manuscript away and read it. Wesley missed his letter when he awoke, and charged his Dissenting friend (with whom he probably lodged) with taking it. The purloiner produced the manuscript, said he had read it, and that there was nothing in it but what was true: still he prevailed on Mr. Wesley not to send the letter to the person whom he had intended it for, and to allow him to retain it.

That person was Robert Clavel, "a respectable and extensive

dealer in books, Master of the Company of Stationers, and described by the Bishop of Lincoln as the honest bookseller." Mr. Wesley remarks that he wrote it as a private letter to a particular friend, and not for publication. After keeping it about a dozen years, Clavel had it printed without Mr. Wesley's knowledge or consent, dedicated it to the House of Commons, at that time most hostile to the Dissenters and eager for their suppression. The letter was published in 1703, and was entitled, "A Letter from a Country Divine to his Friend in London, concerning the Education of Dissenters in their Private Academies in several parts of this Nation: Humbly offered to the consideration of the Grand Committee of Parliament for Religion now Sitting. London, 1703. 4to, pp. 15." The third edition, dated 1706, has only eight pages quarto.

The publication of this letter led to a serious, prolonged, and ill-natured controversy, which Dr. Clarke and Mr. Tyerman have entered into at considerable length, and to whose works relating to Samuel Wesley the curious reader is referred. It will be sufficient here to state that Mr. Wesley's chief antagonist was Samuel Palmer, an Independent minister of some repute, on whom Dunton lavishes high praise. His anger and petulance contrast unfavourably with Wesley's letter and his reply to Palmer, which the rector of Epworth issued in 1704, with his name, and with this remarkable motto:—

Noli irritare crabrones! The Kirk's a vixen: don't anger her!

Mr. Wesley's reply extended to seventy-two pages, and in it he furnishes many curious and interesting particulars respecting his own course of life and his writings. This was answered by Palmer in 1705, in a work of one hundred and fifteen quarto pages. To this Mr. Wesley issued a further reply in 1707, and so the controversy raged. They were troublous times, and Mr. Wesley for many years had the peace of his own mind and that of his friends sadly disturbed by these literary contentions. Daniel De Foe, Mr. Wesley's schoolfellow, was more involved by these agitations than the rector of Epworth. His writings ended in his confinement in Newgate in July, 1703. "Dean Swift, in London at the time, declared that the contention between Church and Dissent was so universal that the dogs in the street took it up, and the cats debated the question by night on the tops of the houses; yea, the very ladies were so split asunder into High Church and Low Church, and were so warm in their disputes, as to have no time to say their prayers."

At this juncture in the life of the rector of Epworth his son was born on June 17th, 1703, whom he baptized John Benjamin, in memory of the two infant boys who had died a short time previously. None of the other children in the family having two

names, by consent the second name was not used; and that infant, who entered this troublesome world amidst such sore family trials, became the world-renowned JOHN WESLEY, Founder of Methodism.

During the winter of 1704 a large portion of his crop of flax was burnt: it was believed to have been the act of an incendiary, as also were others of the calamities which overtook the good rector of Epworth. This loss he alludes to in his letter to the Archbishop of York, dated from "Lincoln Castle, July 10, 1705," which will be found on page 91.

Entering on the year 1705, Mr. Wesley was closely occupied with his reply to Samuel Palmer; but he had other work in hand which was much more congenial to his mind and heart. He contemplated and put in writing the germs of a great foreign missionary organisation. His mind was seriously impressed with the miserable state of the heathen, and he felt a strong desire to go to them and preach the gospel. He had mentioned his desire to Archbishop Sharpe, and had expressed a wish that some arrangement might be made to enable him to go out himself as a pioneer missionary, even to the ends of the earth: he mentions Abyssinia, India, and China. Thus we find that in the Wesley family the seeds of missionary zeal were early sown; and though they vegetated slowly, yet they are now producing an abundant harvest in nearly every country under heaven.

Mr. Wesley's statement had so far awakened interest in the subject in the mind of Archbishop Sharpe, that he desired an account of the whole scheme. His account, in Mr. Wesley's handwriting, was amongst the archbishop's papers given to Dr. Clarke, and it is endorsed by the archbishop himself. Although it is without date, there are several reasons which seem to fix the year 1705, or thereabouts, as the period to which it belongs. It is printed by Dr. Clarke.

Conjectures would be vain as to the reasons which influenced the rector in propounding this scheme, though it is believed to have originated from the narrative of two Danish missionaries which was published about that time. It is sufficient for the purpose of this memoir to introduce it; and to add that, noble and generous though it was, and honourable to both his head and heart, yet the proposal was not adopted. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was then in its infancy, having been instituted only in 1701. Mr. Wesley's idea was an enlargement of the plan of that society, but want of the needful funds was probably the chief reason why it was not entertained. The same idea in another form had occurred to Samuel Wesley's father; so we have father, son, and grandsons, all in succession, with minds pervaded with the grand conception of themselves taking the

news of salvation by faith in Jesus to the very ends of the earth. The grandsons, almost without scrip or purse, crossed the Atlantic to preach the gospel to the tribes of American Indians.

Early in the month of May, 1705, Mrs. Wesley gave birth to another son; but when only three weeks old the child was overlain by the nurse, lost its life, and was buried the same day. The facts relating to this painful circumstance are related by the father in his letter to the archbishop respecting the general election, which letter is given below.

Queen Anne dissolved Parliament April 5th, 1705; and the Tory House of Commons had a hard contest in the country in trying to maintain ascendency.

In May, 1705, there was a contested election for the county of Lincoln. Sir John Thorold, and a person called the "Champion" Dymoke, the late members, were opposed by Colonel Whichcott and Mr. Albert Bertie. Mr. Wesley, supposing there was a design to raise up Presbyterianism over the Church, and that Whichcott and Bertie were favourable to it (in consequence of which the Dissenters were all in their interest), espoused the other party, which happening to be unpopular and unsuccessful, he was exposed to great insult and danger, not only by the mobs, but by some leading men of the successful faction. Mr. Wesley wrote a long account of these shameful transactions in two letters to Archbishop Sharp, from which only a few particulars are here extracted:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Epworth, June 7th, 1705.

I went to Lincoln on Tuesday night, May 29th, and the election began on Wednesday, 30th. A great part of the night our Isle people kept drumming, shouting, and firing of pistols and guns under the window where my wife lay, who had been brought to bed not three weeks. I had put the child to nurse over against my own house; the noise kept his nurse waking till one or two in the morning. Then they left off, and the nurse being heavy to sleep, overlaid the child. She waked, and finding it dead, ran over with it to my house almost distracted, and calling my servants, threw it into their arms. They, as wise as she, ran up with it to my wife, and before she was well awake, threw it cold and dead into hers. She composed herself as well as she could, and that day got it buried.

A clergyman met me in the castle yard, and told me to withdraw, for the Isle men intended me a mischief. Another told me he had heard near twenty of them say, "if they got me in the castle yard, they would squeeze my guts out." My servant had the same advice. I went by Gainsbro', and God preserved me.

When they knew I was got home, they sent the drum and mob, with guns, etc., as usual, to compliment me till after midnight. One of them passing by on Friday evening and seeing my children in the yard, cried out, "O ye devils! we will come and turn ye all out-of-doors a-begging shortly." God convert them, and forgive them!

All this, thank God, does not in the least sink my wife's spirits. For my

own, I feel them disturbed and disordered; but for all that, I am going on with my reply to Palmer, which, whether I am in prison or out of it, I hope to get finished by the next session of Parliament, for I have now no more regiments to lose. S. WESLEY.

The allusion in the last sentence, that he had no more regiments to lose, tells too plainly how bitter was the animosity against him. They had succeeded in depriving him of the chaplaincy to Colonel Lepelle's regiment; and how much farther they proceeded the following letter to the Archbishop of York will tell:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Lincoln Castle, June 25th, 1705.

MY LORD,—Now I am at rest, for I am come to the haven where I've long expected to be. On Friday last (June 23rd), when I had been, in christening a child, at Epworth, I was arrested in my churchyard by one who had been my servant, and gathered my tithe last year, at the suit of one of Mr. Whichcott's relations and zealous friends (Mr. Pinder), according to their promise when they were in the Isle before the election. The sum was not thirty pounds, but it was as good as five hundred. Now they knew the burning of my flax, my London journey, and their throwing me out of my regiment, had both sunk my credit and exhausted my money. My adversary was sent to when I was on the road, to meet me, that I might make some proposals to him. But all his answer (which I have by me) was, that "I must immediately pay the whole sum, or go to prison." Thither I went, with no great concern for myself; and find much more civility and satisfaction here than in *brevibus gyaris* of my own Epworth. I thank God, my wife was pretty well recovered, and churched some days before I was taken from her; and hope she'll be able to look to my family, if they don't turn them out-of-doors, as they have often threatened to do. One of my biggest concerns was my being forced to leave my poor lambs in the midst of so many wolves. But the great Shepherd is able to provide for them, and to preserve them. My wife bears it with that courage which becomes her, and which I expected from her.

I don't despair of doing some good here (and so long I sha'n't quite lose the end of living), and it may be, do more in this new parish than in my old one; for I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon here in the prison, and to preach once a Sunday, which I choose to do in the afternoon, when there is no sermon at the minster. And I'm getting acquainted with my brother jail-birds as fast as I can; and shall write to London next post to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge, who, I hope, will send me some books to distribute among them.

I should not write these things from a jail if I thought your Grace would believe me ever the less for my being here, where, if I should lay my bones, I'd bless God, and pray for your Grace.—Your Grace's very obliged and most humble servant, S. WESLEY.

It was not likely that a tale so afflictive as the preceding should leave the pious heart of the good Archbishop Sharpe unaffected. He wrote to Mr. Wesley, on the 30th, a kind letter, stating his sympathy, and what he had heard against him, especially as to his great obligation to Colonel Whichcott, etc. This letter he immediately answers; gives a satisfactory

exposé of all his affairs—his debts, and how they were contracted—at the same time showing that the reports which had reached the ears of his grace were perfectly false, and adduces proof; and concludes this part of his letter with pathetically entreating his Grace "not to be in haste to credit what they report of me, for really lies are the manufacture of the party; and they have raised so many against me, and spread them so wide, that I am sometimes tempted to print my case in my own vindication."

We give another extract from this letter, which satisfactorily accounts for the way in which his debts were contracted, and how his consequent embarrassments arose:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Lincoln Castle, July 10th, 1705.

MY LORD, ... Then I am not forgotten, neither by God nor your lordship. . . . . My debts are about £300, which I have contracted by a series of misfortunes not unknown to your Grace. The falling of my parsonage barn, before I had recovered the taking my living; the burning great part of my dwelling-house about two years since, and all my flax last winter; the fall of my income nearly one-half by the low price of grain; the almost entire failure of my flax this year, which used to be the better half of my revenue; with my numerous family, and the taking this regiment from me, which I had obtained with so much expense and trouble, have at last crushed me, though I struggled as long as I was able. Yet I hope to rise again, as I have always done when at the lowest; and I think I cannot be much lower now.

The spirit of cruel malevolence was carried on by his enemies against his unoffending family after they had thrust his body into prison. In Mr. Wesley's next letter he relates the troubles of his family:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Lincoln Castle, September 12th, 1705.

MY LORD,—'Tis happy for me that your Grace has entertained no ill opinion of me, and won't alter what you have entertained without reason. But it is still happier that I serve a Master who cannot be deceived, and who, I am sure, will never forsake me. A jail is a paradise in comparison of the life I led before I came hither. No man has worked truer for bread than I have done, and few have worked harder, or their families either. I am grown weary of vindicating myself; not, I thank God, that my spirits sink, or that I have not right of my side, but because I have almost a whole world against me, and therefore shall in the main leave my cause to the righteous Judge.

He goes on to mention two points in which he was cruelly misrepresented, as if certain evils done to him had come by accident, or were done by himself. What particularly concerns the present memoir is the following:—

The other matter is concerning the stabbing my cows in the night since I came hither, but a few weeks ago; and endeavouring thereby to starve my forlorn family in my absence, my cows being all dried by it, which was

their chief subsistence; though I hope they had not the power to kill any of them outright.

They found out a good expedient, after it was done, to turn it off, and divert the cry of the world against them; and it was to spread a report that my own brawn did this mischief, though at first they said my cows ran against a scythe and wounded themselves.

As for the brawn, I think any impartial jury would bring him in not guilty, on hearing the evidence. There were three cows all wounded at the same time, one of them in three places: the biggest was a flesh wound, not slanting, but directly in, towards the heart, which it only missed by glancing outward on the rib. It was nine inches deep, whereas the brawn's tusks were hardly two inches long. All conclude that the work was done with a sword, by the breadth and shape of the orifice. The same night the iron latch of my door was twined off, and the wood hacked in order to shoot back the lock, which nobody will think was with an intention to rob my family. My house-dog, who made a huge noise within doors, was sufficiently punished for his want of politics and *moderation*, for the next day but one his leg was almost chopped off by an unknown hand. 'Tis not every one could bear these things; but, I bless God, my wife is less concerned with suffering them than I am in the writing, or than I believe your Grace will be in reading them. She is not what she is represented, any more than me. I believe it was this foul beast of a worse-than-Erymanthean boar, already mentioned, who fired my flax by rubbing his tusks against the wall; but that was no great matter, since it is now reported I had but five pounds loss.

Oh, my lord, I once more repeat it, that I shall some time have a more equal Judge than any in this world.

Most of my friends advise me to leave Epworth, if e'er I should get from hence. I confess I am not of that mind, because I may yet do good there; and 'tis like a coward to desert my post because the enemy fire thick upon me. They have only wounded me yet, and, I believe, *can't* kill me. I hope to be at home by Xmas. God help my poor family! For myself, I have but one life: but while that lasts shall be your Grace's ever obliged and most humble servant,

S. Wesley.

Mr. Wesley had now been about three months in prison. Some of the clergy in the diocese, and others well-affected to the government, aided him with all possible promptitude, so that in a short time more than half his debts were paid, and the rest were in train for liquidation. To these things he alludes with feelings of gratitude in the following letter to the Archbishop of York:—

Samuel Wesley to the Archbishop of York.

Lincoln Castle, September 17th, 1705.

My Lord,—I am so full of God's mercies that neither my eyes nor heart can hold them. When I came hither my stock was but little above ten shillings, and my wife's at home scarce so much. She soon sent me her rings, because she had nothing else to relieve me with, but I returned them, and God soon provided for me. The most of those who have been my benefactors keep themselves concealed. But they are all known to Him who first put it into their hearts to show me so much kindness; and I beg your Grace to assist me to praise God for it, and to pray for His blessing upon them.

This day I have received a letter from Mr. Hoar, that he has paid ninety-five pounds which he has received from me. He adds that "a very great man has just sent him thirty pounds more;" he mentions not his name, though surely it must be my patron. I find I walk a deal lighter, and hope

I shall sleep better now these sums are paid, which will make almost half my debts. I am a bad beggar, and worse at returning formal thanks, but I can pray heartily for my benefactors; and I hope I shall do it while I live, and so long beg to be esteemed your Grace's most obliged and thankful humble servant, SAM. WESLEY.

We catch one more glimpse of the condition of things at the Epworth rectory during this period, from the letter Mrs. Wesley wrote to her brother Samuel, at Surat, in the East Indies, dated "Epworth, January 20th, 1721–2—my birthday." Defending her husband's conduct against some injurious reports which had reached her brother, even to India, she writes, "The late Archbishop of York once said to me, when my master was in Lincoln Castle, among other things, 'Tell me,' said he, 'Mrs. Wesley, whether you ever really wanted bread.' 'My lord,' said I, 'I will freely own to your Grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all.' 'You are certainly right,' replied my lord, and seemed for a while very thoughtful. Next morning he made me a handsome present, nor did he ever repent having done so. On the contrary, I have reason to believe it afforded him comfortable reflections before his exit."

This was Mrs. Wesley's testimony concerning one of her husband's friends. Read now her testimony concerning one of those who persecuted him even to prison. In a letter to her son Samuel, dated Epworth, May 22nd, 1706, she writes:—

MRS. WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

There happened last Thursday a very sad accident. You may remember one Robert Darwin of this town: this man was at Bawtry Fair, where he got drunk, and riding homeward down a hill, his horse came down with him, and he, having no sense to guide him, fell with his face to the ground, and put his neck out of joint. Those with him immediately pulled it in again, and he lived till next day; but he never spake more. His face was torn all to pieces, one of his eyes beat out, and his under lip cut off—his nose broken; in short, he was one of the most dreadful examples of the severe justice of God that I have ever known. This man was one of the richest in this place, so he was one of the most implacable enemies your father had among his parishioners,—one that insulted him most basely in his troubles, one that was most ready to do him all the mischief that he could, not to mention his affronts to me and the children, and how heartily he wished to see our ruin, which God permitted him not to see. This man, and one more, have been now cut off in the midst of their sins since your father's confinement. I pray God amend those that are left."

How long Mr. Wesley was confined in Lincoln Castle is not known. He was there in September, but soon afterwards he is believed to have been released, through the kind interference

of friends paying the small sums of money he then owed. He was at home at the end of the year; and in the middle of January, 1706, he commenced a correspondence on important subjects with his eldest son Samuel, then at Westminster School, sixteen years of age.

The year 1705 is memorable for another publication from the pen of Mr. Wesley. The battle of Blenheim was fought on the banks of the Danube in August, 1704, in which forty thousand men were sacrificed. The great Duke of Marlborough led on the Allies against the French and Bavarians, and gained a decisive victory. By this battle the Elector of Bavaria lost his dominions, the French lost the bravest of their soldiers, and Marlborough returned home to receive all the honours an enthusiastic and delighted nation could bestow. Both Houses of Parliament thanked him, the City of London gave him a splendid feast, and the Queen gave him and his heirs the manor of Woodstock, and caused Blenheim Palace to be built for him. The Rev. John Wesley in his "History of England" says of the duke: "The desire of accumulating money attended him in all his triumphs, and threw a stain upon his character. He received above £523,000 of the public money which he never accounted for, and probably received some millions by plunder and presents." He died in 1722. Such was the man and some of the circumstances which induced the poet-rector of Epworth to write and publish in 1705 a poem of five hundred and ninety-four lines, entitled, "Marlborough; or, the Fate of Europe." The original manuscript has been examined by the writer; the last leaf of the manuscript, with the archbishop's own endorsement, that of his grandson Granville Sharpe, and that of Dr. Adam Clarke, is amongst the Wesley papers now in possession of the writer.

When first published in folio it contained only five hundred and twenty-six lines, but Mr. Wesley revised and extended it, and then sent the manuscript to the archbishop. This poem has been said to contain some of the finest thoughts and best expressed of any of the author's poems. In consequence of this poem the Duke of Marlborough made him chaplain to Colonel Lepelle's regiment. A nobleman sent for him to London, and promised to procure him a prebend's stall. All this took place whilst the controversy with the Dissenters was raging. They were so irritated against him that, using their powerful influence in Parliament and at Court, they got him deprived of his military chaplainship, and prevented his obtaining the cathedral preferment. What a detail of sorrows and disappointments! Yet the good man did not murmur. Could he only have paid his just debts, he would have been immensely more happy than Marlborough himself, who was "rolling in wealth."

There is one feature in Mr. Wesley's character which is deserving of special prominence. In the midst of all his troubles he never forgot God, nor did he manifest any spirit of distrust, ingratitude, or complaining. In his "Pious Communicant," published in 1700, is found a prayer, which may be taken as the expression of his own pious heart to God. It expresses so much which indicates his own sanctified nature, that the reader will be glad to have the pleasure of its perusal.

A PRAYER FOR ONE IN AFFLICTION AND WANT.

O God, who art infinite in power, and compassion, and goodness, and truth, who hast promised in Thy Holy Word that Thou wilt hear the prayer of the poor and destitute, and wilt not despise his desire; look down, I beseech Thee, from heaven, the habitation of Thy holiness and glory, upon me, a miserable sinner, now lying under Thy hand in great affliction and sorrow, who fly to Thee alone for help and comfort. I am weary of my groaning; my heart faileth me; the light of my eyes is gone from me; I sink in the deep waters, and there is none to help me; yet I wait still upon Thee, my God. Though all the world forsake me, let the Lord still uphold me, and in Him let me always find the truest, the kindest, the most compassionate, unwearied, almighty friendship; to Him let me ease my wearied soul, and unbosom all my sorrows!

Help me, O Lord, against hope to believe in hope. Grant that I may not be moved with all the slights and censures of a mistaken world. Let me look by faith beyond this vale of tears and misery to that happy place which knows no pain, or want, or sorrows, as being assured that there is an end, and my expectation shall not be cut off. I know, O Lord, that a man's life consists not in the abundance of things that he possesses, but that he who has the most here, as he brought nothing with him into this world, so he shall carry nothing out. I bless Thee that Thou hast not given me my portion among those who have received all their consolation here, whose portion is in this life only. Neither let me expect those blessings which Thou hast promised to the poor, unless I am really poor in spirit, and meek and humble. I know nothing is impossible with God, and that it is Thou alone who givest power to get riches, and that Thou canst, by Thy good providence, raise me from this mean condition whenever Thou pleasest, and wilt certainly do it if it be best for me, and therefore submit all unto Thy wise and kind disposal. I desire not wealth nor greatness: give me neither extreme poverty, nor do I ask riches of Thee, but only to be fed with food convenient for me. I desire earnestly to seek first the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof, well hoping that in Thy good time, food, raiment, and all other things that be needful, shall be added unto me. I believe, O Lord, that Thou who feedest the ravens, and clothest the lilies, wilt not neglect me (and mine); that Thou wilt make good Thy own unfailing promises, wilt give meat to them that fear Thee, and be ever mindful of Thy covenant. In the mean time, let me not be querulous, or impatient, or envious at the prosperity of the wicked, or judge uncharitably of those to whom Thou hast given a larger portion of the good things of this life, nor be cruel to those who are in the same circumstances with myself. Let me never sink or despond under my heavy pressures and continued misfortunes. Though I fall, let me rise again, because the Lord taketh me up. Let my heart never be sunk so low that I should be afraid to own the cause of despised virtue. Give diligence, and prudence, and industry, and let me neglect nothing that lies in me to provide honestly for my own house, lest I be worse than an infidel. Help me carefully to examine my life past; and if, by my own carelessness or imprudence, I have

reduced myself into this low condition, let me be more deeply afflicted for it, but yet still hope in Thy goodness, avoiding those failures whereof I have been formerly guilty. Or if for my sins Thou hast brought this upon me, my unthankfulness for Thy mercies, or abuse of them, help me now with submission and patience to bear the punishment of my iniquity. Or if by Thy wise providence Thou art pleased thus to afflict me for trial, and for the example of others, Thy will, O my God, not mine, be done! Help me, and any who are in the same circumstances, in patience to possess our souls, and let all Thy fatherly chastisements advance us still nearer toward Christian perfection. Teach us the emptiness of all things here below, wean us more and more from a vain world, fix our hearts more upon heaven, and help us forward in the right way that leads to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, etc. Amen.

During the year 1706, Martha Wesley was born. She was the seventeenth child added to the family circle, and she lived to honour the family for eighty-five years. Her life, full of interest and incident, will be noticed hereafter.

Early in the year 1706, the rector being at home, with his debts mostly paid and his mind more at ease, he commenced writing a series of useful letters to his son Samuel. These the Rev. Henry Fish, A.M., communicated to the pages of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* in 1846, with some notes appended. The letters, and part of the notes here given, are from that source. The letters were frequently dated at the end.

Samuel Wesley to his son Samuel.

Epworth, January 14th, 1706.

Dear Child,—I now call you so, more on account of your relation than your age; for you are past childhood, and I shall hereafter use you with more freedom, and communicate my thoughts to you as a friend as well as a father; which way of treatment I shall never alter, if you do not cease to deserve it, as I hope you never will.

Most of what I write to you will be the result of my own dear-bought experience, on such heads as I think will be most proper and useful for you in your present circumstances, or as they shall hereafter happen to alter; and you may expect a letter once a month, at least, or once a fortnight; and I hope, in mere civility, you will sometimes write again, unless my son, too, has made a vow never to write to me more, as I am sometimes inclined to think my mother has. And if you think these letters worth preserving, you may lay them together, and sometimes look over them; and as I am sure you have found what I have hitherto told you to have been true, so I think you will believe what I shall hereafter add; for you know that I can have no interest herein but your welfare, though I own that would much conduce to my happiness.

And I shall begin, as I ought, with piety, strictly so called, or your duty towards God, which is the foundation of all happiness; I mean your immediate duty to Him, both in public and private: as for your morals, I shall send my thoughts hereafter.

I hope you are tolerably grounded, for one of your age, in the principles of natural religion, and the firm belief of the being of a God, as well as of His providence, justice, and goodness (if not, look upon me, and doubt it if you can!), towards which you have had considerable advantages in your reading so much of Tillotson, while you were here, as well as in your mother's most

valuable letter to you on that subject, which I hope you will not let mould by you; I am sure you ought not to do it, for not many mothers could write such a letter. And I never suspect any change of your thoughts as to these matters, unless your corruption in morals should force you on ill principles.

Now, if there be a God, as it follows that He is just, good, and powerful, so I leave it to your own thoughts whether it be not our clearest interest, as well as honour and happiness, to serve Him, and the greatest folly in the world not to do it. This service must begin at the heart by fearing and loving Him; the way to attain this happy temper is, often to contemplate deeply and seriously His attributes and perfections, especially His omniscience, omnipresence, and justice for the former, and His generous beneficence and love to mankind to excite the latter, especially that amazing instance of it, His sending His Son to die for us, which that excellently pious youth Charles Goodall (who went to heaven when not much older than you are) could never reflect upon without rapture and admiration, as I find by his papers now in my hands, and which perhaps you and the public may some time have a sight of.

Another way to preserve and increase piety is to exercise it in constant and fervent devotion. For there never was a very good man without constant secret prayer, as I know not how any can be wicked while he conscientiously discharges that duty. Whereas, if we make our less necessary employments take the place of our stated devotions (as, indeed, what is there so necessary?), or, what is next to it, crowd them up into a narrow room, we shall soon find our piety sensibly abate, our love wax cold, and all that is good ready to run to ruin.

With these are to be enjoined the daily reading of God's Word, on no occasion to be omitted, and that with care and observation, especially a particular regard to such passages as more immediately concern your own case, and the state of your soul.

Next to this, I can scarce recommend anything that would more conduce to the advancement of true piety than your Christian diary, as you will find if you reflect, as I have often desired you, on the true reasons why you have so often intermitted it, and the effects of your doing so. And I will not reproach you that a mother's commands were more prevalent than those of a father for your resuming and continuing it, since I am too well pleased that you have at last done it. This, with the exercise which you have, will find you employment; and therefore you must be a good husband of your time, and fix certain hours for everything, not neglecting bodily exercise for the preservation of your health.

I have not time to close this head, but yet would not any longer delay to write. I commend you to God's gracious protection, and would have you always remember that He sees and loves you. Your mother will write soon to you. We are all well.—I am your affectionate father,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

The proposal to write a letter monthly was not carried out: the next letter from the rector is dated seven months later: —

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, August 15th, 1706.

DEAR CHILD,—My last related to that part of piety which is to be exercised between God and your own soul; this will refer to public devotion, which, you know, is our due homage to Almighty God, as we are sociable creatures, and never ought to be neglected, unless in cases of unavoidable necessities, as sickness and the like, and therefore not for taking physic, unless the case

be very pressing; for you cannot expect to gain anything in your studies by robbing God of that small moiety of time. I understand you are now under a happy necessity of being always present at public worship, of which I am very glad; but then, you know, it is by no means sufficient to sit as God's people sit, if our hearts be far from Him. There ought, therefore, to be a due preparation of mind before you presume to approach the house of God; to which end, when you are entering, then remember whither you are going; when present, remember where you are, and say, "How dreadful is this place!" Always consider the sacredness of it, on account of its dedication and relation to God, and His presence in it, as well as its sacred uses; for I suppose you are hardly of the same mind with the rebellious Assembly of Divines,* and I hope never will be, who as impudently as falsely affirm that "no place is holy on account of any separation or dedication whatever."†

On the contrary, you will find the firm belief of God's presence in His own holy house of prayer, and actual and lively consideration of it, will be of great advantage to you in fixing your thoughts on the great work for which you come thither; which, as soon as you enter, and when you take your seat, you are to express in most humble adorations of body and mind, accompanied with some short prayer, either mental or vocal, suitable to the occasion.

When the service begins, you are to join with it, and go along with every part of it with the utmost intension, and most fervent devotion; for which end keep your eye fixed upon your Prayer Book or Bible, and let your eye go along with the priest, which will keep your thoughts from wandering.

I hope you do, ere this, understand the cathedral service, I mean, understand what they sing and say, which at first is something difficult; but use and a little application make it familiar and easy. Unless you understand what is said, you were as good pray in an unknown tongue; but if we do this, and go along with it, we shall find church music a great help to our devotion, as it notably raises our affections towards heaven, which, I believe, has been the experience of all good men, unless they have been dunces or fanatics; nay, even the latter confess the same of their own sorry Sternhold-psalms,‡ which is infinitely inferior to our cathedral music, as well as some

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* So far from being a "rebellious assembly," Richard Baxter affirms that the men who composed it were "of eminent learning, godliness, ministerial abilities, and fidelity;" of whom we may mention Edward Calamy, Jeremiah Burroughs, Joseph Caryl, Daniel Featley, Thomas Gataker, Thomas Goodwin, John Lightfoot, Edward Reynolds, etc. It is probable that Mr. Wesley called it a "rebellious assembly" because the divines sided with the Parliament, and met, notwithstanding the king, by royal proclamation, issued June 22nd, had forbidden their doing so, and had declared that their acts should be considered null and void. It appears that these divines thought that the constitution at that period was dissolved, and that it was their duty to do the best they could under existing circumstances. (See Neal's "History of the Puritans," vol. iii. ed. 1736, pp. 51–62.)

† This is intended as a quotation from the "Directory for the Public Worship of God, agreed upon by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster," but it is not correct. The true version is as follows:—"As no place is capable of any holiness, under pretence of whatsoever dedication or consecration; so neither is it subject to such pollution by any superstition formerly used, and now laid aside, as may render it unlawful or inconvenient for Christians to meet together therein for the public worship of God." The Assembly, in their "Directory," say: "Let all enter the Assembly, not irreverently, but in a grave and solemn manner." (Neal's "History," vol. iii. Appendix, pp. 591, 567.)

‡ Mr. Wesley, sen., appears to have had a mean opinion of "Sternhold-psalms," as he calls them. In his "Advice to a Young Clergyman," in speaking of the "parochial way of singing" being novel, he says: "But we must be content with it, where we cannot reach anthems and cathedral music; and so we must be, for aught

thousands of years of later date, not being of two hundred years' standing. Nor are we to think that God has framed man in vain an harmonious creature; nor can music, sure, be better employed than in the service and praises of Him who made both the tongue and the ear.

I hope you are not so weak as to be moved by the wicked examples of idle lads who regard none of these things, or with their scoffs for your doing it; for how, then, will you be able to resist the much stronger temptations of the world which you are coming into? Where there is no difficulty, there is no glory, and but little virtue. But I shall write to you more largely and particularly on this subject.

You are to be very attentive to the sermon, because you know in whose name, and by whose commission, it is delivered; and faith and obedience, too, come by hearing: this being God's ordinance for the conversion of mankind, and the Church's edification, or increase in charity and knowledge. By practice, you will be able to remember a great deal of what you hear, especially the principal parts of a sermon; which, with a little pains, will add an habitual memory to that good natural one wherewith God hath blessed you. When you come home, immediately retire, either into your closet, or else to some solitary walk in the park. There recollect what you have heard, and fix what is observable in your memory, especially what relates more immediately to yourself and the state of your own soul. This will be of great advantage to you, on more accounts than one; for it will lay a good foundation of divinity, which study you must always have in your eye, as being both designed for it and (I hope) inclined to it above any other.

Have a particular respect to the religion of the Sabbath, as all very good men have ever had, and which we are obliged to, whatever becomes of the nice disputes concerning it. Value highly that time; for as time, in general, is the most precious thing in the world; so this is the most precious of all others, and not designed for idle visits, but for the concern of our souls, and communion with God in prayer and praise, and other acts of piety and devotion.

I hope you dare not make any exercises upon it, but what are proper for the day, and such I would have you make as Judge Hales did,* as long as you live; but then have a care lest, doing this as a school-task only, it may not degenerate into formality. Rob not yourself of so much pleasure and profit as you will find in your translations of the Bible into verse,† and Sunday exercises of the same nature, if you are but so happy as to reconcile fancy and devotion, which have too long been enemies.

I shall not write anything to you concerning receiving the blessed Sacrament, till towards spring; though I hope you frequently think of it, and long for it, as the dearest pledge of your Saviour's love, especially when you go home from church, and see others stay to receive it.

And thus much, at present, of public worship.—I am your affectionate friend and father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

I can see, with grandsire Sternhold, since there may be more than is generally believed in that observation of good Bishop Beveridge, that 'our common people can understand those psalms better than those of Tate and Brady;' for I must own they have a strange genius at understanding nonsense."

* Judge Hales wrote his "Contemplations, Moral and Divine," on Sabbath-days, in the afternoon, and evening after the sermon, for these reasons: first, that he might the more fix his thoughts, and keep them from diversion and wandering; second, that they might remain and not be lost by forgetfulness.

† Samuel Wesley does not appear to have acted on this suggestion, but his younger brother Charles did, when he wrote his "Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scripture. In two volumes 1762."

The question of the musical abilities of the Wesleys will naturally arise out of the last letter, though it by no means follows that he to whom the letter was written had himself manifested any special genius of that kind. That the rector of Epworth possessed considerable talent in music, and aptness in communicating his knowledge of the art, is manifest in two of his notes in the *Athenian Oracle*. He believed in music being studied and used as an auxiliary to divinity. His congregation at Epworth was far from musical, for he observes respecting them: "They cannot reach cathedral music, or anthems; they must be content with their present parochial way of singing." He concludes with this observation: "The people of Epworth did once sing well, and it cost a pretty deal to teach them." It is reasonable to conclude that the marvellous musical genius of his two grandsons, Charles and Samuel, was largely inherited from their grandfather, as well as from their own mother.

Two other letters from father to son continue the series :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, September, 1706.

DEAR CHILD,—The second part of piety regards your duty towards your parents, towards whom I verily hope you will behave yourself as you ought, to the last moment of your life; disobedience to them being generally the mother of all other vices.

Some people who are either fond of parodoxes, or have imbibed ill principles from our modern plays, and such-like authors, or by their passions, vices, or follies made themselves unhappy, may, for aught I know, be in earnest when they defend that most erroneous and unnatural principle, that "we owe nothing to our parents on this account, that they are the immediate authors of our being." But these seem to forget that God Himself, the common Father of the universe, urges this as an argument against the ingratitude of His people, "Is not he thy Father?" etc. And again in Malachi, "If I be a Father, where is my honour?" The reason whereof is evident, because gratitude is the foundation of all other blessings: it puts us into the way of attaining eternal happiness, and it is our own fault if we miss of it. Now, he that puts me into such circumstances that I may be happy if it be not my own fault, must on that very account deserve my acknowledgment; nor is he chargeable if I choose to be miserable.

God Himself was doubtless infinitely pleased and satisfied in giving being to His creatures; but I could never see any reason why this should lessen, or render unnecessary, their obligations to Him.

But, further, if there were no obligation to our parents, on account of having received our being from them, but only subsequent benefits, as education and the like, it would follow that there is no manner of duty towards an unkind and harsh parent, which, I doubt, is contrary to Scripture and reason. Nay, supposing a parent should not be able to provide for his child, but be forced to expose him in infancy, and leave him to the pity and charity of others, which you know is very common in the great city where you live; I say it would follow that, if such a child should afterwards accidentally come to know his parents, he would not be obliged to pay them any manner of duty; which is so false, that I believe nature itself would teach him

otherwise. I own that the obligations of benefits, good education, and the like, when added to that of nature, make the tie much stronger; and that those children whose parents either neglect them, or give them ill examples, may be said in one sense to be but little beholden to them for bringing them into the world. But where these two are united, we can hardly express gratitude enough for them.

Perhaps you will think I am pleading my own cause; and so, indeed, I am in some measure, but it is the cause of my mother also; and even your own cause, if ever you should have children; and, indeed, that of nature and civil society, which would be dissolved, or exceedingly weakened, if this great foundation-stone should be removed.

Yet, after all, though the tenderness and endearments between parents and children, which ill-natured people, who perhaps are not capable of them, may be apt to call "fondness," be a very sensible and natural pleasure, and such as I think mutual benefits only could hardly produce; I should think, if we come to weigh obligations, that of the parents' after-care, in informing the mind of the child, and launching it out into the world, are perhaps not without difficulty to themselves, in order to their living comfortably here and for ever,—this must surely be owned to be much the greater and more valuable kindness; and consequently reason will sink the sail on this side, how heavy soever affection may hang on the other.

Now, on both these accounts you know what you owe to one of the best of mothers. Perhaps you may have read of one of the Ptolemies who chose the name of Philometer as a more glorious title than if he had assumed that of his predecessor Alexander. And it would be an honest and virtuous ambition in you to attempt to imitate him, for which you have so much reason; and often reflect on the tender and peculiar love which your dear mother has always expressed towards you, the deep affliction, both of body and mind, which she underwent for you, both before and after your birth; the particular care she took of your education when she struggled with so many pains and infirmities; and, above all, the wholesome and sweet motherly advice and counsel which she has often given you to fear God, to take care of your soul, as well as of your learning, to shun all vicious practices and bad examples (the doing which will equally tend to your reputation and your happiness), as well as those valuable letters she wrote to you on the same subjects. You will, I verily believe, remember that these obligations of gratitude, love, and obedience, and the expressions of them, are not confined to your tender years, but must last to the very close of life, and even after that render her memory most dear and precious to you.

You will not forget to evidence this by supporting and comforting her in her age, if it please God she should ever attain to it (though I doubt she will not*), and doing nothing which may justly displease and grieve her, or

* Samuel Wesley, jun., was a kind and affectionate son. The mother, in writing to Charles after his death, alludes to the manner in which he had administered to her temporal necessities, and says: "It was natural to think that I should be troubled for my dear son's death, because so considerable a part of my support was cut off. Your brother was exceedingly dear to me in his life, and perhaps I have erred in loving him too well. I once thought it impossible to bear his loss" (Jackson's "Life of Charles Wesley," vol. i. p. 206). And Samuel Badcock says, "I have in my possession a letter of this poor and aged parent [the father], addressed to his son Samuel, in which he gratefully acknowledges his filial duty, in terms so affecting that I am at a loss which to admire most—the gratitude of the parent or the affection and generosity of the child. It was written when the good old man was so weakened by a palsy as to be incapable of directing a pen, unless with his left hand. I preserve it as a curious memorial of what will make Wesley applauded when his wit is forgotten" (Clarke's "Wesley Family," vol. ii. p. 247).

show you unworthy of such a mother. You will endeavour to repay her prayers for you by doubling yours for her, as well as your fervency in them; and, above all things, to live such a virtuous and religious life that she may find that her care and love have not been lost upon you, but that we may all meet in heaven.

In short, reverence and love her as much as you will, which I hope will be as much as you can. For, though I should be jealous of any other rival in your heart, yet I will not be of her: the more duty you pay her, and the more frequently and kindly you write to her, the more you will please your affectionate father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, November 8th, 1706.

DEAR CHILD,—After piety to God and your parents, your morals will fall next under consideration; or, your duty toward yourself and your neighbour, as to the governing of your passions and your appetites, wherein consists the wisdom and happiness of man, as a reasonable and sociable creature, and at least two-thirds of your religion; namely, what relates to a righteous and sober life.

I hope I need not say much of justice towards your neighbour, a virtue so requisite to society, that some persons think it both decent and necessary to wear the visor of it, though they do not pretend to any other virtues, but openly disclaim them; and though the mask is easily seen through, because justice can never subsist where there is not true piety at the bottom, or a belief and a fear of God as the Witness and Judge of all our actions; since no other principle is strong enough to keep men honest where there is no danger of discovery or punishment in this world, or when the temptation to injustice is stronger than the apprehension of either. Which consideration I desire you to take along with you, till we come to the government of our appetites and passions as to other unlawful objects, where you will easily find the use and necessity of it.

The general rules of justice are short and easy—"Doing as you would be done by, and loving your neighbour as yourself:" principles which have been admired by wise and virtuous heathens when they have been told them from the gospel; and which are, indeed, inscribed on the hearts of all mankind as a part of the law-natural, though much obliterated by the lapse of our nature and vicious habits.

As for the regiment of your passions, all the rest depend, in a great measure, on these two—love and hatred, or rather anger.

As for love, I think I need not write much to you on that subject for some years (though perhaps then it may be too late), I mean anti Platonic love; and shall only say at present, that whoever expects to become anything in the world, must guard against it in his youth, shut his eyes and heart against it, burn romances, have a care of plays, and keep himself fully employed in some honest exercise; and then I think he will be in no very great danger from it.

But love takes in all desirable objects, or such as we fancy desirable: and here the rule is, first, that it be fixed upon a lawful object; and then, that it exceed not the due measure, and be proportioned to the real value of what we esteem or love; since, if we offend against the former part of this rule, it unavoidably renders us criminal; if against the latter, at least ridiculous, imprudent, and unhappy. Indeed there is but one object of our love, where we cannot transgress in loving too much; and that is God, who is "Love." Even mediocrity is here a fault, which is both our wisdom and our virtue in all other cases.

As for hatred, I can scarce tell how it is possible to have it in extremes

against any positive being. For my own part, I have much ado to hate the devil himself. I am sure I have often pitied him; and I interpret those Scriptures which speak of hating the wicked, etc., as relating chiefly to their vices, for which we ought always to have a just abhorrence. If it be true, it is not easy to separate the person from the crime; but yet it is possible.

Anger, and some sort of aversion, I own to be more difficult to subdue when we meet with any displeasing object, though even these have too often pride or interest at the bottom; and if we reflect justly, we shall find we are seldom angry but when one of them is touched upon. Either we think our *mighty* selves are affronted, or there is something of rivalship in the case, and another obtains what we think our due. But if we do not observe the bounds, we can neither be happy ourselves, nor easy with others. If I am angry because another is preferred before me, would he not have as much reason to fume if the scale were turned? "No; for I deserve it better." And so thinks he; and, it may be, he is in the right on it. But if he be not, is it not better to deserve well, than to be well-treated? And which would a good man choose? It is no fault to be injured: we are not to expect ove.much equity in this world; and there is little in it that is worth disturbing ourselves about.

And pride is yet a sillier cause of anger, which we learn when we are boys, and can scarce unlearn all our lives after. What hurt is it to me if another contemns me? If I deserve it, he is in the right on it. If not, he is mistaken, and that is a misfortune, if not a punishment.

I do not know whether I have not already told you that there never was a truly great man who could not bridle his passions. As for the tongue, it is easier; but it is possible to go to the very root, and, by degrees, and time, and application, to subdue or chastise even the inward motion of our blood and spirits, so far, at least, as if they do stir a little on the sudden apprehension of an affront or injury, we may immediately, in a moment or two, recollect ourselves, and reduce them within their proper channel, so that nothing of that little inward short disorder shall appear to the world; and this, my boy, is what I wish you would do, what I am sure you may do, and what would render you wiser and greater than most part of mankind.

Not that I would have you be a hypocrite, which is both criminal and painful: your heart and your face should both go together. Though this mastery of yourself, I must tell you again, will cost you some pains before you can attain it, and the sooner the better; for it is richly worth all your labour, since this wise and Christian temper will be so far from inviting injuries, that you will have much fewer offered you in the course of your life; and if any should be so devilish as to do it for that very reason, you will find they will glide very gently off, and leave little or no impression behind them.

And thus much of the government of your passions.—Your affectionate father,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

The righteousness by faith in God which the life of Samuel Wesley witnessed was manifested as much by his living voice in the pulpit as by his pen through the press. His fidelity to God in warning the sinners of his parish is amply shown by the opposition and persecution he had to endure from them. His fidelity to his family has been demonstrated already. There are other proofs of this in the two following letters he wrote to his eldest son, who had now become a King's Scholar in Westminster

School. His election to that position is a testimony in favour of his musical abilities, as King's Scholars are usually the choir-boys at the Chapel Royal.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, October 2nd, 1707.

DEAR SAM.,—Read the histories of Joseph, of Daniel, and of Lot; and if you please, the thirteenth satire of Juvenal.

Remember, God sees, and will punish and reward.

If you can get no other time to say your prayers, you may do it as you seem to be reading. For done it must be, or you know what follows! But have you not time when you sit up to watch?

That God may evermore preserve you is the prayer of your affectionate father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, December 20th, 1707.

DEAR CHILD,—I was pleased to see in your last that you expressed an inclination to repose a more than ordinary confidence in me, because I took it as an argument of your friendship, as well as your duty. I have endeavoured, as well by the first of these letters as by all my actions, to show that I really value your affection; and I should be very well satisfied if you looked upon me as your friend, as well as your father. Sammy, believe it, there are but few in the world that are fit to be trusted with our weaknesses and most private thoughts; and yet it is exceedingly convenient to have some one to whom one might safely communicate them, especially in youth, when first launching into the world. I know there are not many who would choose a father for this; but since you are inclined to do it, perhaps it shall not be the worse for you, and I will promise you so much secrecy that even your mother shall know nothing but what you have a mind she should, for which reason it may be convenient you should write to me still in Latin.

Your mother has, at my desire, in her last so fully answered yours to me, wherein you requested some directions how to resist temptations, that I find little to add on that head. All I shall write will be in prosecution of my former letters, particularly that relating to your morals. I there gave you some hints, learned from my own dear experience, which may not be unuseful as to the government of the passions.

The government of your appetites was to come next under consideration; but your mother, as I said, has prevented it. I shall only add a few thoughts relating to that chastity and purity, both of body and mind, which our Saviour's law, as well as the very law of nature, requires of us.

It is agreed by all that a pure body and a chaste mind are an acceptable sacrifice to Infinite Purity and Holiness, and that without these a thousand hecatombs would never be accepted; as, on the other side, the foulest acts of impurity were always most agreeable to the unclean spirit, the highest of his mysteries, and his most acceptable sacrifices. It is as certain, that by any acts of that nature, much more by a course and habit of impurity, we defile the temple of God and grieve the Holy Spirit, and provoke Him utterly to forsake us. How happy are those who preserve their first purity and innocence; and how much easier is it to abstain from the first acts, than not to reiterate them and sink into inveterate habits! There is no parleying with the temptation to this sin, which is nourished by sloth and intemperance. Every first motion to it must be immediately rejected with the utmost abhorrence, and the thoughts strongly diverted to some other object. You have not wanted repeated warnings, and I should hope they have not

been altogether in vain. The shortness, the baseness, the nastiness of the pleasure, would be enough to make one nauseate it, did not the devil and the flesh unite in their temptations to it. However, conquered it must be, for we must part with that or heaven! Ah, my boy, what sneaking things does vice make us! What traitors to ourselves, and how false within! And what invincible courage as well as calmness attends virtue and innocence! "If therefore thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. If thy hand offend thee" (*O inimica manus!*), "cut it off and cast it from thee."

Now, my boy (it is likely), begins that conflict whereof I have so often warned you, and which will find you warm work for some years. Now vice or virtue, God or Satan, heaven or hell! Which will you choose? What, if you should fall on your knees this moment, or as soon as you can retire, and choose the better part? If you have begun to do amiss, resolve to do better. Give up yourself solemnly to God and to His service. Implore the mercy and gracious aid of your Redeemer, and the blessed assistance (perhaps the return) of the Holy Comforter. You will not be cast off. You will not want strength from above, which will be infinitely beyond your own, or even the power of the enemy. The holy angels are spectators; they will rejoice at your conquest.

Do you remember the fight with Orexis and her sisters in Bentivoglio and Urania?* Why should you not make your parents' hearts rejoice? You know how tenderly they are concerned for you, and how fain they would have you virtuous and happy, one of which you cannot be without the other. In short, use the means which God has appointed, and He will never forsake you.

I cannot close my letter without adding somewhat remarkable that has lately happened in our town (though it is not over-fruitful in adventures), which may afford you some useful remarks.

Your worthy schoolmaster, John Holland, whose kindness you wear on your knuckles—after having cost his father, Thomas Holland, two or three hundred pounds at the University, and before and after, in hopes he would live to help his sister and brothers, for which the poor old man now lies in Lincoln gaol, without any hopes of liberty, unless death should set him free; after having been in thirteen places, at least—I believe more—and pawned his gown and clothes almost as often, being thrown out wherever he came for his wickedness and lewdness—was making homewards about a month or six weeks since, and got within ten or a dozen miles of Epworth, where he fell sick out of rage or despair, and was brought home to the parish in a cart, and has lain almost mad since he came hither. Peter Forster, the Anabaptist preacher, gave him twopence to buy him some brandy, and thought he was very generous. His mother fell a cursing God when she saw him. She has been with me to beg the assistance of the parish for him. What think you of this example?—I am your affectionate father,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

These letters testify that the father contributed his full share towards the education, and moral and religious training, of the children, as well as the mother. Hitherto these letters have been unknown to writers of Wesley-family biography, in which Susanna, the mother, has had the chief share of commendation for the successful mental culture of their offspring. These letters contributed largely to the full development of Samuel's mental

* The title of a religious romance, written by Nathaniel Ingelo, D.D., folio, 1660.

and moral powers; and Samuel on his part contributed his full share in forming, moulding, and directing the minds of his two brothers John and Charles. Samuel, according to the last letter, had for a time a paid teacher, besides his mother, before he was sent to Westminster School. He seems to have been the only one in the family, of sons and daughters, who had any elementary teacher besides his mother.

For two years or more the family at Epworth had enjoyed peace and some degree of prosperity, enough to enable the rector to remove more of the difficulties which had previously marred his comfort.

On December 18th, 1707, Charles was born. He was the last of the boys added to the family, and the last but one of the entire number of nineteen. Charles Wesley, in his Journal (vol. ii. p. 272), records having heard his father say, "God has shown him he should have all his nineteen children about him in heaven." Charles there adds: "I have the same blessed hope for my eight." Charles entered this world prematurely, and for some weeks, says Dr. Whitehead, he seemed more dead than alive. He was so small and feeble that he was kept wrapt up in fine wool till the time he should have been born in the order of nature, when he opened his eyes and uttered a gentle cry. It was long uncertain whether he would live, but God in mercy spared him for fourscore years.

Burning Down of the Rectory-House.

The history of this terrible calamity has become one of national interest. It was first described by the mother, then by the father of the family, and subsequently by John, furnishing an attractive theme for the poet, and an exciting one for the artist; and having been for more than a century a subject of the deepest interest to all Methodists, setting forth as it does the remarkable care of Divine Providence towards the boy John Wesley. The exact facts of the burning down of that dwelling-house, on Wednesday night, February 9th, 1709, require to be preserved. The first account was written by Mrs. Wesley to her son Samuel, and is as follows:—

Susanna Wesley to her son Samuel.

Epworth, February 14th, 1708–9.

Dear Sammy,—When I received your letter, wherein you complained of want of shirts, I little thought that in so short a space we should all be reduced to the same, and indeed a worse, condition. I suppose you have already heard of the firing of our house, by what accident we cannot imagine; but the fire broke out about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, we being all in bed, nor did we perceive it till the roof of the corn-chamber was burnt through, and the fire fell upon your sister Hetty's bed, which stood in the little room joining upon it. She awaked, and immediately ran

to call your father, who lay in the red chamber; for, I being ill, he was forced to lie from me. He says he heard some crying, "Fire!" in the street before, but did not apprehend where it was till he opened his door: he called at our chamber, and bade us all shift for life, for the roof was falling fast, and nothing but the thin wall kept the fire from the staircase.

We had no time to take our clothes, but ran all naked. I called to Betty, to bring the children out of the nursery: she took up Patty, and left Jacky to follow her, but he going to the door, and seeing all on fire, ran back again. We got the street-door open, but the wind drove the flame with such violence, that none could stand against it. I tried thrice to break through, but was driven back. I made another attempt, and waded through the fire, which did me no other hurt than to scorch my legs and face. When I was in the yard, I looked about for your father and the children; but, seeing none, concluded them all lost. But, I thank God, I was mistaken! Your father carried sister Emily, Suky, and Patty into the garden; then, missing Jacky, he ran back into the house, to see if he could save him. He heard him miserably crying out in the nursery, and attempted several times to get upstairs, but was beat back by the flame; then he thought him lost, and commended his soul to God, and went to look after the rest. The child climbed up to the window, and called out to them in the yard: they got up to the casement, and pulled him out just as the roof fell into the chamber. Harry broke the glass of the parlour window, and threw out your sisters Matty and Hetty; and so, by God's great mercy, we all escaped. Do not be discouraged: God will provide for you. SUSANNA WESLEY.

This was written only five days after the fire, and as soon as possible after she had obtained clothing and a home in which to rest. About the same time Mr. Wesley sent a more striking and detailed description of the fiery scene to his friend the Duke of Buckingham. This was written within one week of the disaster, and is as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Righteous is the Lord, and just in all His judgments! I am grieved that I must write what will, I doubt, afflict your Grace, concerning your still unfortunate servant. I think I am enough recollected to give a tolerable account of it.

On Wednesday last, at half an hour after eleven at night, in a quarter of an hour's time or less, my house at Epworth was burnt down to the ground—I hope by accident; but God knows all. We had been brewing, but had done all; every spark of fire quenched before five o'clock that evening—at least six hours before the house was on fire. Perhaps the chimney above might take fire (though it had been swept not long since), and break through into the thatch. Yet it is strange I should neither see nor smell anything of it, having been in my study in that part of the house till above half an hour after ten. Then I locked the doors of that part of the house where my wheat and other corn lay, which was threshed, and went to bed.

The servants had not been in bed a quarter of an hour when the fire began. My wife being near her time, and very weak, I lay in the next chamber. A little after eleven I heard "Fire!" cried in the street, next to which I lay. If I had been in my own chamber, as usual, we had all been lost. I threw myself out of bed, got on my waistcoat and nightgown, and looked out of the window; saw the reflection of the flame, but knew not where it was; ran to my wife's chamber with one stocking on, and my breeches in my hand; would have broken open the door, which was bolted

within, but could not. My two eldest children were with her. They rose, and ran towards the staircase, to raise the rest of the house. There I saw it was own house, all in a light blaze, and nothing but a door between the flame and the staircase.

I ran back to my wife, who by this time had got out of bed, naked, and opened the door. I bade her fly for her life. We had a little silver and some gold—about £20. She would have stayed for it, but I pushed her out; got her and my two eldest children downstairs (where two of the servants were now got), and asked for the keys. They knew nothing of them. I ran upstairs and found them, came down, and opened the street-door. The thatch was fallen in all on fire. The north-east wind drove all the sheets of flame in my face, as if reverberated in a lamp. I got twice on the steps, and was drove down again. I ran to the garden-door and opened it. The fire was there more moderate. I bade them all follow, but found only two with me, and the maid with another [Charles] in her arms that cannot go; but all naked. I ran with them to my house of office in the garden, out of the reach of the flames; put the least in the other's lap; and not finding my wife follow me, ran back into the house to seek her, but could not find her. The servants and two of the children were got out at the window. In the kitchen I found my eldest daughter, naked, and asked her for her mother. She could not tell me where she was. I took her up and carried her to the rest in the garden; came in the second time, and ran upstairs, the flame breaking through the wall at the staircase; thought all my children were safe, and hoped my wife was some way got out. I then remembered my books, and felt in my pocket for the key of the chamber which led to my study. I could not find the key, though I searched a second time. Had I opened that door, I must have perished.

I ran down, and went to my children in the garden, to help them over the wall. When I was without, I heard one of my poor lambs, left still above-stairs, about six years old, cry out, dismally, "Help me!" I ran in again, to go upstairs, but the staircase was now all afire. I tried to force up through it a second time, holding my breeches over my head, but the stream of fire beat me down. I thought I had done my duty; went out of the house to that part of my family I had saved, in the garden, with the killing cry of my child in my ears. I made them all kneel down, and we prayed God to receive his soul.

I tried to break down the pales, and get my children over into the street, but could not: then went under the flame and got them over the wall. Now I put on my breeches and leaped after them. One of my maid-servants that had brought out the least child, got out much at the same time. She was saluted with a hearty curse by one of the neighbours, and told that we had fired the house ourselves, the second time, on purpose! I ran about inquiring for my wife and other children; met the chief man and chief constable of the town going from my house, not towards it to help me. I took him by the hand and said, "God's will be done!" His answer was: "Will you never have done your tricks? You fired your house once before; did you not get enough by it then, that you have done it again?" This was cold comfort. I said, "God forgive you! I find you are chief man still." But I had a little better soon after, hearing that my wife was saved, and then I fell on mother earth and blessed God.

I went to her. She was alive, and could just speak. She thought I had perished, and so did all the rest, not having seen me nor any share of eight children for a quarter of an hour; and by this time all the chambers and everything was consumed to ashes, for the fire was stronger than a furnace, the violent wind beating it down on the house. She told me afterwards how she escaped. When I went first to open the back-door, she endeavoured to force through the fire at the fore-door, but was struck back twice to the

ground. She thought to have died there, but prayed to Christ to help her. She found new strength, got up alone and waded through two or three yards of flame, the fire on the ground being up to her knees. She had nothing on but her shoes and a wrapping-gown, and one coat on her arm. This she wrapped about her breast, and got safe through into the yard, but no soul yet to help her. She never looked up or spake till I came; only when they brought her last child to her, bade them lay it on the bed. This was the lad whom I heard cry in the house, but God saved him by almost a miracle. He only was forgot by the servants, in the hurry. He ran to the window towards the yard, stood upon a chair, and cried for help. There were now a few people gathered, one of whom, who loves me, helped up another to the window. The child seeing a man come into the window, was frightened, and ran away to get to his mother's chamber. He could not open the door, so ran back again. The man was fallen down from the window, and all the bed and hangings in the room where he was were blazing. They helped up the man the second time, and poor Jacky leaped into his arms and was saved. I could not believe it till I had kissed him two or three times. My wife then said unto me, "Are your books safe?" I told her it was not much, now she and all the rest were preserved; for we lost not one soul, though I escaped with the skin of my teeth. A little lumber was saved below-stairs, but not one rag or leaf above. We found some of the silver in a lump, which I shall send up to Mr. Hoare to sell for me.

Mr. Smith, of Gainsborough, and others, have sent for some of my children. I have left my wife at Epworth, trembling; but hope God will preserve her, and fear not but He will provide for us. I want nothing, having above half my barley saved in my barns unthreshed. I had finished my alterations in the "Life of Christ" a little while since, and transcribed three copies of it. But all is lost. God be praised!

I know not how to write to my poor boy [Samuel] about it; but I must, or else he will think we are all lost. Can your Grace forgive this?

I hope my wife will recover, and not miscarry, but God will give me my nineteenth child. She has burnt her legs, but they mend. When I came to her, her lips were black. I did not know her. Some of the children are a little burnt, but not hurt or disfigured. I only got a small blister on my hand. The neighbours send us clothes, for it is cold without them.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

Such a painful recital has seldom, perhaps never, fallen to the lot of any other father to write concerning his home, property, and children. In the midst of all, the pervading thought of his mind is that of praise to God.

Six months after the fire, Mrs. Wesley, by request, sent a still further account of the fire to a neighbouring clergyman. It is as follows:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO A NEIGHBOURING CLERGYMAN.

Epworth, August 24th, 1709.

On Wednesday night, February 9th, between the hours of eleven and twelve, some sparks fell from the roof of our house upon one of the children's [Hetty's] feet. She immediately ran to our chamber and called us. Mr. Wesley, hearing a cry of fire in the street, started up (as I was very ill, he lay in a separate room from me), and opening his door, found the fire was in his own house. He immediately came to my room, and bid me and my eldest daughters rise quickly and shift for ourselves. Then he ran and burst open the nursery-door, and called to the maid to bring out the children. The two little ones lay in the bed with her, the three others in another bed. She

snatched up the youngest, and bid the rest follow, which the three elder did. When we were got into the hall, and were surrounded with flames, Mr. Wesley found he had left the keys of the doors above-stairs. He ran up and recovered them a minute before the staircase took fire. When we opened the street-door, the strong north-east wind drove the flames in with such violence that none could stand against them. But some of our children got out through the windows, the rest through a little door into the garden. I was not in a condition to climb up to the windows, neither could I get to the garden-door. I endeavoured three times to force my passage through the street-door, but was as often beat back by the fury of the flames. In this distress I besought our blessed Saviour for help, and then waded through the fire, naked as I was, which did me no further harm than a little scorching my hands and my face. When Mr. Wesley had seen the other children safe, he heard the child in the nursery cry. He attempted to go up the stairs, but they were all on fire, and would not bear his weight. Finding it impossible to give any help, he kneeled down in the hall, and recommended the soul of the child to God. SUSANNA WESLEY.

"I believe," observes John Wesley, "it was just at that time I waked; for I did not cry, as they imagined, unless it was afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no farther, all the door beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on the chest, which stood near the window; one in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here. I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man, and set him upon my shoulders.' They did so, and he took me out of the window. Just then the whole roof fell in; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough.' The next day, as he was walking in the garden and surveying the ruins of the house, he picked up part of a leaf of his Polyglot Bible, on which just those words were legible: '*Vade; vende omnia quo habes; et attolle crucem, et sequere me*' —'Go; sell all that thou hast; and take up thy cross, and follow me.'"

Such another instance of rapid and total destruction, the whole burned down in about fifteen minutes, will scarcely be found on record. How the fire originated must remain a mystery, though suspicion will never be removed from the evil-disposed inhabitants, to whose vicious course of life the godly example and preaching of the rector were a standing reproof. The house, the furniture, the rector's library, his important collection of Hebrew poetry and hymns; all his literary correspondence, the writings of Mrs. Wesley, and many important papers relating to the Annesley family, and particularly to Dr. Annesley himself (papers which Dr. Annesley had intrusted to Mrs. Wesley, as his best-beloved child) and the parish register—all were consumed. Only a few mementoes were preserved out of the utter ruin; and, among others, a hymn

written by the rector, with music adapted, probably by Purcell or Dr. Blow. This hymn is the only one by Samuel Wesley, sen., found in the Methodist Hymn-book; it is the one commencing, "Behold the Saviour of mankind." In the original it has six verses.

The children rescued out of the fire, besides the parents and the servants, were Emilia, Susanna, Mary, Hetty, Anne, John, Martha, and Charles.

Most of them saved their bodies only, not any garments to cover them, excepting their night-clothes; and soon afterwards they were divided amongst their neighbours, relatives, and friends: Matthew Wesley, surgeon, London, took Susanna and Mehetabel, with whom they remained for some years. The parents had to remain at Epworth, and provide for themselves as best they could.

The house was rebuilt within a year: it cost the rector £400, and so greatly impoverished him that thirteen years afterwards his wife declares that the house was not half furnished, and that up to that time, in consequence, neither she nor her children had more than half enough clothing. More than twenty years afterwards, when Matthew Wesley visited Epworth, he found even then the house only partly furnished, and all the children poorly and sparsely clad. No wonder; for after deducting taxes, rents, trusts, synodals, etc., from the income which the parish yielded, they had not more than £130 a year to keep a family of ten or twelve, re-stock the rector's library, feed, clothe, and educate the children! The new rectory-house Mr. Wesley built is still standing; it is described fully by Dr. Adam Clarke, and it will ever have attached to it many strange, remarkable, and interesting associations.

The Epworth fire was made the subject of a large commemorative painting by Mr. H. P. Parker, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, whose death was recorded in the *Illustrated London News*, with a portrait, in May, 1874. The Rev. James Everett suggested the subject, and furnished the artist with the necessary details of design and filling up. It has been so often engraved, that copies of it may be found in all parts of the world. It was painted in commemoration of the close of the first century of Methodism, and the original painting is preserved in the Wesleyan Centenary Hall, Bishopsgate Street, to which institution it was presented by the artist. The painter, using the license generally accorded to his inventive art, introduced a sort of farmyard attached to the rectory-house, the church in the centre background, and, over the church, the full moon in the heavens. The church is placed to the right of the rectory-house, which is not correct; it is situated on the left of it, and

should be so represented. The presence of the moon was objected to by some critics, because not named in any accounts preserved of the fire. To satisfy her own mind on the subject, Mrs. Everett one day wrote to the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, describing the year, day, and time of the fire, and asking what position the moon occupied at midnight on February 9th, 1709. After careful calculations had been made, the reply was returned that the moon would be about one-third way up the arch of heaven, so the artist's conjecture really was an ascertained fact. The artist has represented the man on another's shoulder taking John Wesley out of the open window. Out of personal respect to Mr. Everett for the help he afforded the painter in supplying information, he painted Mr. Everett's portrait as the man who was rescuing the child, and also as a full face of another man leading the rector's horse, affrighted, out of his stable.

The story that there was a sycamore-tree in Epworth churchyard planted by Samuel Wesley has been shown to be a fiction.

Kezia Wesley was born a short time after the fire, in March, 1709, and she was known in the family for some time as "the fire child." She was the nineteenth and last.

During the rebuilding of the rectory-house, Dr. Henry Sacheverell preached and published two sermons, which Parliament afterwards publicly condemned, and ordered the trial of the author for "malicious, scandalous, and seditious libels." The speech which Dr. Sacheverell delivered in his own defence is said by John Wesley to have been written by his father, Samuel Wesley.

The service thus rendered to this political doctor of divinity was probably the reason, or one of them, which led the clergy of the diocese to again appoint Mr. Wesley to be their representative in Convocation, held in London, and continued during some months, commencing with the opening of Parliament, November 25th, 1710. Mr. Wesley left at Epworth in his place a curate named Inman, whose alpha and omega of doctrine seemed to be the duty of paying debts and behaving well among their neighbours. Complaints were made of this barren kind of religious service, and Mrs. Wesley, in self-defence, commenced a Sunday evening service in the rectory-house kitchen to her own family and servants. The servant had told his parents of these gatherings, and they desired to be present. They told others, who also craved admission, until the congregations numbered thirty and forty persons. Mrs. Wesley read to them a sermon, and spoke freely and affectionately to them on their religious duties. The assembly increased, until by the end of January, 1711, two hundred were present at the home service, and many were obliged to go away, unable even to obtain standing-room.

On one occasion, when Mr. Wesley returned from London, during the adjournment of Convocation, the parishioners complained of Mr. Inman's sermons as insufficiently setting forth gospel truth. Mr. Wesley sent for the curate, and desired him to prepare a sermon from the words, "Without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6.), to be preached next Lord's day, and the rector said he should be present to hear it. The curate began his brief sermon by saying: "Friends, faith is a most excellent virtue, and it produces other virtues also. In particular, it makes a man pay his debts;" and thus proceeded for about fifteen minutes, plainly indicating the truth of the complaints of the people and the meagre amount of his own information. It was to supply this lack of service, and to fill up the intermediate spaces of the Sabbath with acts of piety, that prompted Mrs. Wesley to hold special services in her own house. The curate complained of those services to Mr. Wesley, alleging that Mrs. Wesley had turned the parsonage-house into a conventicle. The rector wrote to his wife, suggesting that she should let some one else read the sermons. She replied that there was not a man among them that could read a sermon without spoiling a good part of it, and that none of her children had a voice strong enough to make so many people hear. The only feeling of disquiet in her own mind about the service was "having to present the prayers of the people to God;" she doubted the propriety of this, only because she was a woman.

The attendance at the rectory services was as great or greater than at the church to hear the curate, which aroused his jealousy, and induced him again to complain to the rector. His wife replied that, besides Inman, there were not more than two or three persons in the parish who had complained. She further added that her services had been the means of bringing more people to church than anything else, for the afternoon congregation had been increased by it from twenty to above two hundred persons, which was a larger congregation than Inman had ever been accustomed to have in the morning; some families who seldom went to church now began to go constantly, and one person who had not been there for seven years was now attending with the rest. Besides, the meetings had been the means of conciliating the minds of the people towards the rector's family, and they now lived in the greatest amity. Mrs. Wesley thus concludes her reply: "If, after all this, you think fit to dissolve the assembly, do not tell me that you *desire* me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your *positive commands* in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal

of our Lord Jesus Christ." John and Charles Wesley both attended those services, John as a boy of eight, Charles as a child of four years: the recollection of those meetings would not be without its influence on their minds in after-life.

Convocation closed its sittings, and Mr. Wesley returned to his home before the end of the year 1711. The rector's presence in his parish would be a protection against the inadequate teaching of his curate, and it would remove the necessity for continuing to hold the irregular meetings in the parsonage.

Samuel Wesley attended Convocation on three occasions, as he himself records in his letter to his brother. When the third of these attendances was we have no knowledge, unless it was in 1712. During that year he was in London for some time, and whilst so absent, in the month of April, his son, with four other of their children, had the smallpox. Mrs. Wesley, writing to her husband on this matter, says, "Jack has borne his disease bravely, like a man, and indeed like a Christian, without any complaint." That was the time of the year for Convocation to sit, and Mrs. Wesley's letter would imply that her husband had been away from home some weeks or more.

In 1714, John Wesley, then a youth of thirteen, was sent away from home to the Charterhouse School, where he distinguished himself for his diligence and progress in learning. He there commenced that career of usefulness and locomotion which for more than seventy years afterwards knew scarcely any cessation. From that time forward he knew little of home-life but that which led him to say, "The world is my parish."

The Supernatural Noises at the Epworth Rectory.

All who have written about the Wesleys have dwelt at much length on the extraordinary noises which were heard there during the years 1716 and 1717. These have been so largely considered by the various members of the Wesley family, by Dr. Whitehead, Henry Moore, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Southey, Mr. Kirk, and Mr. Tyerman, that it can serve no good purpose to devote more time to their further investigation. In their more violent form they commenced on December 1st, 1716, and continued almost daily to the end of January, 1717. The noises did not cease then. No less than thirty-four years afterwards, in 1750, Emilia Harper wrote to her brother, John Wesley, saying that old Jeffrey visited her on every extraordinary new trial or affliction. More than one hundred years after the Wesley family had left the rectory-house, the then resident rector heard extraordinary noises there, which induced him to take his family away for a time to the Continent.

The testimony of all Mr. Wesley's family agrees as to the time and the character of the noises. They all heard them separately and collectively. Whether the rectory-house clock was right to time or not, the noises began at a quarter before ten at night. They were sure to be heard at the time of family devotion when the words were repeated in the prayer for the king and royal family, "our most gracious sovereign lord, King George." When by design the rector omitted the prayer for the royal family, knocking was not heard. The noises were so varied, bold, and persistent, that all notion of their being natural is placed beyond possibility. These are some of the varieties of disturbance which were heard:—Commencing with a noise like the winding of a jack, knocking on the floor, ceiling, walls, and doors, were daily heard. The turning of a windmill, a carpenter planing wood, emptying a bag of money, the crashing of a hundred bottles, the overturning of all the pewter on the kitchen floor, rattling the door-latch, knocking at the warming-pan, shuffling amongst boots and shoes, turning the corn-mill, opening of doors, running about like a badger or a rabbit, walking up- and down-stairs as though trailing a long silk gown behind, imitating the groans of the dying, turning Mr. Wesley's trencher on the table before Sunday dinner, and when challenged by Mr. Wesley to knock his usual door-knock, 1—2, 3, 4, 5, 6—7, at first it refused, but afterwards imitated this exactly. How shall all these things be accounted for by the laws of nature? They cannot. The only conclusion which can be arrived at after a thoughtful consideration of the whole matter is that these disturbing causes were permitted for some wise purpose, which served the end designed. What that was may never now be known. What it was conjectured to be is fully recorded by Mrs. Wesley and by her son John. Mrs. Wesley thought they were connected with the sudden and never accounted-for death of her brother Samuel Annesley, in India. John Wesley says it was God's judgment on his father for differing from his mother on the question of the proper sovereignty of William III. as king of England. Men of piety, learning, and wisdom have plied their arts in vain to ascertain the cause and design of those supernatural disturbances, and the solution of both seems as far off as ever.

It is worthy of note that there lived opposite the rectory-house in 1716, "John and Kitty Maw, who listened several nights in the time of the disturbance, but could never hear anything." There was interred in Epworth churchyard, November 2nd, 1872, one John Maw, of that town, aged 66 years. Some of the old families who knew Samuel Wesley still survive there in their offspring.

Although the disturbances whilst they continued were unpleasant enough, and to a large extent terrified both the children and the servants—Hetty in particular, her father records, trembled in bed as she slept—yet they do not appear to have had any but a salutary effect on their minds. Emilia, then twenty-four years old, writing to her brother Samuel, observes that she had been too much inclined to infidelity, and "therefore heartily rejoiced at having such an opportunity of convincing myself, past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some beings besides those we see." Mrs. Wesley, in 1724, writing to John from Wroote, on the subject of apparitions, remarks, with an evident reference to the disturber of their peace at Epworth eight years before, "to appear for no end that we know of, unless to frighten people almost out of their wits, seems altogether unreasonable."

Mr. Tyerman reasons wisely, on page 360 of his Life of Mr. Wesley, and shows the good effect of those occurrences on the mind and preaching of the Rev. John Wesley. That they had influenced both Mr. and Mrs. Wesley more than at first appeared to them, may be discovered from a letter of hers in the *Arminian Magazine*, 1798 (p. 25), in which she says, under date of 1721, that "she was rarely in health; and Mr. Wesley began to suffer from the infirmities of age. Did I not know that Almighty wisdom hath views and ends in fixing the bounds of our habitation, which are out of our ken, I should think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness, and rare endowments of learning and useful knowledge in relation to the Church of God, should be confined to an obscure corner of the country, where his talents are buried, and he determined to a way of life for which he is not so well qualified as I could wish."

After the settlement of the family in the new house at Epworth the rector devoted his time to the duties of his parish, the instruction of his children in classical knowledge, in corresponding with his sons who were from home, and in the painstaking preparation of his elaborate work on the Book of Job.

About this period he wrote, at considerable length, "A Letter to a Curate," intended to give the fullest information concerning the duties of a clergyman. This was originally written for the young brother of the Rev. Mr. Hoole, rector of Haxey, who was about to be ordained, with a view of becoming Mr. Wesley's curate. This letter Mr. Wesley sent a copy of to his son John, some time after it was written, and he published it soon after his father's death. It will be found reprinted in Jackson's "Life of the Rev. C. Wesley," vol. ii. p. 500.

Another of Mr. Wesley's literary productions must be noticed.

A poem entitled "Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator" was sent by the rector of Epworth to Archbishop Sharpe; and the original manuscript was found amongst his Grace's papers when sent to Dr. Adam Clarke. The manuscript is partly in the handwriting of Samuel Wesley, and partly in another hand, believed to be that of his daughter Mehetabel. The writer has had the privilege of reading the whole of that poem in the original manuscript. The poem itself is preceded by a dialogue, also in Mr. Wesley's handwriting.

This poem has been the cause of some controversy, but nothing that has been said has hitherto proved that the hymn had any other author than Samuel Wesley. Dr. Clarke investigated the claim of authorship thoroughly, and affirms confidently what is said with equal assurance by John Wesley himself, that it was written by his father. Mr. J. Wesley thought so highly of it that he placed it as the first poem in the first number of the *Arminian Magazine*, January, 1778, where it follows immediately after seven letters written by his father. Dr. Clarke prints the hymn entire in the appendix to his "Wesley Family," vol. ii. In the brief dialogue between Eupolis and Plato, the former asks if it is not possible to write in verse the nature and character of the Supreme Being, without the lies and fables which were usually associated therewith. Plato says he should like to see the task accomplished. Thereupon Eupolis begins; and when his work is done, is supposed to take it to the academy for Plato's approval. The hymn extends to two hundred and thirty-four lines. The first and part of the last stanza are given as specimens of the easy flow of thought which runs through the poem:—

Author of Being! Source of Light!
With unfading beauties bright;
Fulness, goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb without a bound;
Whether Thee Thy suppliants call,
Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
El, or Jao; Thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail.

* * * *

O Father, King! whose heavenly face
Shines serene on all Thy race;
We Thy magnificence adore,
And Thy well-known aid implore:
Nor vainly for Thy help we call;
Nor can we want, for Thou art all!

The Rev. John Wesley, when printing the poem, made alterations in ten of the lines. Dr. Clarke added copious and interesting notes to it.

The work on which Samuel Wesley doubtless thought most fully his fame as an author would rest was entitled, "Dissertationes in Librum Jobi. Autore, Samuel Wesley, Rectore de Epworth, in Diocesi Lincolniensi. Fol. London, typis Gulielmi Bowyer. 1736." It was dedicated to Caroline, Queen of George I., and was not quite finished printing when the author died. His sons completed the printing, and they presented a handsomely bound copy of the book to the queen, by royal command, one Sunday.

It forms a large folio volume; but being printed in Latin, none but scholars with leisure have cared to give the work much attention.

The frontispiece to the volume is a fine engraving by Vertue; it represents Mr. Wesley seated as a patriarch under an arched gateway with a portcullis. He holds a sceptre in his hand, indicating authority as a judge. In the background distance are two pyramids. On the arch overhead is written in bold capitals, Job Patriarcha. At the bottom of the leaf on a label are the words,—

An. Etat. circiter LXX.

Quis mihi tribuat, ut scribantur
Sermones mei, ut in libro exculpantur.

This portrait has since passed into other hands, and copies have been printed with the name of Job Patriarcha taken out, and "Samuel Wesley" substituted.

This elaborate work consists of fifty-three Dissertations (Dr. Clarke erroneously says thirty-five). After the Dissertations the Hebrew text of the Book of Job is given in nearly two hundred pages, the Hebrew collated word by word with the Chaldee, Septuagint, Syriac, Arabic, and other versions: all the variations in each were set down. Dr. Clarke describes it as one of the most complete things of the kind he had ever met with. It is illustrated by engravings as rude and unartistic as can well be imagined; but when it is remembered that these were drawn and engraved by an untutored native of Epworth, John Whitelamb, whom Mr. Wesley educated on purpose to assist him in that work, it ceases to be a wonder that the illustrations are not more artistic. The white war-horse is said to have been drawn by permission from a thoroughbred Arab horse then belonging to Lord Oxford.

The first proposals for issuing this work were sent out in 1729, which secured a very handsome list of subscribers. The author did not live to see the work published, but it was issued in 1736, the year after the rector's death; and two days before John Wesley sailed for Georgia he presented the first copy to the

queen, who received it with gracious smiles from his own hands, and said, "It is very prettily bound." Although it was Sunday, the queen was "romping with her maids-of-honour" when Mr. Wesley was ushered into the royal presence; and immediately the book was received, and laid down, her majesty bowed, smiled, and then resumed her sport.

The names of more than three hundred subscribers are added to the work, including thirty-one noblemen, fifteen bishops, and others occupying a distinguished place amongst the learned men of that day. In the list are the names of Samuel, John, and Charles Wesley, and the author's brother Matthew, who died the year following its publication. Dean Swift and Alexander Pope used their exertions with friends to secure subscribers in London and Ireland for the book.

For some time he resided at Wroote, about five miles from Epworth, the living of which place was given to him in 1726, though it added but little to his income, as the proceeds barely covered the cost of serving it: they were very small. In 1821 it only contained fifty-four houses, and the entire population of the parish was two hundred and eighty-five persons. There the rector spent many happy days, and from the very humble rectory-house Samuel Wesley sent not a few valuable letters to his children, which may be here introduced. These letters are worthy of being read, studied, and treasured up in the memory. Some of them were first published in the *Arminian*, or the *Methodist Magazine*, in Clarke's "Wesley Family," or in Tyerman's "Life and Times of Samuel Wesley." Their collection here will ensure their being read and appreciated by many who would not otherwise have access to them.

The first letter was written to his son John, then at Oxford, and refers to the contemplated publication of a work corresponding to a Polyglot Bible. This scheme does not seem ever to have been realised, but it shows the genius of the rector's mind. John Wesley was then preparing for deacon's orders, which he obtained in the month of September following. Part of the letter was printed in Vol. I. of the *Arminian Magazine*.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, January 26th, 1724–5.

DEAR SON,—I am so well pleased with your present behaviour, or at least with your letters, that I hope I shall have no occasion to remember any more some things that are passed. And since you have now for some time bit upon the bridle, I'll take care hereafter to put a little honey upon it as oft as I am able. But then it shall be of my own *mero motu*, as the last 5^to^ was; for I will bear no rivals in my kindness.

I did not forget you with Dr. Morley, but have moved that way as much as possible, though I must confess, hitherto, with no great prospect or hopes of success.

As for what you mention of entering into holy orders, it is indeed a great work; and I am pleased to find you think it so, as well as that you do not admire a callow clergyman any more than I do.

As for your motives you take notice of, my thoughts are: first, it is no harm to desire getting into that office, even as Eli's sons, "to eat a piece of bread," for the "labourer is worthy of his hire." Though, secondly, a desire and intention to lead a stricter life, and a belief one should do so, is a better reason; though this should by all means be begun before, or else, ten to one, it will deceive us afterwards. Third, if a man be unwilling and undesirous to enter into orders, it is easy to guess whether he can say, so much as with common honesty, "that he believes he is moved by the Holy Spirit to do it." But, fourthly, the principal spring and motive to which all the former should be only secondary, must certainly be the glory of God, and the service of His Church, in the edification and salvation of our neighbour: and woe to him who with any meaner leading view attempts so sacred a work. For which, fifthly, he should take all the care he possibly can, with the advice of wiser and elder men—especially imploring with all humility, sincerity, and intention of mind, and with fasting and prayer, the direction and assistance of Almighty God and His Holy Spirit—to qualify and prepare himself for it.

The knowledge of the languages is a very considerable help in this matter, which, I thank God, all my three sons have to a very laudable degree, though God knows I had never more than a smattering of any of them. But then this must be prosecuted to the thorough understanding the original text of the Scriptures, by constant and long conversing with them.

You ask me which is the best commentary on the Bible. I answer, the Bible; for the several paraphrases and translations of it in the Polyglot, compared with the original and with one another, are, in my opinion, to an honest, devout, industrious, and humble mind, infinitely preferable to any commentary I ever saw wrote upon it, though Grotius is the best (for the most part), especially on the Old Testament.

And now the providence of God (I hope it was) has engaged me in such a work, wherein you may be very assistant to me, I trust promote His glory, and at the same time notably forward your own studies in the method I have just now proposed; for I have some time since designed an edition of the Holy Bible, in octavo, in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Seventy, and Vulgar Latin, and have made some progress in it: the whole scheme whereof I have not time at present to give you, of which scarce any soul yet knows except your brother Sam.

What I desire of you on this article is, firstly, that you would immediately fall to work, read diligently the Hebrew text in the Polyglot, and collate it exactly with the Vulgar Latin, which is in the second column, writing down all (even the least) variations or differences between them. To these I would have you add the Samaritan text, in the last column but one (do not mind the Latin translation in the very last column), which is the very same with the Hebrew, except in some very few places, only differing in the Samaritan character (I think the true old Hebrew), the alphabet whereof you may learn in a day's time, either from the Prolegomena in Walton's Polyglot, or from his grammar. In a twelvemonth's time, sticking close to it in the forenoons, you will get twice through the Pentateuch; for I have done it four times the last year, and am going over it the fifth, collating the Hebrew and two Greek, the Alexandrian and the Vatican, with what I can get of Symmachus and Theodotion, etc. Nor shall you lose your reward for it, either in this or the other world. Nor are your brothers like to be idle. But I would have nothing said of it to anybody, though your brother Sam. shall write to you shortly about it.

In the afternoon read what you will, and be sure to walk an hour, if fair,

in the fields. Get Thirlby's "Chrysostom De Sacerdotio;" master it—digest it. I took some pains, a year or two since, in drawing up some advices to Mr. Hoole's brother, then to be my curate at Epworth, before his ordination, which may not be unuseful to you;* therefore I will send them shortly to your brother Sam. for you: but you must return me them again, I having no copy; and pray let none but yourself see them.

I like your verses on Psalm lxxxv., and would not have you to bury your talent. All are well, and send duties.

Work and write while you can. You see Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left; and bless God for them.

By all this you see I am not for your going over-hastily into orders. When I am for your taking them, you shall know it; and it is not impossible but I may be with you, if God so long spare the life and health of your affectionate father,

SAM. WESLEY.

A month later, Mrs. Wesley added the following :—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

February 25th, 1725.

DEAR JACKEY,—I was much pleased with your letter to your father about taking orders, and like the proposal well; but it is an unhappiness almost peculiar to our family that your father and I seldom think alike. I approve the disposition of your mind, and think the sooner you are a deacon the better, because it may be an inducement to greater application in the study of practical divinity, which I humbly conceive is the best study for candidates for orders. Mr. Wesley differs from me, and would engage you, I believe, in critical learning, which, though incidentally of use, is in no wise preferable to the other. I earnestly pray God to avert that greater evil from you of engaging in trifling studies, to the neglect of such as are absolutely necessary. I dare advise nothing. God Almighty direct and bless you. Adieu.

SUS. WESLEY.

The following indicates that Mrs. Wesley had influenced the mind of the rector :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, March 13th, 1724–5.

DEAR SON,—I have both yours, and have changed my mind since my last. I now incline to your going this summer into orders, and would have you turn your thoughts and studies that way. But in the first place, if you love yourself, or me, pray heartily. I will struggle hard but I will get money for your orders, and something more. Mr. Downes has spoken to Mr. Morley about you, who says he will inquire of your character.

"Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."—This, with blessing, from your loving father,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

A short visit made to his parents by Samuel Wesley, jun., caused a little delay in John's ordination, which the father thus notices :—

* It is in all probability to this work that Mr. Whitefield refers, when, in a letter to Mr. John Wesley, whom he honours as his "spiritual father," he says, "I received benefit from your father's advice to a young clergyman." The letter is dated April, 1737, and is to be found in the *Methodist Magazine*, vol. xxi. p. 359.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, May 10th, 1725.

DEAR SON,—Your brother Samuel, with his wife and child, are here. I did what I could that you might have been in orders this Trinity; but I doubt your brother's journey hither has, for the present, disconcerted our plans, though you will have more time to prepare yourself for ordination, which I pray God you may, as I am your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

The following, Mr. Wesley deemed of sufficient importance to print the portion of it which relates to à Kempis in the *Arminian Magazine* (vol. i. p. 30):—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, July 14th, 1725.

DEAR SON,—It is not for want of affection that I am some letters in your debt; but because I could not yet answer them, so as to satisfy myself or you, though I hope still to do it in a few weeks.

As for Thomas à Kempis, all the world are apt to strain for one or the other. And it is no wonder if contemplative men, especially when wrapt in a cowl, and the darkness of sceptical divinity, and near akin, if I mistake not, to the obscure ages, when they observed the bulk of the world so mad for sensual pleasures, should run into the contrary extreme, and attempt to persuade us to have no senses at all, or that God made them to very little purpose. But, for all that, mortification is still an indispensable duty. The world is a syren, and we must have a care of her. And if the young man will "rejoice in his youth," yet it would not be amiss for him to take care that his joys be moderate and innocent. In order to this, sadly to remember, "that for all these things God will bring him to judgment." I have only this to add of my friend and old companion, that, making some grains of allowance, he may be read to great advantage; and that, notwithstanding all his superstition and enthusiasm, it is almost impossible to peruse him seriously, without admiring and imitating his heroic strains of humility, piety, and devotion. I reckon you have before this received your mother's, who has leisure to write, and can do so without pain, which I cannot.

I will write to the Bishop of Lincoln again. You shall not want a black coat as soon as I have any *white* [money].

You may transcribe any part of my letter to Mr. Hoole ["Letter to a Curate"], but not the whole, for your own private use; neither lend it; but any friend may read it in your chamber. Master St. Chrysostom and the Articles, and the Form of Ordination. Bear up stoutly against the world, etc. Keep a good, honest, and pious heart. Pray hard, and watch hard; and I am persuaded your quarantine is almost at an end, and all shall be well: however, nothing shall be wanting to make it so that is in the power of your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

A portion of the following letter, relating to a painful occurrence with Hetty, is omitted; the rector thus proceeds:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, August 2nd, 1725.

DEAR SON,—. . . . I was at Gainsborough last week, to wait on Sir J. Thorold, and shall again, by God's leave, be there to-morrow, and endeavour to make way for you in that quarter.

As to the gentlemen candidates you write of, does anybody think the devil

is dead, or so much as asleep, or that he has no agents left? Surely virtue can bear being laughed at. The Captain and Master endured something more for us before He entered into glory, and unless we track His steps, in vain do we hope to share that glory with Him. Nor shall any who sincerely endeavour to serve Him, either in turning others to righteousness, or keeping them steadfast in it, lose their reward. Nor can you have better directions (except Timothy and Titus) than Chrysostom De Sacerdotio, and the Form of Ordination. God forbid that I should ever cease to pray for you!—Your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

John Wesley was approaching the time of his ordination. It became necessary to present to the authorities of the University a copy of the certificate of his birth and baptism. This was impossible, owing to the registers of the parish having been burnt in the rectory fire. The rector made one up to suit the occasion, which was written on the following note:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, August 21st, 1725.

DEAR SON,—Thanks be to God! we are all well. I send the certificate on the other side, and will be soon with Mr. Downes at Dr. Morley's. You need not show the other side unless it is asked for. Say you are in the 23rd current.—Your loving father, S. WESLEY.

CERTIFICATE.

Wroote, August 21st, 1725.

John Wesley, of Lincoln College, Oxford, was twenty-two years old the 17th of June last, having been baptized a few hours after his birth by me,
SAMUEL WESLEY, Rector of Epworth.

Both father and son being at the time greatly distressed for want of a few pounds, the following letter refers to their financial prospects:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Bawtry, September 1st, 1725.

DEAR SON,—I came hither to-day because I cannot be at rest till I make you easier. I could not possibly manufacture any money for you here sooner than next Saturday. On Monday I design to wait on Dr. Morley, and will try to prevail with your brother to return you £8 with interest. I will assist you in the charges for ordination, though I am just now struggling for life. This £8 you may depend on the next week, or the week after.

I like your way of thinking and arguing, and yet must say I am a little afraid of it. He that believes, and yet argues against reason, is half a Papist, or enthusiast. He that would make Revelation bend to his own shallow reason is either half a deist or a heretic. Oh, my dear! steer clear between this Scylla and Charybdis. God will bless you; and you shall ever be beloved, as you will ever be a comfort to your affectionate father,
S. WESLEY.

P.S.—If you have any scruples about any part of Revelation, or the Articles of the Church of England, which I think exactly agreeable to it, I can answer them.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Gainsborough, September 7th, 1725.

DEAR SON JOHN,—With much ado, you see I am for once as good as my word. Carry Dr. Morley's note to the bursar. I hope to send you more, and, I believe, by the same hand. God fit you for your great work! Fast—watch—pray—believe—love—endure—be happy; towards which you shall never want the ardent prayers of your affectionate father,

S. WESLEY.

Acting on his father's advice, John Wesley wrote, stating his objections to the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed. His father's reply satisfying his mind, on Sunday, September 19th, 1725, he was ordained deacon by Dr. John Potter, Bishop of Oxford. Soon afterwards, during the autumn, he wrote his first sermon. Time would fail to recount the good done by the preaching of John Wesley from that time to his death. On Monday, the 20th, the young deacon wrote to his father, who replied as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, October 19th, 1725.

DEAR SON,—I had yours of the 20th ult., with the welcome news that you were in deacon's orders. I pray God you may so improve in them, as to be in due time fit for a higher station.

If you gave any occasion for what is said of you at L——, you must bear it patiently, if not joyfully. Be sure never to return the like treatment. I have done what I could, do you the same, and rest the whole on Providence.

As to the main of the cause, the best way to deal with your adversaries is, to turn the war, and their own vaunted arms, against them. From balancing the schemes, it would appear that there are many irreconcilable absurdities and traditions in theirs, with none such, though, indeed, some difficulties in ours. To instance but one of a side: they can never prove a contradiction in our Three in One, unless we affirmed them to be so in the same respect, which every child knows we do not. We can prove there is a contradiction in a creature's being a Creator, which they assert of our Lord.

If you turn your thoughts and studies that way, you may do God and His Church good service. To His blessing and protection I commit you, and am your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

To be a deacon in the Church of Christ without any financial advantage derived therefrom was not a position which added greatly to his happiness. The University claims having absorbed all his father could send him, he had to urge his claim for farther help, which was met in the following way:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, November 30th, 1725.

SON JOHN,—You see, by the inclosed, that I am not unmindful of you. All I can do for you (and God knows, more than I can honestly do) is to give you credit with Richard Ellison for £10 next Lady Day.—Nothing else from your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

John Wesley's success as a classical tutor in the University was so considerable that, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected to a Fellowship of Lincoln College, Oxford, on March 17th, 1726, of the value of £28 per annum. He at once informed his father of the appointment, and four days afterwards his father sent his congratulations in the following terms:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, March 21st, 1726.

DEAR MR. FELLOW-ELECT OF LINCOLN,—I have done more than I could for you. On your waiting on Dr. Morley with this he will pay you £12. You are inexpressibly obliged to that generous man. We are all as well as can be expected.—Your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

Even the very moderate expenses of John at Oxford had been met by his father as acts of great self-denial. Take for example the following:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, April 1st, 1726.

DEAR SON JOHN,—I had both yours since the election. In both you express yourselves as becomes you for what I had willingly, though with much greater difficulty than you can imagine, done for you. The last £12 pinched me so hard that I am forced to beg time of your brother Sam. till after harvest to pay him the £10 that you say he lent you. Nor shall I have so much as that (perhaps not £5) to keep my family till after harvest. I do not expect that I shall be able to do anything for Charles when he goes to the University. What will be my own fate, before the summer be over, God only knows. *Sed passi graviora.* Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln.

Yet all this, and perhaps worse than you know, has not made me forget you. I wrote to Dr. King, desiring leave for you to come one, two, or three months into the country, where you should be very gladly welcomed.

As for advice, keep your best friend fast, and next to him, Dr. Morley; and have a care of your other friends, especially the younger.—All at present from your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

The rector's right hand had become paralysed, yet he managed to scrawl the following:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

April 17th, 1726.

DEAR SON,—I hope Sander will be with you by Wednesday morn, with the horses, books, bags, and this. I got your mother to write the inclosed (for you see I can hardly scrawl), because it was possible it might come to hand on Tuesday; but my head was so full of cares that I forgot on Saturday last to put it into the post-house. I shall be very glad to see you, though but for a day, but much more for a quarter of a year. I think you will make what haste you can. I design to be at the Crown, in Bawtry, on Saturday night.—God bless and send you a prosperous journey to your affectionate father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

The long-expected visit took place: John Wesley spent the

summer with his parents, reading prayers and preaching twice every Sabbath day, either at Epworth or Wroote. He pursued his studies with unwearied diligence, and kept a diary of all that transpired. He records the subjects of all his conversations with his parents, especially faith, hope, love to God, prudence, simplicity, sincerity, pride, and vanity; wit, humour, fancy, courtesy, and usefulness. How matured must his mind have been even at that early age! On September 21st he returned to Oxford, and about six weeks after, on November 7th, he was chosen Greek Lecturer, and Moderator of the Classes. The correspondence was resumed in 1727, with the following:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, June 6th, 1727.

SON JOHN,—I hope I may be able to serve both my cures this summer, or if not, die pleasantly in my last *dike*. If that should happen, I see no great difficulty in bringing your pupil down with you, say a quarter of a year, where you may both live as cheap as at Oxford. I shall myself be at Epworth as soon as I can get a lodging.—This is all to you at present, from your humble father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

Charles Wesley having commenced his studies at Oxford, the next letter was addressed conjointly to both his sons:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SONS JOHN AND CHARLES.

Bawtry, June 21st, 1727.

DEAR LADS,—This moment I received the satisfaction of yours of the 14th inst. I had no more reason to doubt your duty to me than you have had of mine to you; although I am sure you cannot think it proper there should be two masters in a family. Read, reflect! You know I cannot but love you, if you please, and if you think it worth your while that an old father should love you.

What should I be if I did not take your offer to come down soon? But you could not now get from hence to Wroote, though I can make shift to get from Wroote to Epworth by boat; and it cannot be worse this summer. However, if you have any opportunity of doing any good to F——n [probably L. Fenton], let none of my lads ever despair. I beg you, for God's sake, to take to him again; for how do you know that you may thereby save a soul from death, and cover a multitude of sins? I heartily give you this advice, and beg of you, as you love God, or me, that you would follow it as far as it is practicable. Once more, remember what a soul is worth, as you know what price is paid for it.

I hope, in a fortnight, to be able to walk to Epworth. When I am tired I will send you word. If you should come, it would be best to buy a horse, for I have now ground enough to spare for a dozen. I am weary.—From your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

The difficulty of travelling in the fen country at that time, when the overflow of water was so great, is alluded to in the foregoing and in the following letters:—

Samuel Wesley to his son John.

Wroote, June 26th, 1727.

Dear son John,—I don't think I've yet thanked you enough for your kind and dutiful letter of the 14th instant, which I received at Bawtry last Wednesday, and answered there in a hurry; yet, on reflection, I see no reason to alter my mind as to what I then writ; but if you had any prospect of doing good on your pupil, should have been pleased with your attempting it some time longer. If that is past, or hopeless, there's an end of that matter.

When you come hither, after having taken care of Charterhouse, and your own rector, your head-quarters will, I believe, be for the most part at Wroote, as mine, if I can, at Epworth, though sometimes making an exchange. The truth is, I am hipp'd (with an "i") by my voyage and journey to and from Epworth last Sunday, being lamed with having my breeches too full of water, partly with a downfall from a thunder shower, and partly from the wash over the boat. Yet, I thank God, I was able to preach here in the afternoon, and was as well this morning as ever, except a little pain and lameness, both which I hope to wash off with a hair of the same dog this evening.

I wish the rain had not reached us on this side Lincoln, but we have it so continual that we have scarce one bank left, and I can't possibly have one quarter of oats in all the levels; but, thanks be to God, the field-barley and rye are good. We can neither go afoot or horseback to Epworth, but only by boat as far as Scawsit Bridge, and then walk over the common, though I hope it will be soon better. I would gladly send horses, but don't think I've now any that would perform the journey; for, firstly, my filly has scarcely recovered from the last, and I question if she ever will. However, I've turned her up to the waggon, and very seldom ride her. Second, Mettle is almost blind. Third, your favourite two-eyed nag they have taken to swing in the back, and he's never like to be good for riding any more. Fourth, —and Bounce, and your mother's nag, you know. Therefore, if you can get a pretty strong horse, not over fine, nor old, nor fat, I think it would improve, especially in summer, and be worth your while. I would send as far as Nottingham to meet you, but would have your studies as little intermitted as possible, and hope I shall do a month or two longer, as I'm sure I ought to do all I can both for God's family and my own; and when I find it sinks me, or perhaps a little before, I'll certainly send you word, with about a fortnight's notice; and in the mean time sending you my blessing, as being your loving father, Samuel Wesley.

P.S.—Dear Charles,—Were I you, it should go hard but I'd get one of the Blenheim prizes. Thomas calls. Good-night to you.

Wroote, June 26th, 1727.

I promise to pay £10 per ann. (at the least) to my son Charles Wesley, of Christchurch, Oxon, at every May-day, commencing at May-day next for this present year. Sam. Wesley, sen.

Samuel Wesley to John and Charles.

Wroote, July 5th, 1727.

Dear Children,—The reason why I was willing to delay my son John's coming was his pupil; but that is over. Another reason was, I knew he could not get between Wroote and Epworth without hazarding his health or life: whereas my hide is tough, and I think no carrion can kill me. I walked sixteen miles yesterday; and this morning, I thank God, I was not a penny worse. The occasion of this booted walk was to hire a room for myself at Epworth, which I think I have done.

(Charles might come into Lincolnshire by the carrier.)

You will find your mother much altered. I believe what will kill a cat has almost killed her. I have observed of late little convulsions in her very frequently, which I don't like.—God bless and guide, and send you both a speedy and happy meeting with your loving father, SAM. WESLEY.

The next letter still spoke seriously of Mrs. Wesley's health: although the rector was palsied, yet his physical vigour seems to have been but little abated, and his mind was as strong and clear as ever.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Wroote, July 18th, 1727.

DEAR SON JOHN,—We received last post your compliments of condolence and congratulation to your mother on the supposition of her near approaching demise, to which your sister Patty will by no means subscribe; for she says she is not so good a philosopher as you are, and that she can't spare her mother yet, if it please God, without very great inconveniency.

And, indeed, though she has now and then some very sick fits, yet I hope the sight of you would revive her. However, when you come you will see a new face of things, my family being now pretty well colonised, and all perfect harmony—much happier, in no small straits, than perhaps we ever were before in our greatest affluence; and you will find a servant that will make us rich, if God gives us anything to work upon. I know not but it may be this prospect, together with my easiness in my family, which keeps my spirits from sinking, though they tell me I've lost some of my tallow between Wroote and Epworth; but that I don't value, as long as I've strength still left to perform my office.

If Charles can get to London, I believe Hardsley, at the Red Lion, Aldersgate Street, might procure him a horse as reasonably as any, to ride along with you to Lincoln (city), and direct him where to leave it there with the carrier to return, which will be the cheapest and the safest way; and I'll warrant you will find means to bring Charles up again. Your own best way, as in my last, will be to buy a horse for yourself, for the reasons I then told you. I'm weary, but your loving father,

SAM. WESLEY.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON CHARLES.

Wroote, July 18th, 1727.

DEAR CHARLES,—I told you the Chaldee would be easy (Scaliger says the Ethiopic is but a dialect of it); so will the Syriac; and even the Arabic as soon as you can crack it, and I believe pleasanter as well as richer than all the rest. And I doubt not but he that's master of the Hebrew may soon conquer all the others, which will both receive it, and give light to each other, especially (as I've heard) the Arabic, whereof I question whether it be ever exhaustible, and which is yet spoken and writ from the hills of Granada to the uttermost easterly bounds of the world. I have a sample of it for you here, if you are got so far, in a specimen of the Arabic Testament, and have picked out a pretty many words in Job, which the commentators say are of one of those three languages, wherein your assistance will do me a great pleasure. If you can get the Oxford edition of Tacitus's Annals, transcribe the passage in the sixth book concerning the Phœnix and the annotations upon it, and be so kind as to bring them with you.

I've writ on the other side, to your brother, my thoughts of the best way of your coming, and the sooner the better; but you'll send word by post the

day we must send for you to Lincoln. I heartily wish I could as well send you both a viaticum, as I do my best blessings.—From your affectionate father, SAM. WESLEY.

Expecting to meet his son John at Lincoln, on his way to Epworth, the father wrote as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

July 26th, 1727.

SON JOHN,—I shall be at Lincoln (D.V.) on the — inst., and shall stay till Friday morning. If you can get thither by Wednesday or Thursday night, I shall be glad of your company home. Not long after, I hope to send Charles a *totable* reason for following. Whenever you come, you will be fully welcome to your loving father, SAM. WESLEY.

The welcome promised was soon realised. John Wesley arrived at Epworth, as arranged by his father, and he remained at home, acting as his father's curate, for a whole year. He returned to Oxford in July, 1728, to prepare for taking priest's orders. He was ordained priest, September 22nd, 1728, by Dr. John Potter, Bishop of Oxford, who had ordained him deacon in 1725. The writer has seen the bishop's certificate of his ordination, and the envelope which inclosed it, with the frank and seal of "J. Oxford," is in his possession. He returned to Epworth to assist his father, until summoned back to Oxford by Dr. Morley, his sincere friend, and Rector of his college, who required his services as Moderator. Whilst at Oxford, and shortly before taking his priest's orders, his father again wrote to him.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Epworth, September 5th, 1728.

DEAR SON,—Your mother had yours yesterday, as I suppose before this you have had hers and mine, with the certificate. Yours brought me the good news of Charles's recovery, which will supersede his country journey, and help him to regain the time he has lost in his studies.

M[ary ?] miraculously gets money even in Wroote, and has given the first fruit of her earning to her mother, lending her money, and presenting her with a new cloak of her own buying and making, for which God will bless her. When we get to Epworth she will grow monstrously rich, for she will have more work than she can do, and the people are monstrously civil.

God has given me two fair escapes for life within these few weeks. The first, when my old nag fell with me, trailed me by my foot in the stirrup about six yards (when I was alone, all but God and my good angel), trod on my other foot, yet never hurt me.

The other escape was much greater. On Monday week, at Burringham Ferry, we were driven down with a fierce stream and wind, and fell foul with our broadside against a keel. The second shock threw two of our horses overboard, and filled the boat with water. I was just preparing to swim for life, when John Whitelamb's long arms and legs swarmed up into the keel, and lugged me in after him. My mare was swimming a quarter of an hour, but at last we all got safe to land. Help to praise Him who saves both man and beast.

I write with pain, therefore nothing else but love and blessing from your affectionate father, SAM. WESLEY.

Dick's just Dick still; but I hope Sukey is not Sukey.

The postscript refers to his daughter Susanna, who in 1720 had been married to Richard Ellison, a man of good family and estate, at Epworth.

To his son Charles, who in 1729 took his B.A. degree in Christ Church, Oxford, and had begun to take pupils, the rector wrote thus:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON CHARLES.

Epworth, January 29th, 1730.

DEAR CHARLES,—I had your last with your brother's, and you may easily guess whether I were not pleased with it, both on your account and on my own. You have a double advantage by your pupils, which will soon bring you more if you will improve it, as I firmly hope you will, in taking the utmost care to form their minds to piety, as well as learning. As for yourself, between logic, grammar, and mathematics, be idle if you can; and I give my blessing to the bishop for having tied you a little faster, by obliging you to rub up your Arabic; and a fixed and constant method will make all both easy and delightful to you. But for all that you must find time every day for walking, which you know you may do with advantage to your pupils; and a little more robust exercise now and then will do you no harm.

You are now launched fairly, Charles: hold up your head and swim like a man; and when you cuff the wave beneath you, say to it, much as another hero did,—

"Carolum vehes, et Caroli fortunam."*

Always keep your eye above the pole-star, and so God send you a good voyage through the troublesome sea of life!—which is the hearty prayer of your loving father, SAM. WESLEY.

Returned to Oxford, John and his brother Charles, Mr. Morgan, and another student, met together to read the classics during the week evenings. Mr. Morgan began to visit the prisoners in Oxford gaol in 1730, and he urged the two Wesleys to join him in his visits to the prison and to the poor. John Wesley wrote to Mr. Morgan's father in Dublin, and to his own father, to ask advice before committing himself fully to these new duties. Part of his father's reply is as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

Epworth, September 21st, 1730.

DEAR SON,—. . . . As to your designs and employments, what can I say less of them than *Valde probo;* and that I have the highest reason to bless God that He has given me two sons together in Oxford, to whom He has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them. They have but one more enemy to combat with — the flesh, which, if they take care to subdue by fasting and prayer, there will be no more for them to do but to proceed steadily in the same course, and expect the crown which fadeth not away. You have

* Thou carriest Charles and Charles's fortune.

reason to bless God as I do, that you have so fast a friend as Mr. Morgan, who I see in the foremost difficult service is ready to break the ice for you. I think I must adopt him as my son, together with you and your brother Charles; and when I have such a Ternion to prosecute that war, wherein I am now *miles emeritus*, I shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

I am afraid lest the main objection you make against your going on in the business with the prisoners may secretly proceed from flesh and blood. For who can harm you, if you are followers of that which is so good, and which will be one of the marks by which the Shepherd of Israel will know His sheep at the last day? Though, if it were possible for you to suffer a little in the cause, you would have a confessor's reward. You own that none but such as are out of their senses would be prejudiced against your acting in this manner, but say, "These are they that need a physician." But what if they will not accept of one who will be welcome to the poor prisoners? Go on, then, in God's name, in the path to which your Saviour has directed you, and that track wherein your father has gone before you. For when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I visited those in the castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day. Walk as prudently as you can, though not fearfully, and my heart and prayers are with you. Your first regular step is to consult with him (if any such there be) who has a jurisdiction over the prisoners, and the next is to obtain the direction and approbation of your bishop. This is Monday morning, at which time I shall never forget you. If it be possible, I should be glad to see you all three here in the fine end of summer. But if I cannot have that satisfaction, I am sure I can reach you every day, though you were beyond the Indies. Accordingly, to Him who is everywhere, I now heartily commit you, as being your most affectionate and joyful father,

SAM. WESLEY.

Taking his father's advice, John Wesley obtained the consent of the Bishop of Oxford to preach to the prisoners once a month. Encouraged thus by his father, the first impulse was given to that movement which ended in the formation of the Methodist Society. The proceedings became a common topic of mirth at the University, and the Wesleys and their friends were designated the "Holy Club." John again consulted his father, with the following result:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

December 1st, 1730.

DEAR SON,—This day I received yours; and this evening, in the course of our reading, I thought I found an answer that would be more proper than any I myself could dictate: "Great is my glorying of you; I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful" (2 Cor. vii. 4). What would you be? Would you be angels? I question whether a mortal can arrive to a greater degree of perfection than steadily to do good, and for that very reason patiently and meekly to suffer evil. For my part, on the present view of your actions and designs, my daily prayers are that God would keep you humble; and then I am sure, if you continue to suffer for righteousness' sake, though it be but in a lower degree, "the spirit of glory and of God" shall, in some good measure, "rest upon you." Be never weary of well-doing; never look back; for you know the prize and the crown are before you, though I can scarce think so meanly of you as that you would be discouraged with "the crackling of thorns under a pot." "Be not high-minded, but fear." Preserve an equal temper of mind, under whatever treatment you meet with from a

not very just or good-natured world. Bear no more sail than is necessary, but steer steady. The less you value yourselves for these unfashionable duties, the more all good and wise men will value you, if they see your actions are of a piece; or, which is infinitely more, He by whom actions and intentions are weighed will both accept, esteem, and reward you.

I hear my son has the honour of being styled the Father of the Holy Club. If it be so, I must be the grandfather of it; and I need not say that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished than to have the title of "His Holiness." SAM. WESLEY.

"Wesley's Works" (vol. i. p. 8), and Moore's "Life of Wesley" are the authorities for the above letter. Stimulated in such a manner, by such a father, it will not be wondered at that the evangelistic labours of John and Charles Wesley were carried on at Oxford regardless of the insults which were by some offered to them.

Although paralysed in his right hand, the rector was diligently working at his Dissertations on Job. He wished to dedicate the work to Queen Caroline, and wrote to his sons Samuel and John on the subject. Samuel, by his poetical satires on the government, and John by his connection with the Holy Club, had both given offence in high quarters, so that the Queen's permission for such a dedication could not then be obtained. To this business chiefly the following epistle has reference :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, December 17th, 1730.

DEAR SON,—On Wednesday last, the 15th instant, I had yours of the 11th and 12th, which has made me pretty quiet in reference to my dedication, as indeed my heart was never violently set upon it before, or I hope on anything else in this world. I find it stuck where I always boded it would, as in the words of your brother in yours, when you waited on him with my letter and addressed him on the occasion. The short answer I received was this: "It was utterly impossible to obtain leave on my account; you had the misfortune to be my father, and I had a long bill against M——n."

I guess at the particulars, that you have let your wit too loose against some favourites; which is often more highly resented, and harder to be pardoned, than if you had done it against greater persons. It seems then that original sin goes sometimes upwards as well as downwards, and we must suffer for our offspring. Though, notwithstanding this disappointment, owing, I doubt not, to some misconduct, I shall never think it "a misfortune to have been your father." I am sensible it would avail little for me to plead, in proof of my loyalty, the having written and printed the first thing that appeared in defence of the government after the accession of King William and Queen Mary to the crown (which was an answer to a speech without-doors); and I wrote a great many little pieces more, both in prose and verse, with the same view; and that I ever had the most tender affection and deepest veneration for my sovereign and the royal family; on which account it is no secret to you, though it is to most others, that I have undergone the most sensible pains and inconveniences of my whole life, and that for a great many years together; and yet have still, I thank God, retained my integrity firm and immovable, till I have conquered at the last. I must confess I had the—I hope at the least—pardonable vanity, when I had

dedicated two books before to two of our English queens, Queen Mary and Queen Anne, to desire to inscribe a third, which has cost me ten times as much labour as all the rest, to her gracious Majesty Queen Caroline, who, I have heard, is an encourager of learning. And this work, I am sure, needs a royal encouragement, whether or no it may deserve it. Neither would I yet despair of it, had I any friend who would fairly represent that and me to her Majesty. Be that as it pleaseth Him in whose hands are the hearts of all the princes upon earth, and He turneth them whithersoever He pleases.

If we have not subscriptions enough for the cuts, as proposed, we must be content to lower our sails again, and to have only the maps, the picture of Job, which I must have at the beginning, and some few others.

The family, I thank God, is all well; as is your affectionate father,

SAMUEL WESLEY, sen.

Another letter, partly on the same subject, will fitly come in here, though a little out of the order of time. Samuel Wesley, jun., had recently interred his only son, which is the first point to occupy the grandfather's pen.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

June 18th, 1730.

DEAR SON,—This is a thunderbolt indeed to your whole family, but especially to me, who am not now likely to see any of my name in the third generation (though Job did in the fourth), to stand before God. However, this is a new demonstration to me that there must be a hereafter. I trust God will support you both under this heavy and unspeakable affliction. When, and how did he die? And where is his epitaph? Though if sending this now will be too much *refricare vulnus*, I will stay longer for it.

Now for your letter of May 27: the sum is:—

Firstly, as to the placing of the Dissertations. As you say, the prolegomena are something aguish; though that and all the rest I leave (as often before) to your judgment, for my memory is near gone; neither have I the papers in any order by me.

Secondly, the Poetica Descriptio Monstri I think would come in most naturally after all the Dissertations of the Behemoth and Leviathan; but you, having the whole before you, will be the most proper judge.

Thirdly, do with the De Carmine Pastoritio as you please.

Fourthly, Periplus Rubri Maris comes with the geography, when Mr. Hoole has finished it.

Fifthly, I remember no extracts but that from the Catena, which is six hundred and sixteen folio pages; but I think I have got the main of it into thirty quartos, which I finished yesterday, though there is no haste in sending it, for I design it for the appendix.

As for the Testimonia Arianorum *περὶ τοῦ Λόγου*, it happens well that I have a pretty good copy, though not so perfect as that which is lost, and will get Mr. Horberry to transcribe it as soon as he returns from Oxford; though I think it will not come in till towards the latter end of the work, as must your collation at the very end, only before the appendix; and I shall begin to revise it to-morrow.—Blessing on you and yours, from your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY.

During the years 1731 and 1732, Mr. Wesley had some correspondence with Mr. Terry, Mr. Chancellor Newell, at

Lincoln, and the Bishop of Lincoln, in reference to acts of Church discipline enforced in the form of penance against certain adulterous persons in his parish. Dr. A. Clarke and Mr. Tyerman's memoirs of the rector contain this painful correspondence, which it is desirous not to multiply needlessly. It is sufficient to say, that as rector of the parish it was Mr. Wesley's duty to enforce the law against them, and as a strict disciplinarian he did so as far as he could.

During the summer of 1731 the rector met with a serious fall, which caused much apprehension to his family. The graphic description given of the event by Mrs. Wesley to her son John is as follows:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

July 12th, 1731.

DEAR JACKY,—On Friday, June 4th, I, your sister Martha, and our maid, were going in our waggon to see the ground we hire of Mrs. Knight, at Low Millwood. Father sat in a chair at one end of the waggon, I in another at the other end, Mattie between us, and the maid behind me. Just before we reached the close, going down a small hill, the horses took into a gallop, and out flew your father and his chair. The maid, seeing the horses run, hung all her weight on my chair, and kept me from keeping him company. She cried out to William to stop the horses, and that her master was killed. The fellow leaped out of the seat and stayed the horses, then ran to Mr. Wesley, but ere he got to him, two neighbours, who were providentially met together, raised his head, upon which he had pitched, and held him backwards, by which means he began to respire; for it is certain, by the blackness of his face, that he had never drawn breath from the time of his fall till they helped him up. By this time I was got to him, asked him how he did, and persuaded him to drink a little ale, for we had brought a bottle with us. He looked prodigiously wild, but began to speak, and told me he ailed nothing. I informed him of his fall. He said "he knew nothing of any fall: he was as well as ever he was in his life." We bound up his head, which was very much bruised, and helped him into the waggon again, and sat him at the bottom of it, while I supported his head between my hands, and the man led the horses gently home. I sent presently for Mr. Harper, who took a good quantity of blood from him, and then he began to feel pain in several parts, particularly in his side and shoulder. He had a very ill night, but on Saturday morning Mr. Harper came again to him, dressed his head, and gave him something which much abated the pain in his side. We repeated the dose at bedtime, and on Sunday he preached twice, and gave the Sacrament, which was too much for him to do; but nobody could dissuade him from it. On Monday he was ill, and slept almost all day. On Tuesday the gout came, but with two or three nights taking Bateman, it went off again, and he has since been better than could be expected. We thought at first the waggon had gone over him, but it only went over his gown sleeve, and the nails took a little skin off his knuckles, but did him no further hurt.

SUS. WESLEY.

The waggons used in the Isle of Axholme, and about Epworth, were long, light, and narrow vehicles, suited to a country without roads. The above letter, the original of which

the writer has seen, was carefully preserved by John Wesley as a record of God's goodness in preserving his father's life: on the back of it is the endorsement in his own neat handwriting, "My Father's Fall." Mr. Wesley was now approaching his seventieth year, so that the effects of an accident so serious were painful and lasting. Already he had nearly lost the use of his right hand by paralysis, and he was beginning to teach his left hand to write, so that he might devote himself more fully to complete his notes on Job. To this the rector refers in the following letter he wrote to the Rev. Mr. Piggot, vicar of Doncaster, which testifies to the great labour and care he bestowed on that work:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO MR. PIGGOT.

Epworth, February 22nd, 1732–3.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your civil letter. I cannot wonder that any should think long of Job's coming out, though 'tis common in books of this nature, especially when the author is absent from the press, and there are so many cuts and maps in it as must be in mine. However, I owe it to my subscribers, and indeed to myself, to give some farther account of this matter.

Now if Job's friends have need of patience, at seeing him lie so long on the dunghill, or, which is much the same, the printing-house, how much more has Job himself need of it, who is sensible his reputation suffers more and more by the delay of it; though if he himself had died, as he was lately in a very fair way to it, having been as good as given over by three physicians, there would have been no manner of doubt (that every subscriber would have had his book) to any one who knows the character of my son at Westminster. Neither can I yet be satisfied with this, though I have already lost the use of one hand in the service; yet, I thank God, *non deficit altera*, and I begin to put it to school this day to learn to write, in order to help its lame brother. And when it can write legibly, I design, if it please God, for London myself this summer, to push on the editing of it, by helping to correct the press both in text and maps, and to frame the indices; more than which I cannot do. Though there are so few subscribers, very many having forgot their large promises to assist me in it, that I hardly expect to receive £100 clear for all my ten years' pains and labour. If you will be so kind as to communicate this to any of my subscribers who may fall in your way, it may perhaps give some satisfaction to them; however, it will be but a piece of justice to your most obliged friend and brother,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

Another matter of still more urgent importance which occupied the rector's mind was his increasing infirmities, and his desire that one of his sons should succeed him as rector of Epworth. The following letter on this subject will explain itself:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS ELDEST SON.

February 28th, 1732–3.

DEAR SON SAMUEL,—For several reasons I have earnestly desired, especially in and since my last sickness, that you might succeed me in

Epworth; in order to which I am willing and determined to resign the living, provided you could make an interest to have it in my room.

My first and best reason for it is, because I am persuaded you would serve God and His people here better than I have done; though, thanks be to God, after near forty years' labour among them, they grow better, I having had above one hundred at my last Sacrament, whereas I have had less than twenty formerly. My second reason relates to yourself, taken from gratitude, or rather from plain honesty. You have been a father to your brothers and sisters, especially to the former, who have cost you great sums in their education, both before and since they went to the University. Neither have you stopped here; but have showed your pity to your mother and me in a very liberal manner, wherein your wife joined with you when you did not overmuch abound yourselves, and have even done noble charities to my children's children. Now what should I be if I did not endeavour to make you easy to the utmost of my power, especially when I know that neither of you have your health at London. My third is from honest interest; I mean that of our family. You know our circumstances. As for your aged and infirm mother, as soon as I drop she must turn out, unless you succeed me; which if you do, and she survives me, I know you'll immediately take her then to your own house, or rather continue her there, where your wife and you will nourish her, till we meet again in heaven; and you will be a guide and a stay to the rest of the family.

There are a few things more which may seem tolerable reasons to me for desiring you to be my successor, whatever they may appear to others. I have been at very great and uncommon expense on this living—have rebuilt from the ground the parsonage-barn and dovecote; leaded, and planked, and roofed a great part of my chancel; rebuilt the parsonage-house twice when it had been burnt, the first time one wing, the second down to the ground, wherein I lost all my books and manuscripts, a considerable sum of money, all our linen, wearing apparel, and household stuff, except a little old iron, my wife and I being scorched with the flames, and all of us very narrowly escaping with life. This, by God's help, I built again, digging up the old foundations and laying new ones: it cost me above £400, little or nothing of the old materials being left, besides new furniture from top to bottom; for we had now very little more than what Adam and Eve had when they first set up housekeeping. I then planted the two fronts of my house with wall-fruit the second time, as I had done the old, for the former all perished by the fire. I have before set mulberries in my garden, which bear plentifully, as lately cherries, pears, etc., and in the adjoining croft walnuts, and am planting more every day. And this I solemnly declare, not with any manner of view, or so much as hopes, that any of mine should enjoy any of the fruit of my labour, when I have so long since outlived all my friends; but my prospect was for some unknown person, that I might do what became me, and leave the living better than I found it.

And yet I might own I could not help wishing, as 'twas natural, that all my care and charge might not be utterly sunk and lost to my family, but that some of them might be the better for it; though yet I despaired of it for the reason above mentioned, till some time since the best of my parishioners pressed me earnestly to try if I could do anything in it: tho' all I can do is to resign it to you; which I am ready frankly and gladly to do, scorning to make any conditions, for I know you better.

I commend this affair, and you and yours, to God, as becomes your affectionate father,

S. WESLEY.

The offer so thoughtfully made by the father was respectfully declined by the son, and was afterwards made to his son John,

as will be shown by a subsequent letter. In the mean time, though himself oppressed with cares and responsibilities he could not throw off, he did not shrink from doing acts of kindness to others when occasion offered. The truly benevolent character of this excellent man is only ascertained in its details by these varied instances of kindness. The letter following plainly enough indicates the nature of the application :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO MR. PORTER.

Epworth, March 27th, 1733.

MR. PORTER,—Dorothy Whitehead, widow, lately died here, leaving four small children, and all about her house not sufficient to bury her, as you will see by the oath of her executor added to the will; for a will she would have to dispose of a few roods of land, lest her children should fall out about it. It is her brother, Simon Thew, the bearer, who consented to be her executor, that he might take care of her children. I gave him the oath, as you will see, as strictly as I could, and am satisfied it is all exactly true. They were so poor that I forgave them what was my due for it, and so did even my clerk for her burial. If there be any little matter due for the probate of the will, I entreat and believe you will be as low as possible; wherein you know your charity will be acceptable to God, and will much oblige your ready friend, SAM. WESLEY.

P.S.—I hope you have received of the apparitor two guineas more, which I sent you by him some time since for two licenses, which is all I have parted with since the former, being too weak myself (I doubt) to be at the visitation.

To forward the passing of his work on Job through the press Mr. Wesley went to London, where he remained some time. He left John Whitelamb, his curate, to attend to the duties of his parish at Epworth. This young man was born in the neighbourhood of Wroote, and received his limited education at an endowed school established there in 1706. The school was placed under the care of John Romley. This last-named young man studied divinity under Samuel Wesley, graduated at Lincoln College, Oxford, and for a time was Mr. Wesley's curate. He became master of the endowed school at Wroote, in which Whitelamb was taught. Romley was curate at Epworth seven years after Mr. Wesley's death, and as such refused John Wesley permission to preach in Epworth church in 1742. This ungenerous conduct of Romley's led John Wesley to preach on his father's tombstone in the evening to such a congregation as Epworth had never seen before. On a subsequent visit to Epworth, in the same year, Romley refused to give John Wesley the Sacrament. In other ways he set up his own authority against the Lord's chosen servant; and Mr. Wesley has recorded in the second volume of his works that this man afterwards became a drunkard, became insane, and ended his days wretchedly in a madhouse. This man, in his early days, was

of great service to Mr. Wesley in preparing his Dissertations on Job. From what he observed of John Whitelamb at school, he recommended him to Mr. Wesley as an amanuensis.

John Whitelamb was taken from school by Samuel Wesley to reside with him at the rectory at Epworth. Besides the assistance he rendered to the rector, he obtained from him a sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to enter the University; and at the expense chiefly of Mr. Wesley's family he was maintained at Lincoln College, where, under John Wesley for his tutor, he obtained his education gratis. Writing home to his father in June, 1731, John Wesley says: "John Whitelamb reads one English, one Latin, and one Greek book alternately, and never meddles with a new one till he has ended the old one. If he goes on as he has begun, I dare take upon me to say that by the time he has been here four or five years there will not be such a one of his standing in Lincoln College, perhaps not in the University of Oxford." He was so poor that when he required a new gown John Wesley had to beg the money among his friends to make the purchase. He returned to Epworth in 1733, after his ordination, and became Mr. Wesley's curate. He had not long served in this capacity before he was married in January, 1734, to the rector's daughter Mary. The rector, feeling the infirmities of age, being now more than seventy years old, and the effects of his fall adding to his infirmities, whilst he was in London passing his "Job" through the press, he wrote to the Lord Chancellor, in whose gift was the rectory of Wroote, to intercede for his new son-in-law. The aim of the rector was certainly not for his own aggrandisement, but to assist a very deserving poor young man who had been of service to him. Mrs. Wesley describes him as "poor starveling Johnny." He was tall and thin, and contrasted strangely with the short stature of the Wesley family. Mr. Wesley's letter on his behalf is as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

To the Lord Chancellor, for John Whitelamb, now curate of Epworth.

Westminster, January 14th, 1733–4.

MY LORD,—The small rectory of Wroote, in the diocese and county of Lincoln, adjoining to the Isle of Axholme, is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and more than seven years since was conferred on Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth. It lies in our low levels, and is often overflowed—four or five years since I have had it; and the people have lost most or all the fruits of the earth to that degree that it has hardly brought me in fifty pounds per annum, *omnibus annis*, and some years not enough to pay my curate there his salary of £30 a year. This living, by your lordship's permission and favour, I would gladly resign to one Mr. John Whitelamb, born in the neighbourhood of Wroote, as his father and grandfather lived in it, when I took him from among the scholars of a charity school, founded by one Mr. Traver, an attorney, brought him to my house, and educated him

there, where he was my amanuensis for four years, in transcribing my Dissertations on the Book of Job, now well advanced in the press; and drawing my maps and figures for it, as well as we could by the light of nature. After this, I sent him to Oxford, to my son, John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, under whom he made such proficiency, that he was the last summer admitted by the Bishop of Oxford into deacon's orders, and placed my curate in Epworth, while I came up to town to expedite the printing my book.

Since I was here, I gave consent to his marrying one of my seven daughters, and they are married accordingly; and though I can spare little more with her, yet I would gladly give them a little glebe land at Wroote, where I am sure they will not want springs of water. But *they* love the place, though I can get nobody else to reside on it. If I do not flatter myself, he is indeed a valuable person, of uncommon brightness, learning, piety, and indefatigable industry; always loyal to the king, zealous for the Church, and friendly to our Dissenting brethren; and for the truth of this character I will be answerable to God and man. If, therefore, your lordship will grant me the favour to let me resign the living unto him, and please to confer it on him, I shall always remain your lordship's most bounden, most grateful, and most obedient servant, SAMUEL WESLEY.

The Lord Chancellor yielded to Mr. Wesley's request. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1734 (vol. iv. p. 108), is this entry: "Mr. Whitelamb to the rectory of Wroote, Lincolnshire." This was a burden off Mr. Wesley's mind, and afforded some relief to his son-in-law. On the part of Mr. Wesley, it was a giving up of £50 a year, but it was placing that amount permanently at the disposal of his late curate and his daughter. Alas, the latter did not long live to enjoy the privilege of being a rector's wife. She died in the year 1734, in giving birth to her first child. A further notice of Mrs. Whitelamb will be given in another part of this work, with some remarks on her husband's last years and death. The rector wrote to the Bishop of Lincoln respecting the new appointment, immediately on his return home from London.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO BISHOP REYNOLDS.

Epworth, May 2nd, 1734.

MY LORD,—I thank God I got well home, and found all well here. My son-in-law, Mr. Whitelamb, is gone with his wife to reside at Wroote, and takes true pains among the people. He designs to be inducted immediately after visitation.

At my return to Epworth, looking a little among the people, I found there were two strangers come hither, both of which I have discovered to be Papists, though they come to church, and I have hopes of making one or both of them good members of the Church of England. SAM. WESLEY.

Another instance of the benevolence of the mind and heart of Samuel Wesley will be best set forth in the following letter:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO MR. STEPHENSON.

Epworth, May 14th, 1734.

MR. STEPHENSON,—As soon as I heard from John Brown that your kinswoman Stephenson had writ to you for her son Timothy, and that you had

desired her to send for him up, I did not need any to compliment me with desiring my advice or assistance in it; but because it was a charitable action, and I knew the widow was not able to fit him out herself, having been left indifferently with three children beside him, and yet has not hitherto been burdensome to any, I spoke to several of my best parishioners—Mr. John Maw, Mr. Barnard, and others—that we might be as kind to him as we have been to others who have been put apprentices at the public charge, which could be done but meanly at £5, according as you proposed it, though his mother should be able to scratch for a few shoes and stockings besides for him. I went twice on your account and his to a public meeting at the church on this occasion, before I had seen the mother or the boy. But the highest sum we could bring our people to, in order to make a man of him, was no more than £3, which I knew was far short of the matter. The same day, being Sunday last, I went and talked to Mr. John Maw and Mr. Barnard, who were his friends before, and we resolved to make up the rest by a private contribution among ourselves. I think it was the next day that I sent for the lad and his mother to my house, though I had often endeavoured in vain before to see them both. Accordingly they came, and I found he was a lad of spirit, and that he would please you, and be fit for his business, as far as his strength would go; encouraging them both, and telling his mother that she might depend on £5, besides what she herself could do, to set him out. This was all I could do for him in the dark, not having seen the letters that have passed between Mr. Hall and you about him: and if herein I have been over-officious, I hope you will (at the least) excuse it from your obliged friend, SAM. WESLEY.

General James Oglethorpe had now become a man of distinction in England. In 1722 he became a member of the House of Commons. In 1729, owing to his philanthropic efforts on behalf of the sufferers in Fleet Prison, he was employed to obtain the release of many of the poor debtors; and, aided by a public grant of money, took a number of these people as emigrants to Georgia, in America. He returned to London, June 16th, 1734, where he received many marks of public favour. Immediately afterwards, the rector of Epworth addressed to him the following letter:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO GENERAL OGLETHORPE.

Epworth, July 6th, 1734.

HONOURED SIR,—May I be admitted, while such crowds of our nobility and gentry are pouring in their congratulations, to press with my poor mite of thanks into the presence of one who so well deserves the title of universal benefactor to mankind. It is not only your valuable favours on many accounts to my son, late of Westminster, and myself, when I was not a little pressed in the world, nor your more extensive and generous charity to the poor prisoners; it is not this only that so much demands my warmest acknowledgments, as your disinterested and immovable attachment to your country, and your raising a new country, or rather a little world of your own, in the midst of almost wild woods and uncultivated deserts, where men may live free and happy, if they are not hindered by their own stupidity and folly, in spite of the unkindness of their brother mortals. Neither ought I ever to forget your singular goodness to my little scholar and parishioner, and creditor too, John Lyndal; for since he went over I have received some money for him, whereof I sent him the account in my last, both of £10 I have paid for him, and what still remains in my hands for his order, it

seeming necessary that he should make a slip hither into Lincolnshire, if you could spare him for a fortnight or a month, to settle his affairs here with his father's creditors, which I hope he may now nearly do, and then he will have a clear estate left, I think about £6 a year, to dispose of as he pleases. I hope he has behaved with such faithfulness and industry since he has had the honour and happiness of waiting upon you, as not to have forfeited the favour of so good a master.

I owe you, sir, besides this, some account of my little affairs, since the beginning of your expedition. Notwithstanding my own and my son's violent illness, which held me half a year, and him above a twelvemonth, I have made a shift to get more than three parts in four of "Job" printed off, and both the printing, paper, and maps, hitherto paid for. My son John, at Oxford, now his elder brother is gone to Tiverton, takes care of the remainder of the impression in London, and I have an ingenious artist here with me in my house, at Epworth, who is graving and working off the remaining maps and figures for me; so that I hope, if the printer does not hinder me, I shall have the whole ready by next spring, and, by God's leave, be in London myself to deliver the books perfect. I print five hundred copies, as in my proposals, whereof I have above three hundred already subscribed for, and among my subscribers, fifteen or sixteen English bishops, with some of Ireland.

I have not yet done with my own impertinent nostrums. I thank God I creep up-hill more than I did formerly, being eased of the weight of four daughters out of seven, as I hope I shall be of the fifth in a little longer. When Mr. Lyndal comes down, I shall trouble you, by him, with a copy of all the maps and figures which I have yet printed, they costing me no more than the paper, since the graving is over.

If you will be pleased herewith to accept the tender of my most sincere respect and gratitude, you will thereby confer one further obligation on, honoured sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

Five days only after writing his first letter to General Oglethorpe, which was followed by several others before the end of the year, he wrote to some friend from Oxford who was making a short stay in Epworth, offering him the benefit of weekly communion if desired.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO A FRIEND.

Epworth, near Gainsborough,
Lincolnshire, July 11th, 1734.

DEAR FRIEND,—Though I have not been worthy to hear from you, or to have seen any letter of yours since I saw you last, yet I cannot but retain the same warmth of Christian affection for you which I conceived at our first sight and acquaintance, as I believe you did the like for me and mine. Your friend of Queen's, whom we call Nathaniel, and who brought us the last good news of your health, is gone to his relations in Yorkshire, but promises to return and meet you here, when you and your friends come down to see us at our fair in August next. If Charles is short of money, pray tell him he is welcome to twenty shillings here to make him easier in his journey. But I think I can tell you of what will please you more; for last Sunday, at the Sacrament, it was darted into my mind that it was a pity you and your company, while you are here, should be deprived of the benefit of weekly Sacraments, which you enjoy where you are at present; and therefore resolved, if you desire it, while you are here to have the Communion evrey Sunday; and lest some of the parish should grumble at it, the offerings of us

who communicate will defray the small expense of it. And if there be anything else which you can desire that would be more acceptable to you while you are here (though I am sure there cannot), and which is in my power to grant or procure, you are hereby already assured of it. If I could write anything kinder, my dear friend, I would; and I shall see by your acceptance of it, and compliance with it, whether you believe me, your sincere friend and half namesake,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

As in the preceding letter it will be found that he contemplated the religious prosperity of his friends at home, so the following will show Mr. Wesley was not less anxious for the happiness of persons abroad.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO JAMES OGLETHORPE, ESQ.

Epworth, near Gainsborough,
Lincolnshire, November 7th, 1734.

HONOURED SIR,—I am at length, I thank God, slowly recovering from a long illness, during which there have been few days or nights but my heart has been working hard for Georgia, and for my townsman, John Lyndal. It is in answer to the favour of yours, and of his last, that I write these to both. I am extremely concerned lest an inundation of rum should break in upon your colony, and destroy that, as it has almost done some others. But I have some better hopes, because I hear you do not design to plant it with canes, but with some more innocent, and I hope as profitable, produce; any of which, whether mulberries or saffron, I should be glad to hear were yet begun in Georgia. I confess I cannot expect God's blessing, even on the greatest industry, without true piety and the fear of God. I had always so dear a love for your colony that if it had but been ten years ago, I would gladly have devoted the remainder of my life and labours to that place, and think I might before this time have conquered the language, without which little can be done among the natives, if the Bishop of London would have done me the honour to have sent me thither, as perhaps he then might: but that is now over. However, I can still reach them with my prayers, which I am sure will never be wanting.

My letter to Mr Lyndal relates to his own particular affairs here in the country; for though his effects are not large, they ought by no means to be neglected, and I have given him the best advice that I am able; but if your wisdom should think otherwise, I desire the letter may be sunk, or else go forward to him by the next opportunity. With all the thanks I am capable of, I remember your goodness to my son, formerly at Westminster, to myself, and to my parishioner Lyndal; and am, with the truest respect and gratitude, your honour's most obliged and most humble servant,

SAMUEL WESLEY, sen.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO MR. LYNDAL.

Epworth, near Gainsborough,
November 7th, 1734.

MR. LYNDAL,—I have not been a little concerned for the unsettledness of your affairs at Wroote, and in this country, which it is likely might have been in some confusion if I had dropped, as I lately narrowly escaped two dangerous sicknesses. Indeed, what little concerns of yours I had in my hands, being somewhat above £10, the remainder of the brief money, I have taken what care of them I could; and think the best and honestest way you could do would be to pay that money, as far as it will go, towards the interest of what your father had taken up upon his estate while he was living. Mr.

Epworth has been with me several times from his mother. The last time he came he brought me a letter from her, wherein she says there was a bond of £10 and a note of £20, as I remember, due to Mr. Epworth's father. She desired that you would pay off the £10, with interest, and they would stay for the £20. I told him that could not be done, because there was so little money amongst us all; and therefore I thought the fairest and wisest way was to divide the money I had in my hand to pay the interest proportionally, as far as it would go, for then it would at least sink some of it.

As for your estate, which is in the tenure of Robert Brumby, I suppose about £5 or £6 a year, I cannot think it at all advisable to put him under such a temptation as to leave it entirely in his disposal, but think it would be much better for you to fix two or three trustees, and make him yearly accountable to them. If you like it, I will be one of them myself, as long as I live; my son Whitelamb would be another; and we think we could persuade Mr. Romley, the schoolmaster, to be the third, who so well understands the whole matter.

And now I have some little inquiries to make of your new country? Whether there is any of our ministers understands their language, and can preach to them without an interpreter? Whether they speak the same language with those Indians who are near them, of Saltzburg and Carolina; or of those of New England, who, I know, have the Bible translated into their language? Whether your Indians have the Lord's Prayer in their language?—which, if they have, I desire you would send me a copy of it in your next. In all which, especially in loving God and your neighbour, you would exceedingly oblige your sincere friend, SAMUEL WESLEY, sen.

P.S.—I have just now sent for your uncle, John Barrow, and find your father owed him £4 10s., borrowed money; and Goody Stephenson, of our town (left her by her sister, of Wroote), £5. John Barrow is willing to take it when you can pay him, without interest; and so should Stephenson, too, but only she is poor, and therefore I'll give her 5s. on your account, if you think fit. Let me hear from you as soon as you can after the receipt of this.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO JAMES OGLETHORPE, ESQ.

Epworth, December 7th, 1734.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot express how much I am obliged by your last kind and instructive letter concerning the affairs of Georgia. I could not read it over without sighing (though I have read it several times), when I again reflected on my own age and infirmities, which made such an expedition utterly impracticable for me. Yet my mind worked hard about it; and it is not impossible but Providence may have directed me to such an expedient as may prove more serviceable to your colony than I should ever have been.

The thing is thus. There is a young man who has been with me a pretty many years, and assisted me in my work of Job; after which I sent him to Oxford, to my son John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, who took care of his education, where he behaved himself very well, and improved in piety and learning. Then I sent for him down, having got him into deacon's orders, and he was my curate in my absence in London; when I resigned my small living of Wroote to him, and he was instituted and inducted there. I likewise consented to his marrying one of my daughters, there having been a long and intimate friendship between them. But neither he nor I were so happy as to have them live long together, for she died in childbed of her first child. He was so inconsolable at her loss that I was afraid he would soon have followed her; to prevent which I desired his company here at my own house, that he might have some amusement and business by assisting

me in my cure during my illness. It was then, sir, I just received the favour of yours, and let him see it for his diversion; more especially because John Lyndal and he had been fellow-parishioners and schoolfellows at Wroote, and had no little kindness one for the other. I made no great reflection on the thing at first; but soon after, when I found he had thought often upon it, was very desirous to go to Georgia himself, and wrote the inclosed letter to me on the subject, and I knew not of any person more proper for such an undertaking, I thought the least I could do was to send the letter to your honour, who would be so very proper a judge of the affair; and if you approve, I shall not be wanting in my addresses to my Lord Bishop of London, or any other, since I expect to be in London myself at spring, to forward the matter, as far as it will go.

As for his character, I shall take it upon myself, that he is a good scholar, a sound Christian, and a good liver. He has a very happy memory, especially for languages, and a judgment and intelligence not inferior. My eldest son, at Tiverton, has some knowledge of him, concerning whom I have writ to him since your last to me. My two others, his tutor at Lincoln, and my third of Christ Church, have been long and intimately acquainted with him; and I doubt not but they will give him, at least, as just a character as I have done. And here I shall rest the matter till I have the honour of hearing again from you; and shall either drop it or prosecute it as appears most proper to your maturer judgment; ever remaining your honour's most sincere and most obliged friend and servant, SAMUEL WESLEY.

Mr. Wesley's anxiety respecting a successor for the rectory of Epworth occupied his thoughtful attention during nearly the whole of the last six months of the year 1734. Both the Samuel Wesleys, father and son, tried their utmost persuasiveness to induce John Wesley to consent to accept the rectory of Epworth. The letters of both are printed by Dr. Priestley in his volume of "Original Letters by John Wesley and his Friends," 8vo, 1791. After a thorough consideration of the whole subject, John Wesley determined to decline the proposal, and to remain at Oxford. His reasons were expressed in detail in a letter to his father, written about the end of 1734. He sent a copy of this document to his brother Samuel, by desire of his brother Charles, on January 15th, 1735. This letter occupies twenty octavo pages in Priestley's collection, and it contains twenty-six reasons for declining to become rector of Epworth.

Regardless of this elaborate statement, the rector proceeds to answer some of the objections John had raised. This is the last letter preserved of Samuel Wesley's to John; and this would have been lost had not a copy been sent to Samuel Wesley, jun., through whose descendants it reached Dr. Priestley, who printed it. It is as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON JOHN.

November 20th, 1734.

DEAR SON,—Your statement of the question and only argument is this: "The question is not whether I could do more good there or here, but whether I could do more good to myself; seeing wherever I can be most

holy myself, there I can most promote holiness in others. But I can improve myself more at Oxford than at any other place."

To this I answer :—

First, it is not dear self, but the glory of God, and the different degrees of promoting it, which should be our main consideration and direction in the choice of any course of life. Witness St. Paul and Moses.

Second, supposing you could be more holy yourself at Oxford, how does it follow that you could more promote holiness in others there than elsewhere? Have you found any instances of it, after so many years' hard pains and labour? Further, I dare say, you are more modest and just than to say there are no holier men than you at Oxford; and yet it is possible they may not have promoted holiness more than you have done, as I doubt not but that you might have done it much more had you taken the right method, for there is a particular turn of mind for these matters—great prudence as well as fervour.

Third, I cannot allow austerity or fasting, considered by themselves, to be proper acts of holiness; nor am I for a solitary life. God made us for a social life; we are not to bury our talents; we are to let our light shine before men, and that not barely through the chinks of a bushel, for fear the wind should blow it out. The design of lighting it was that it might give light to all that went into the house of God. To this, academical studies are only preparatory.

Fourth, you are sensible what figures those make who stay in the University till they are superannuated. I cannot think drowsiness promotes holiness. How commonly do they drone away their lives, either in a college, or in a country parsonage, where they can only give God the snuffs of them, having nothing of life or vigour left to make them useful in the world.

Fifth, we are not to fix our eye on one single point of duty, but to take in the complicated view of all the circumstances in every state of life that offers. Thus, in the case before us, put all circumstances together. If you are not indifferent whether the labours of an aged father, for above forty years, in God's vineyard be lost, and the fences of it trodden down and destroyed; if you consider that Mr. M—— must in all probability succeed me if you do not, and that the prospect of that mighty Nimrod's coming hither shocks my soul and is in a fair way of bringing my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; if you have any care for our family, which must be dismally shattered as soon as I am dropped; if you reflect on the dear love and longing which this dear people has for you, whereby you will be enabled to do God the more service, and the plenteousness of the harvest, consisting of near two thousand souls, whereas you have not many more scholars in the University; you may perhaps alter your mind, and bend your will to His, who has promised, if in all our ways we acknowledge Him, He will direct our paths. SAMUEL WESLEY.

After such an appeal, it is the most natural conclusion a reasonable mind could arrive at that compliance would at once follow. Viewed, however, in the light of subsequent events, we can see why, in the order of Divine Providence, John Wesley should refuse to take charge of the parish of Epworth, with its two thousand inhabitants, when, but a short time afterwards, he adopted for his life-long motto, "The world is my parish." In this no one would have more thoroughly acquiesced than his father, could he but have foreseen the blessed results which, within seven years, attended the evangelistic labours of his two

younger sons. Both father and son Samuel were arrayed against the decision of John; but both were called from this transitory life before the great life-work of the Fellow of Lincoln College had shaped itself into the form in which it was to be made a blessing, not to Epworth, not to Oxford, not to England only, but to the whole world.

Knowing fully, as did both the elder and younger Samuel Wesley, that when John's mind was made up to any course of action which he believed to be right they were not able to turn him, the father, with John's ultimatum before him, opened his mind yet once more to his more pliant son Samuel, who had on two occasions yielded to his father's wishes and changed his course of life. This is the last letter which the venerable rector is believed to have sent, and it is full of painfully interesting details:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, December 4th, 1734.

DEAR SON,—Having a pretty many things to write to you, and those of no small moment, and being for the most part confined to my house by pain and weakness, so that I have not yet ventured to church on a Sunday, I have just now sat down to try if I can reduce my thoughts into any tolerable order; though I can write but few lines in a day, which yet, being under my own hand, may not be the less acceptable to you.

I shall throw what I have a mind you should know under three heads: First, what most immediately concerns our own family; second, Dick Ellison, the wen of my family, and his poor insects that are sucking me to death; third, J. Whitelamb. And, perhaps, in postscript, a little of my own personal affairs, and of the poor.

First, of our family—where, if I see anything, all "Job" is at stake, for your brother John has at last writ me "that it is now his unalterable resolution not to accept of Epworth living, if he could have it;" and the reason he gives for it is in these words: "The question is not whether I could do more good to others *there* or *here*"—though I am apt to think that is the very pinch of the question to every good man; for, indeed, what he adds is the same in effect, and I can make no more than an identical proposition of it, which differs not in sense from the former; for thus he goes on with it—"but whether I could do more good to myself; seeing wherever I can be most holy myself, there, I am assured, I can most promote holiness in others. But I am equally assured there is no place under heaven so fit for my improvement as Oxford. Therefore," etc.

Thus stands his argument, the whole of which seems to me to be existical, as his manner is, following that great man's words too close, as he did the sophists, though not to his honour; for this way was much better calculated to silence an adversary, and to puzzle and perplex a cause, than to instruct or convince others; as is now generally owned of his argument from reminiscence, and many more, cast in the same or the like mould with it. Yet, though I am no more fond of this griping and wrangling distemper than I am of Mr. Harpur's boluses and clysters (for age would fain have rest), I sat myself down to try if I could unravel his sophisms, and hardly one of his assertions appeared to me to be universally true. I think the main of my answer was that he seemed to mistake the end of academical studies, which were chiefly preparatory, in order to qualify men to instruct others.

He thinks there is no place so fit for his improvement as Oxford. As to many sorts of useful knowledge, it may be nearly true; but surely there needs be a knowledge, too, of men and things (which have not been thought the most attainable in a cloister), as well as of books, or else we shall find ourselves of much less use in the world. And I am not assured that there is not a *ne plus ultra*, as to parts and useful knowledge, in particular men, as I am too sure there is in the strength of the body; and that and the strength of the mind depend very much on one another. But the best and greatest improvement is in solid piety and religion, and which is handy to be got, or promoted, by being hung up in Socrates' basket. Besides, be austerity and mortification either a means of promoting holiness or in some degree a part of it, yet why may not a man exercise these in his own house as strictly as in any college in any University in Europe, and perhaps with less censure and observation? Neither can I understand the meaning or drift of being thus ever learning, and never coming to a due proficiency in the knowledge and practice of the truth, so as to be able commendably to instruct others in it.

Thus far I have written with my own hand in the original, both to you and your brother, for many days together; but am now so heartily tired that I must, contrary to my resolution above, get my son Whitelamb to transcribe and finish it. I have done what I could, with such a shattered head and body, to satisfy the scruples which your brother has raised against my proposal from conscience and duty: but if your way of thinking be the same with mine, especially after you have read and weighed what follows, you will be able to convince him in a much clearer and stronger manner; though if you are not satisfied yourself of his obligation to take it, if it may be procured, I cannot expect you should satisfy him. The remaining considerations I offered to him on that head were for the most part such as follow: I urged to him, among other things, the great precariousness of my own health, and sensible decay of my strength, so that he would hardly know me if he saw me now, which will not admit of a long time for consultation. The deplorable state in which I should leave your mother and the family, without an almost miraculous interposition of Providence, which we are not to presume upon when we neglect the means, if my offer should be rejected till it were too late. The loss of near forty years' (I hope honest) labour in this place, where I could expect no other but that the field which I have been so long sowing with (I trust) good seed, and the vineyard which I have planted with no ignoble vine, must be soon rooted up and the fences of it broken down; for I think I know my successor, who, I am morally satisfied, would be no other than Mr. P——, if your brothers both slight it; and I shall have work enough, if my life should last so long, to accomplish it; and, behold, there seems to be a price now put into their hands, or, at least, some probability of it. If they go on to reject it, I hope I am clear before God and man as to that whole affair. I hinted at one thing, which I mentioned in my letter to your brother, whereon I depend more than upon all my own simple reasoning; and that is, earnest prayer to Him who smiles at the strongest resolutions of mortals, and can, in a moment, change or demolish them; who alone can bend the inflexible sinew, and order the irregular wills of us sinful men to His own glory, and to our happiness; and, while the anchor holds, I despair of nothing, but firmly believe that He who is best will do what is best, whether we earnestly will it or appear never so averse from it; and there I rest the whole matter, and leave it with Him to whom I have committed all my concerns, without exception and without reserve, for soul and body, estate and family, time and eternity.

As to the second part of my letter, concerning R. Ellison, I have at least as little hope in the prospect of it as I have in the former, though I have charity crammed down my throat every day, and sometimes his company

at meals, which you will believe as pleasant to me as all my physic. That is beyond the reach of all my little prudence, and therefore I find I must leave it, as I have done in some good measure before, to Him who orders all things.

The third part of my letter, which is of almost as great concern as the former, and on some accounts perhaps greater, is in relation to my son Whitelamb—the whole affair whereof you will find contained in a letter I lately sent to Mr. Oglethorpe, and in my son Whitelamb's to myself, which I sent inclosed, a post or two since, to the same gentleman, who desired me in his last to give his respects to you at Tiverton when I wrote next to you; which letters are so full, that they have exhausted what we had to say on that subject; and nothing at present need or can be added. I desire you therefore to weigh the whole with the utmost impartiality; and if you are of the same mind with myself and your mother, who entirely approves of the design, that you would yourself write to Mr. Oglethorpe, as I promised you would, and send him your thoughts, and use your good offices about it.

And now, as to my own minute affairs, I doubt not but you will, as you gave me hopes when you went into Devon, improve your interest among the gentlemen, your friends, and get me some more subscribers, as likewise an account whether there be any prospect yet remaining of obtaining any favour from the Duke of (I think) Newcastle, in relation to the affair.
—Yours, S. W.

This long letter was the last business which the good rector was permitted to undertake in this world, and having despatched it, he was content to linger out four months in weariness and pain, and then to close his earthly pilgrimage, his physical powers exhausted, but his mind clear and vigorous. His courage and strength served him to write half the letter himself; but the latter half was written by his son-in-law, then the rector of Wroote, who had only a few days before buried all that was mortal of his devotedly attached wife. He had come to the home of the departed Mary Wesley to seek consolation.

It was evident to the rector's family that his infirmities were increasing; and every hour he gave to try and complete his work on "Job" only lessened the hope of recovery. Mrs. Wesley, in a letter to her son John, says: "Your father is in a very bad state of health; he sleeps little, and eats less. He seems not to have any apprehension of his approaching exit, but I fear he has but a short time to live. It is with much pain and difficulty that he performs Divine service on the Lord's day, which sometimes he is obliged to contract very much. Everybody observes his decay but himself." He acted on the maxim, "Rather wear out than rust out." In this spirit he continued so long as he was able; and when, through excess of weakness, it became too evident to Mrs. Wesley that the end was drawing nigh, his sons John and Charles were summoned to Epworth to witness the closing scene.

All the time he was laid aside he enjoyed a clear sense of his

acceptance with God, which testimony he gave to his son John more than once in these words: "The inward witness, son, the inward witness; this is the proof, the strongest proof, of Christianity."

The day before he died, he said to Charles, "The weaker I am in the body the stronger and more sensible support I feel from God. There is but a step between me and death." As previously arranged, he gathered his family around his bed, and once more with them partook of the emblems of the Saviour's death. He was so exceeding weak and full of pain, it was with the utmost difficulty he could receive the elements. Immediately after the service he appeared full of faith and peace, which extended even to his body. John Wesley asked, "Sir, are you in much pain?" He answered aloud, with a smile, "God does chasten me with pain; yea, all my bones with strong pain. But I thank Him for all; I bless Him for all; I love Him for all." When asked, not long before his release, "Are the consolations of God small with you?" he replied aloud, "No, no, no!" Calling all that were near him by their names, he said, "Think of heaven, talk of heaven; all the time is lost when we are not thinking of heaven."

Just before sunset, on April 25th, 1735, his son John used the Commendatory Prayer, when his father said, "Now you have done all;" and about the time the sun set in the west that evening the released spirit of Samuel Wesley peacefully entered heaven. His passage was so smooth that his children knew not the moment when life ceased.

Charles Wesley's account of his father's death is very circumstantial, and is as follows:—

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER SAMUEL.

Epworth, April 30th, 1735.

DEAR BROTHER,—After all your desire of seeing my father alive, you are at last assured you must see his face no more, till raised in incorruption. You have reason to envy us, who could attend him in the last stage of his illness. The few words he uttered I have saved. Some of them were: "Nothing too much to suffer for heaven. The weaker I am in body, the stronger and more sensible support I feel from God. There is but a step between me and death. To-morrow I would see you all with me round this table, that we may once more drink of the cup of blessing, before we drink of it new in the kingdom of God. With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I die."

The morning he was to communicate he was so exceeding weak and full of pain that he could not without the utmost difficulty receive the elements, often repeating, "Thou shakest me! thou shakest me!" But immediately after receiving there followed the most visible alteration. He appeared full of faith and peace, which extended even to his body; for he was so much better that we almost hoped he would have recovered. The fear of death he had entirely conquered; and at last gave up his latest

human desires—of finishing "Job," paying his debts, and seeing you. He often laid his hands upon my head, and said, "Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not." To my sister Emily he said, "Do not be concerned at my death; God will then begin to manifest Himself to my family." When we were met about him, his usual expression was, "Now let me hear you talk about heaven." On my asking him whether he did not find himself worse, he replied, "Oh, my Charles, I feel a great deal. God chastens me with strong pain; but I praise Him for it; I thank Him for it; I love Him for it." On the 25th his voice failed him, and nature seemed entirely spent; when, on my brother's asking whether he was not near heaven, he answered distinctly, and with the most of hope and triumph that could be expressed in sounds, "Yes, I am." He spoke once more, just after my brother had used the commendatory prayer. His last words were: "Now you have done all." This was about half an hour after six; from which time till sunset he made signs of offering up himself, till my brother having again used the prayer, the very moment it was finished he expired.

His passage was so smooth and insensible that, notwithstanding the stopping of his pulse, and ceasing of all sign of life and motion, we continued over him a good while, in doubt whether the soul was departed or no. My mother, who for several days before he died hardly ever went into his chamber but she was carried out again in a fit, was far less shocked at the news than we expected; and told us that "now she was heard, in his having so easy a death, and her being strengthened so to bear it."

Though you have lost your chief reason for coming, yet there are others which make your presence more necessary than ever. My mother would be exceedingly glad to see you as soon as can be.

We have computed the debts, and find they amount to above £100, exclusive of cousin Richardson's. Mrs. Knight, her landlady, seized all her quick stock, valued at above £40, for £15 my father owed her, on Monday last, the day he was buried.* And my brother this afternoon gives a note for the money, in order to get the stock at liberty to sell, for security of which he has the stock made over to him. and will be paid as it can be sold. My father was buried very frugally, yet decently, in the churchyard, according to his own desire.

It will be highly necessary to bring all accounts of what he owed you, that you may mark all the goods in the house as principal creditor, and thereby secure to my mother time and liberty to sell them to the best advantage. *Chartas omnes et epistolas præcipuas opposita cera in, adventum tuum reservo.* [All papers and letters of importance I have sealed up, and keep till you come.]

Kezzy and Mr. H—— have parted for ever. Your advice in hers, and in many other cases, will be absolutely necessary. If you take London in your way, my mother desires you will remember that she is a clergyman's widow. Let the society give her what they please, she must be still in some degree burdensome to you, as she calls it. How do I envy you that glorious burden, and wish I could share it with you! You must put me in some way of getting a little money, that I may do something in this shipwreck of the family, though it be no more than furnishing a plank.

I should be ashamed of having so much business in my letter, were it not necessary. I would choose to write and think of nothing but my father. Ere we meet, I hope you will have finished his elegy.—I am your affectionate brother, CHARLES WESLEY.

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*It appears from the register of burials belonging to Epworth church that he was buried April 28th, three days after his death, but no year is given.

It is proper to mention here that Mr. Wesley never fully recovered from the fall he had out of the waggon in 1731, when going to see the ground he rented from Mrs. Knight. During the year 1733 he had a severe illness, which totally disabled him for six months. Recovering from this affliction, the first text from which he preached was, "Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee" (John v. 14). Weakness and infirmity greatly increasing upon him, health failed, he slept little, and ate less. Preaching as long as he possibly could, the last entry of his sermons delivered at Epworth is dated August 18th, 1734, when he preached from—"Is it not wheat harvest to-day?" (1 Sam. xii. 17.) Dr. Clarke has preserved an outline of the sermon. The account of his death written by Charles was not published till 1791, when Dr. Priestley inserted it in his "Original Letters," p. 55. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1735 (p. 276), his death is thus recorded: "Died, April 25th, at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, M.A., rector of that parish, a person of singular parts, piety, and learning, author of several poetical and controversial pieces. He had for some years been composing a critical dissertation on the Book of Job, which he has left unfinished, and almost printed. He proved ever since his minority a most zealous assertor of the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England."

In the *London Magazine* for 1735, his death is noticed, and he is stated to be "the Rev. and learned Samuel Wesley." A correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1818 (p. 601) thus speaks of him: "Mr. Samuel Wesley was a man of considerable learning and great ingenuity. His paraphrase of the Book of Job incontestably proves the extent and depth of his erudition. His poetry, indeed, is not generally admired; yet there is one performance which abundantly compensated for all those in which he failed—his translation of Eupolis' hymn to the Creator."

Thus terminated the earthly career of Samuel Wesley, a man whose piety, learning, and industry have seldom, or never, been surpassed, and not often equalled, by those who have occupied the highest places in the Church of England.

Three days after his death he was interred amidst the sorrowing regrets of a large number of his parishioners, and in the most simple and inexpensive manner. A plain tomb of brickwork was raised over his remains, and on a grit slab which covered the same the following inscription was rudely cut by a country mason, whose want of taste in dividing the lines was not equal to his skill in cutting the letters. The epitaph, we are informed by Samuel Wesley, jun., was written by Mrs. Wesley.

HERE
Lyeth all that was
Mortal of SAMUEL WESLEY,
A.M. He was rector of EP-
WORTH 39 years and departed
this Life 25 of April 1735
Aged 72.
As he liv'd so he died,
in the true Catholick Faith
of the Holy Trinity in Unity,
And that JESUS CHRIST is God
incarnate: and the only
Saviour of Mankind,
Acts iv. 12.
Blessed are the dead
Which die in the Lord, yea
saith the Spirit that they may
rest from their Labours and
their works do follow them.
Rev. xiv. 13.

However suitable such an epitaph might then be considered, it is not worthy a man of such distinguished abilities, patience, courage, and endurance. Up till the year 1819 such was Samuel Wesley's tomb. In that year Dr. Clarke, finding the inscription nearly obliterated, had attention directed to it, and it was rearranged and re-cut. It has been said that the stone was turned, but it has since been ascertained that such was not the case. The tomb altogether fell into a condition of hopeless dilapidation a few years ago, and public attention was called to the circumstance through the newspapers. Proposals for its restoration were plentiful, but no one came forward with sufficient energy and decision, for some time, to provide a remedy. The rector of Epworth was not favourable to any scheme which should materially alter the tomb of his predecessor. His own desire was to remove the brickwork, which had fallen down, and place the stone on the ground. Ultimately, Mrs. Lucy Read, a lady residing in the High Street, Epworth, consented to bear the cost of the restoration of the tomb, and it was thoroughly done in the year 1872. Mrs. Read is a generous supporter of Methodism in Epworth.

The fact of John Wesley preaching on his father's tomb in 1742 has made it of almost national importance. This incident in his life has been popularised most by the frequent engravings which have been published, representing Mr. Wesley and part of his congregation. The inhabitants of the town have handed down to the present day the knowledge of the exact spot on which he is said to have stood, and this is indicated by the two asterisks beneath the inscription, which is a literal copy, line for line, as it was rearranged in 1819, and re-cut deeper in 1872.

The flat stone tablet, which for more than one hundred and thirty-six years rested on some low brickwork, is now placed on a handsome structure of stone, and surrounded by a low ornamental railing. When the repairs were made recently, the under side of the stone was found to be in its rough state just as it was riven from the quarry. Where the two asterisks are there are two rough pieces of ironstone. No other members of the family having been interred there after the rector, the unoccupied space on the stone has not been used.

HERE
Lieth all that was Mortal
of Samuel Wesley A.M. he was
Rector of Epworth 39 years
and departed this Life 25 of
April 1735 Aged 72.

As he liv'd so he died in the
true Catholic Faith of the
Holy trinity in unity and
that Jesus Christ is God,
incarnate and the only Saviour
of mankind. Acts iv. 12.

Blessed are the dead which
die in the Lord yea saith the
Spirit that they may rest
from their labours and their
works do follow them.
Rev. xiv. 13.

* *

Samuel Wesley the younger wrote an elegy on his father's death, which John printed in the first volume of the *Arminian Magazine*, 1778 (p. 141), where it occupies two pages and a half. The following are the chief portions:—

UPON MY FATHER.

With opening life his early worth began,
The boy misleads not, but foreshows the man;
Directed wrong, though first he missed the way,
Trained to mistake, and disciplined to stray;
Not long: for reason gilded error's night,
And doubts, well founded, shot a dawn of light:

Nor prejudice o'erswayed his heart and head,
Resolved to follow truth where'er she led,
The radiant track audacious to pursue,
From fame, from interest, and from friends he flew.
Those shocked him first who laugh at human sway,
Who preach, "Because commanded, disobey;"
Alike the crown and mitre who forswore,
And scoffed profanely at the martyr's gore;
Though not in vain the sacred current flow'd
Which gave this champion to the Church of God.
No worldly views the real convert call;
He sought God's altar when it seemed to fall;
To Oxford hasted even in dangerous days,
When royal anger struck the fated place;
When senseless policy was pleased to view
With favour all religions but the true;
When a king's hand amazed they saw,
And troops were ordered to supply the law.

* * * *

Nor yet unmentioned shall in silence lie
His slighted and derided poetry;
Whate'er his stains, still glorious was his end,
Faith to assert, and virtue to defend.
He sung how God the Saviour deigned to expire,
With Vida's piety, though not his fire;
Deduced his Maker's praise from age to age,
Through the long annals of the sacred page;
And not inglorious was the poet's fate
Liked and rewarded by the good and great:
For gracious smiles, not pious Anne denied,
And beauteous Mary blessed him when she died.

A gentleman who desired John Wesley to send him an account of his father's *Notitia Parochialis*, received from him a letter dated Newcastle, November 16th, 1742, in which he says, "My father's method was to visit all his parishioners, sick or well, from house to house, to talk with each of them on the things of God, and observe severally the state of their souls. What he then observed he minuted down in a book kept for that purpose. In this manner he went through his parish (which was near three miles long) three times. He was visiting it the fourth time round, when he fell into his last sickness."

Wit and wisdom were both largely developed in the members of the Wesley family. The rector of Epworth, on several occasions, manifested this peculiarity. Wit, mirth, and sarcasm are distinguishing features in the writings of Samuel Wesley the younger, and the same disposition of mind marks some of the members of the family at the present time. One day the rector of Epworth was invited to dine at the house of an eccentric and covetous man at Temple Belwood, near Epworth, with others of his neighbours. Such an act of generosity had never before

been witnessed under his roof. After dinner, the rector was asked to return thanks, and all standing up, he delivered the following extempore grace :—

> Thanks for this feast! for 'tis no less
> Than eating manna in the wilderness.
> There meagre famine bears controlless sway
> And ever drives each fainting wretch away;
> Yet here—O how beyond a saint's belief!—
> We've seen the glories of a chine of beef:
> Here chimneys smoked which never smoked before,
> And we have dined where we shall dine no more!

Perhaps in that age of loose manners such playful sarcasm at a time of devotion might pass without censure. That it did so may be inferred from the response of him who gave the dinner, who, confirming the closing line, added: "No, gentlemen; it is too expensive."

A story is related by Dr. Clarke, in detail, to the effect that the eccentric and illiterate clerk at the parish church vainly thought himself only a little inferior in position to the rector himself, and that the rector resorted to an act of facetious drollery during Divine worship to try and cure the vanity and self-conceit of the official. Dr. Clarke's version he received from John Wesley himself; Miss Sarah Wesley's version, in her own handwriting, is now before the writer, as furnished to her by her own father, the Rev. Charles Wesley, and her aunt Martha Hall. She affirms that her grandfather did not appoint that the clerk should give out the second lines of a psalm, to be commenced by the rector, but that the whole matter was an emanation from the clerk himself, who is said to have given out as a Sunday morning psalm to be sung :—

> Like to an owl in an ivy bush—
> That rueful thing am I.

In none of the old psalm-books—certainly not in that of Sternhold's, which was in use in Epworth church—is there a psalm commencing with a line like the above. Miss Wesley's pertinent remarks are these: "A pious pastor like my grandfather would not have excited a laugh in a sacred place, or punished a silly blockhead at the expense of interrupting the devotion of a whole congregation; but as anecdotes never lose by tradition, you have heard that it was design, not accident." In a subsequent letter, Miss Wesley stoutly maintains that her uncle John's version of the story is incorrect. It may have been that the old clerk had on one of the rector's cast-off wigs, and his vanity might require subduing, but that was not done by Samuel Wesley in the manner indicated by Dr. Clarke. The

lines above quoted cannot be found in any version of the Psalms then known to be in use, but in an edition of Sternhold's with the date of 1729, there is a verse which runs thus:—

> And as an owl in desert is,
> Lo, I am such an one;
> I watch, and as a sparrow on
> The house-top am alone.

There is no date given to the anecdote, therefore it is possible that these lines may have been used by the clerk on the occasion referred to.

It is not doubted, however, that the same spirit of vanity was natural to the old clerk, who, on another occasion, after King William had returned to London after one of his expeditions, gave out in Epworth church:—

Let us sing to the praise and glory of God—a hymn of my own composing:—

> King William is come home, come home,
> King William home is come;
> Therefore let us together sing
> The hymn that's called—Te D'um!

In person, the rector of Epworth was short in stature, standing 5 feet 5½ inches high, of a spare but athletic make. In figure and in other matters his son John much resembled him; and more recently, Mr. Samuel Wesley, the celebrated musician, was his counterpart in face and figure. This likeness is believed to be faithfully portrayed in the frontispiece to the Dissertations on Job. The features are preserved in some living members of the family.

No one can read the history of Mr. Wesley's life without a feeling of admiration and even affection. After the lapse of more than a century, his nobleness of disposition, his heroic forbearance and endurance, his painstaking care of his children, his indefatigable search after truth, his loyalty to the king, and above all his ardent piety towards God, make his memory more fragrant as time rolls on. He was a rigid disciplinarian both in the church and in his family; and he carefully and statedly visited all his parishioners, whether they attended his church or not. If he saw but little fruit of his labours during his lifetime, it has appeared since his death. His labours were far from being barren during his residence amongst the people, but the happy results were more visible after his death than they were before. He was the author of some of the best books in the English language; and the father of the greatest evangelist of modern times, and of the best sacred poet that has flourished during the Christian era.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

Mother of the Founder of Methodism.

Methodism owes much to the "mother of the Wesleys" for its practical organisation, discipline, and success. The mental and moral training which both John and Charles Wesley received from their mother in early life, included in its effects the germs of that self-conquest and self-government which formed the basis of that decision of character for God and holy living which is so strongly manifested in their life and work. The manner in which these germs of religious life were implanted and nurtured will be indicated in the following account of Mrs. Wesley's conduct in her family.

The first twenty and the last two years of her life were passed in London; all the fifty intervening years were spent as a clergyman's wife or widow in the retirement of country life, and within so limited a sphere as seldom falls to the lot of one whom the religious world raises out of obscurity to high and deserved eminence. Neither at the beginning nor ending of Mrs. Wesley's earthly pilgrimage were there any indications of that honourable distinction which now so deservedly attaches to her name and memory.

Susanna Annesley was the twenty-fourth child of her mother and the twenty-fifth child of her father; she was born January 20th, 1669. Her father was the learned Samuel Annesley, LL.D., at that time pastor of a Nonconformist church which he had himself raised in Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street. John Wesley had engraved on his mother's tombstone the words: "Youngest and last surviving daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley." The place of her birth, her father's residence, was a short, narrow, obscure opening, known as Spital Yard, situated between Bishopsgate Street and Spital Square. At that time those dwellings were the abodes of wealthy and respectable citizens. The house which blocks the lower end of the yard is believed to have been the residence of Pastor Annesley.

A remarkable anecdote is related by Dr. Calamy in reference to the birth of this child. "How many children has Dr. Annesley?" said a friend to Dr. Thomas Manton, who had just consecrated another to the Lord in the ordinance of baptism. "I believe it is two dozen, or a quarter of a hundred," was the ready reply. For many years it was difficult to determine which of these two numbers was the correct one. The investigation of this point by the Rev. John Kirk has made the matter plain. Dr. Annesley was twice married. His first wife and first child both died, and were buried at Cliffe, in Kent, where the doctor commenced his ministerial career. Soon after coming to London, he married, for his second wife, Miss White, who became the mother of twenty-four children, of whom Susanna was the youngest.

The father of Samuel Wesley's mother, and the father of Susanna Wesley's mother were both named John White. The former was known as the "Patriarch of Dorchester;" the latter was equally distinguished in London as a lawyer. John White, from whom Susanna was descended, was born in Higlan, Pembrokeshire, June 29th, 1590. He graduated at Jesus College, Oxford, and choosing the law for his profession, completed his studies at the Middle Temple, London, of which Society he became a bencher. As a barrister, the Puritans gave him much of their patronage. In 1640 he was elected Member of Parliament for Southwark, and took an active part in those proceedings which led to the death of Charles I. and the overthrow of the Church under the Commonwealth. He was chairman of the Committee for Religion, and a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. In a speech of his delivered in Parliament, and published in 1641, he contends that the office of bishop and presbyter are the same; and that deacons, vicars, and such like offices are of human origin, and ought to be abolished. In 1643, as chairman of the aforesaid committee, he had to consider one hundred cases of clergymen living scandalous lives, which he published under the title of "The First Century of Scandalous Malignant Priests." This makes a quarto book of fifty-seven pages, a copy of which is in the King's Library at the British Museum. The reader will not need to go far to discover that the clergymen there described were examples of the most vicious kind, and scandalous indeed. John White died January 29th, 1644, and was buried with much ceremony in the Temple Church, where a marble tablet was placed over his grave with this inscription:—

Here lyeth a John, a burning, shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all were WHITE.

The mother of Susanna Wesley is thus remembered as belonging to an honourable and pious parentage, although but little is recorded concerning her. She was a woman of sincere piety, who brought up her children in the knowledge and love of God, and was as much esteemed for her prudence and accomplishments as for her piety. Samuel Annesley made a wise choice when he selected the daughter of John White to be his helpmeet for life, and faithfully she served her generation as the mother of two dozen children. John Dunton, the eccentric bookseller of London, who married one of them, says: "The reckoning children by dozens is a singular circumstance, an honour to which few persons ever arrive." What a family group was that in which Susanna Wesley spent her earliest years, the youngest of a quarter of a hundred children belonging to one home and one father! Two only of Mrs. Annesley's children were sons, so far as knowledge is preserved to us of her offspring: these were Samuel, who died at Surat, in India, and Benjamin, who was the youngest son, and executor to his father's will. Of the daughters, the names of five only are preserved, Judith (named after her grandmother), Anne, Elizabeth (who was the wife of John Dunton), Sarah, and Susanna.

Three other daughters of the family grew into womanhood, and were married. Of each and all of them it may be said that they excelled in all the graces and accomplishments which a finished education could bestow. Of Susanna it is on record that she was acquainted with Greek and Latin, and had a respectable knowledge of the French language. Of this, however, there is reason for doubt; but for all that is implied by a complete and thorough English education we may undoubtedly give her full credit. How much of this may be traced to her own father or mother, or both, there is no evidence to show; and the burning of the rectory-house at Epworth in 1709 utterly destroyed the letters and other family papers entrusted to her safe keeping by desire of her father, which doubtless contained the history of many years in the lives of the Annesley family. The papers are gone, but the memory of Dr. Annesley, his wife, and youngest daughter, survives in imperishable fragrance, and will be cherished with delight by generations yet unborn.

Religion seems to have been a principle, not a mere form, with Mrs. Wesley from very early life. She herself records that she was "early initiated and instructed in the first principles of the Christian religion," and had before her a "good example in parents, and in several of the family;" and whilst yet young in years, encouraged by the examples she daily saw, she consecrated herself to the Lord. Her early religious impressions were, however, somewhat chilled by the fierce controversies

which raged between the Dissenters and the Church. Perhaps in no family in London were the points of difference more thoroughly considered than under the roof of Dr. Annesley; and for a time the whole bent of the mind of Susanna was to master the points in dispute. This she accomplished before she was thirteen years of age, indicating at once both strength of mind and strength of will. The latter she manifested by renouncing firmly and for ever the principles of Nonconformity, in which she had been brought up, and adopting the creed and formularies of the Church of England: to these she firmly and zealously adhered to the end of her long life. To this change in her views her Nonconformist father and mother seem to have made no objection.

Annesley House was the resort of devout and scholarly divines, as well as of ardent young students from the Dissenting academy at Stepney. Amongst the latter was a sprightly youth of eighteen, whose mind had been exercised with the same points of ecclesiastical disputation, and whose conclusions had led him to adopt exactly the same course as that of Susanna Annesley. Samuel Wesley renounced Nonconformity suddenly, and decidedly, in the summer of 1683, at which time Miss Annesley was in her fourteenth year, and she had then made her choice permanently. Both their young minds had been exercised in the same way, at the same time, and with the same result; and this, too, just at the time when they first met with each other. How little then did they think they would for nearly half a century be joined in the closest bonds of sympathy and affection.

"Preservation from ill-accidents, and once from a violent death," is the record she has left of the lovingkindness of the Lord in her girlish days. The deep interest Dr. Annesley took in the rising ministry of his time led to the introduction of young Samuel Wesley into his family circle. His father had many friends in London amongst the Dissenters, and through them it was that he was taken notice of so soon after he arrived in the metropolis. In 1682 occurred the marriage of Dr. Annesley's daughter Elizabeth to John Dunton. The young student lately from Dorsetshire, now at Mr. Neal's academy, was present at the wedding, and he commemorated the happy event in an epithalamium, which was the beginning of young Wesley's lengthened course of literary labour. Dunton, the notorious publisher, by attending the ministry of Dr. Annesley, had captivated and now secured one of his daughters in marriage. Young Wesley had no doubt already made a favourable impression on another of the daughters. Soon afterwards, in 1683, his views of Church government changed, and he went to Oxford to enter himself as a servitor at Exeter College. He remained

there till his course of study was completed, and then returned to London, and directly afterwards obtained the hand and heart of his former friend Susanna, the youngest daughter of Dr. Annesley.

The description which Dunton gives of Elizabeth Annesley, who was his choice, both in her personal appearance and mental and moral qualities, is glowing and fervent enough to suggest the opinion that she was beautiful indeed. Her elder sister, Judith, who was painted by Sir Peter Lely, is by him represented as a very handsome-looking woman; but one who well knew both said, "Beautiful as Miss Annesley appears, she is far from being so beautiful as Mrs. Wesley." Dr. Clarke says that she was both graceful and beautiful. Whatever there might be of personal attraction, there existed in her mind and heart virtues and adornments of far higher value than any merely external graces. Take for example a rule which she lays down in one of her letters to her son: "When I was young, and too much addicted to childish diversion, I resolved never to spend more time in any matter of mere recreation in one day than I spent in private religious duties." Such was the lady who became the mother of the Epworth Wesleys.

> Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love.

When Samuel Wesley, the young deacon from Oxford, found his way once more to Dr. Annesley's house, he saw in that young lady as mature a Christian and as ripe a scholar as the metropolis could furnish under twenty years of age. The acquaintance between them commenced when both were young, and it ripened into strong and sincere affection shortly after Mr. Wesley's return to London. Where and when they were married cannot now be ascertained, but the time is believed to have been in the spring of the year 1689. The place is thought to be either Spitalfields or Bishopsgate church.

Whatever might have been Mrs. Wesley's circumstances previous to her marriage (her father was not one of the poorest ministers in London), she commenced her married life with means of the most limited extent. Mr. Wesley held a curacy in London worth £30 a year. Out of that sum they "boarded" in London, near to Holborn, without going into debt. The luxuries of life a clergyman and his wife could secure out of such an income can be easily enumerated. After serving in a chaplaincy in the army for a brief period, another curacy was preferred to it, and this in turn was soon exchanged for the living of South Ormsby, kindly presented by the patron. Their first child, named Samuel, after his father, was born in London,

February 10th, 1690, and in August of that same year the family was located in Lincolnshire, where for five and forty years they remained, till death separated whom God had united.

Mrs. Wesley herself educated all her children in the elements of knowledge; but we are informed that she did not commence even to teach them the alphabet till they were (with one exception only) five years old.

The reason assigned for adopting such a course was given in the following anecdote by John Wesley to Adam Clarke: "My brother Samuel did not attempt to speak till he was between four and five years old, nor did the family know whether he would ever be able to speak. To their surprise he began at once. There was a cat in the house which was a great favourite with him; he would frequently carry it about, and retire with it into private places. One day he disappeared; the family sought up and down for him to no purpose; my mother got alarmed for his safety, and went through the house loudly calling him by his name. At last she heard a voice from under the table, saying, 'Here am I, mother!' Looking down, she, to her surprise, saw Sammy and his cat. From this time he spoke regularly, and without any kind of hesitation." His mother would be glad to hear him for the first time speak.

This incident occurred during the year 1694. Five children had been born to them; but the twins born in 1694 had both died, and the first Susanna, born in 1691, had died in 1693, so that when this incident occurred Samuel was nearly five years old, and Emilia was about three years old. Samuel being unable to speak, we see plainly the reason why Mrs. Wesley had not then commenced the education of her children.

The delight of both parents when they ascertained that their firstborn really was not dumb, can well be imagined. Immediately the mother made preparations for conveying the elements of knowledge to her boy, and for about two years he was the only child to occupy her attention in this respect. From this time forward, for about twenty years, none of her children were taught even the alphabet till they had completed their fifth year. Kezia, born in 1709, was the only exception to this rule. During many years Mrs. Wesley devoted her untiring attention and industry to the education of her ten children who arrived at mature years. The remaining nine children of the family lived but for short periods, from a few days to two years. Her care for those who died in childhood was soon over; but for the survivors she laid herself out for the heavy responsibility in a manner which from the first indicated that she was resolved to succeed. Her sons and daughters are acknowledged to have formed one of the most intelligent family groups in the history of

English households, and their eminence is largely attributed to their early domestic training.

John Wesley mentions "the calm serenity with which his mother transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed, surrounded by her thirteen children." She was a woman that lived by rule; she methodised and arranged everything so exactly that to each operation she had a time, and time sufficient to transact all the business of the family. It appears also, from several of the private papers, that she had no small share in managing the secular concerns of the rectory. The tithes and glebe were much under her inspection. As to the children, their times of going to rest, rising in the morning, dressing, eating, learning, and exercise, she managed by rule, which was never suffered to be broken unless in case of sickness. From her, Mr. John Wesley derived all that knowledge in the education of children which he has detailed so amply and so successfully enforced.

It was not until after her children had reached mature years that the system by which she managed her household was committed to writing. This was not done until her son John had used considerable entreaty with her to induce her to state her plans in detail. She did at length comply with his request, and, under date of July 24th, 1732, she sent to John the account which follows:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Method of Teaching.

Epworth, July 24th, 1732.

DEAR SON,—According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family.

The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing and undressing, changing their linen, etc. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that, they were, if possible, laid into their cradle awake, and rocked to sleep, and so they were kept rocking until it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping, which at first was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterwards two hours, till they needed none at all. When turned a year old (and some before) they were taught to fear the rod and to cry softly, by which means they escaped abundance of correction which they might otherwise have had, and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house, but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

As soon as they were grown pretty strong they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would, but not to call for anything. If they wanted aught they used to whisper to the maid that attended them, who came and spake to me; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family. Mornings they always had spoon-meat; sometimes at nights. But whatever they had,

they were never permitted at those meals to eat of more than one thing, and of that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed, unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask anything of the servants when they were at meat: if it was known they did so, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded.

At six, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper; at seven the maid washed them, and, beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight, at which time she left them in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed of in our house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep.

They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them that when any of them was ill there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine; for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention to show that a person may be taught to take anything, though it be never so much against his stomach.

In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better, for by neglecting timely correction they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent whom I call cruel parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond as in sport to teach their children to do things which in a while after they have severely beaten them for doing. When a child is corrected it must be conquered; and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children ensures their after wretchedness and irreligion: whatever checks and mortifies it promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident if we farther consider that religion is nothing else than the doing the will of God, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone, so that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work; makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.

Our children were taught as soon as they could speak the Lord's Prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bedtime constantly, to which as they grew bigger were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects, a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture, as their

memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days, before they could well speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak.

They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught without saying, "Pray give me such a thing;" and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word.

Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profanity, obscenity, rude ill-bred names, were never heard among them; nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister.

There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed of, but every one was kept close to business for the six hours of school. And it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity and good health. Kezzy excepted, all could read better in that time than the most of women can do as long as they live. Rising out of their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted, except for good cause; and running into the yard, garden, or street without leave was always esteemed a capital offence.

For some years we went on very well. Never were children in better order. Never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them after the fire into several families. In those they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from, and to run abroad to play with any children, good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observance of the Sabbath, and got knowledge of several songs and bad things which before they had no notion of. That civil behaviour which made them admired when they were at home by all who saw them was in a great measure lost, and a clownish accent and many rude ways were learnt, which were not reformed without some difficulty.

When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered on a strict reform; and then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon, when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day and a chapter in the New Testament: as in the morning they were directed to read the psalms and a chapter in the Old Testament, after which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast or came into the family.

There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here because I think them useful.

First, it had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying, till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying, and would have done more if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed on, and therefore was often imposed upon by false colours and equivocations, which none would have used but one, had they been kindly dealt with; and some, in spite of all, would always speak truth plainly.

Second, that no sinful action, as lying, pilfering at church or on the Lord's day, disobedience, quarrelling, etc., should ever pass unpunished.

Third, that no child should be ever chid or beat twice for the same fault, and that if they amended they should never be upbraided with it afterwards.

Fourth, that every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the case.

Fifth, that if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted, and the child with sweetness directed how to do better for the future.

Sixth, that propriety be inviolably preserved, and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing, or a pin, which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children; and from the want of parents or governors doing it as they ought, proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world.

Seventh, that promises be strictly observed; and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given, unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

Eighth, that no girl be taught to work till she can read very well; and that she be kept to her work with the same application and for the same time that she was held to in reading. This rule also is much to be observed, for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood. SUSANNA WESLEY.

It cannot be a matter of wonder that education conducted on such methodical rules should result in scholarship, as well as in mental and moral training, of rare excellence.

Mrs. Wesley had modest and humble views of her own performances, and almost regretted that she wrote the letter on her plans of education. Her son John valued the account as it deserved to be, and took care not only to preserve the original document, but to make free use of the directions and counsels it contained. It will be found in the first volume of "Wesley's Works" (p. 306); in Charles Wesley's Life, by Jackson (vol. i. p. 2), and in Clarke's "Wesley Family." The verbatim copy given above will, we are sure, again bring the subject in detail before a large number of readers who will be instructed by and grateful for its perusal.

Relating to the same subject, and partly a continuance of the plan on which it is based, the following letter is given, although out of the chronological order. At the time of writing the former, as well as the following epistle, Mrs. Wesley was confined to her room, suffering from a cold and pleurisy. It is printed in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1844, p. 816:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Epworth, February 21st, 1732.

DEAR JACKY,—I thank God I am much better than I have been, though far from being in health; yet a little respite from much pain I esteem a great mercy. If you had any design to visit our family this spring, my

health or sickness will be of little consequence; your entertainment would be the same, and I am no company.

I have time enough now, more than I can make a good use of; but yet, for many reasons, I care not to write to any one. I never did much good in my life when in the best health and vigour, and therefore I think it would be presumption in me to hope to be useful now. It is more than I can well do to bear my own infirmities and other sufferings as I ought, and would do. All inordinate affection to present things may, by the grace of God, and a close application of our spirits to the work, be so far conquered as to give us little or no trouble; but when affliction comes once to touch our natural appetites, which we can never put off but with the body itself—when every member of the body is the seat of pain, and our strong, and I think innocent, propensities to ease and rest are crossed in every article—then comes on the severity of our trial, then it is not an ordinary measure of Divine succour and support that will enable us to continue steadfast in the spirit and disposition of Jesus Christ. This was the very case of our dear Lord. He had no irregular passions or spiritual appetites ever to combat with, but he had what was infinitely harder to be sustained: the greatest contradiction of sinners against the purity of His nature to undergo, and all His innocent natural appetites voluntarily to sacrifice, in a death exquisitely painful, and attended with circumstances very grievous to be borne by human nature, though in its utmost perfection.

I am heartily sorry for Mr. Morgan. It is no wonder that his illness should at last affect his mind; it is rather to be wondered that it has not done it long ago. It is a common case, and what all who are afflicted with any indisposition a great while together experience as well as he. Such is our make, such the condition of embodied spirits, that they cannot act with freedom or exert their native powers when the bodily organs are out of tune. This shows how necessary it is for people (especially the young) to improve the present blessing of health and strength by laying a strong foundation of piety towards God, of submission, patience, and all other Christian virtues, before the decline of life, before the shadows of the evening lengthen upon them, and those years draw nigh in which, without solid piety, they can find no pleasure.

The young gentleman you mention seems to me to be in the right concerning the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament. I own I never understood by the *real presence* more than what he has elegantly expressed, that "the Divine nature of Christ is then eminently present to impart, by the operation of His Holy Spirit, the benefits of His death to worthy receivers." Surely the Divine presence of our Lord, thus applying the virtue and merits of the great Atonement to each true believer, makes the consecrated bread more than a sign of Christ's body; since, by His so doing, we receive not only the sign but with it the thing signified, all the benefits of His Incarnation and Passion; but still, however this Divine institution may seem to others, to me it is full of mystery. Who can account for the operations of God's Holy Spirit, or define the manner of His working upon the spirit in man, either when He enlightens the understanding, or excites and confirms the will, and regulates and confirms the passions, without impairing man's liberty? Indeed the whole scheme of our redemption by Jesus Christ is beyond all things mysterious. That God, the mighty God, the God of the spirits, of all flesh, the possessor of heaven and earth, who is Being itself, and comprehends in His most pure nature absolute perfection and blessedness, that must necessarily be happy in and of Himself; that such a Being should in the least degree regard the salvation of sinners, that he Himself, the offended, the injured, should propose terms of reconciliation, and admit them into covenant upon any conditions, is truly wonderful and astonishing! As God did not make the world because He needed it, so neither could that be

any reason for redeeming it. He loved us because He loved us; and would have mercy because He would have mercy. Then the manner of man's redemption, the way by which He condescended to save us, is altogether incomprehensible. Who can unfold the mystery of the hypostatic union? or forbear acknowledging with the Apostle, that "great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh"? That the Divine Person of the Son of God should (if we may be permitted so to speak) seem so far to forget His dignity and essential glory as to submit to a life of poverty, contempt, and innumerable other sufferings for above thirty years, and conclude that life in inexpressible torments, and all this to heal and save a creature that was at enmity against God, and desired not to be otherwise. There is public and benevolent affection in its utmost exaltation and perfection. This is the love of Christ, which, as the Apostle justly observes, "passeth knowledge."

I have been led away so far by this vast subject, that I have hardly left myself time or room to add more.

The writing anything about my way of education I am much averse to. It cannot, I think, be of service to any one to know how I, that have lived such a retired life, for so many years (ever since I was with child of you) used to employ my time and care in bringing up my children. No one can, without renouncing the world, in the most literal sense, observe my method; and there are few, if any, that would entirely devote above twenty years of the prime of life in hopes to save the souls of their children, which they think may be saved without so much ado: for that was my principal intention, however unskilfully and unsuccessfully managed.

Dear Jacky, my love and blessing is ever with you.—Adieu.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

On the same sheet of paper is the following note to her younger son:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON CHARLES.

DEAR CHARLES,—Though you have not had time to tell me so since we parted, yet I hope you are in health; and when you are more at leisure I shall be glad to hear you are so from yourself. I should be pleased enough to see you here this spring, if it were not upon the hard condition of your walking hither; but that always terrifies me, and I am commonly so uneasy for fear you should kill yourself with coming so far on foot that it destroys much of the pleasure I should otherwise have in conversing with you.

I fear poor Patty has several enemies at London, and that they have put it in her head to visit us this summer. I am apt to believe that if they get her once out of my brother's house they will take care to keep her thence for ever. It is a pity that honest, generous girl has not a little of the subtlety of the serpent with the innocence of the dove. She is no match for those who malign her; for she scorns to do an unworthy action, and therefore believes everybody else does so too. Alas! it is a great pity that all the human species are not as good as they ought to be.

Prithee what has become of John Whitelamb? is he yet alive? Where is Mr. Morgan? If with you, pray give my service to him. I am sorry the wood-drink did him no service. I never knew it fail before, if drank regularly, but perhaps he was too far gone before he used it. I doubt he eats too little, or sleeps cold, which last poisons the blood above all things.

Dear Charles, I send you my love and blessing. Em, Matty, Kez, send their love to you both.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

Two or three things in this important letter deserve to be noticed. First, Mrs. Wesley does not appear to have set any

high value on her system of education; she did not then see all the varied blessings which were to flow from it to the world, and especially to spiritual religion. It further appears that she does not seem to have adopted the system at the commencement, but when she had five of her children at home, Samuel, Emilia, Susanna, Mary, and Hetty, all over five years of age; then, that is, soon after her daughter Anne was born in 1702, she set herself determinedly to the work of teaching. Thirdly, it is manifest that from that time forward she "entirely devoted above twenty years of the prime of life" to the one object of seeking to save the souls of her children, by informing their minds, regulating their wills, and educating their hearts. What glorious results followed!

One incident in this process of mental training has been preserved, and is worthy of wider circulation. The father had not much time to spare from his literary pursuits to devote to elementary studies; but one day he patiently sat and counted that Mrs. Wesley had repeated the same thing to one of the children no less than twenty times. "I wonder at your patience," said the father to the mother. "You have told that child twenty times that same thing." The reply of the mother was as wise as her patience was great: "Had I satisfied myself by mentioning the matter only nineteen times, I should have lost all my labour. You see it was the twentieth time that crowned the whole." In this way knowledge was not only imparted, but it was implanted and engrafted, and so became part of the life and being of the child: it was fixed in the memory to live. To accomplish this she renounced the world for above twenty years.

What is said here about repetition applied most likely to the case of two of her daughters, who caused her more than ordinary trouble. It did not apply to her first-born son Samuel, of whose progress in learning Mrs. Wesley wrote, that "he had such a prodigious memory that I do not remember to have told him the same word twice. What was more strange, any word he had learned in his lesson he knew wherever he saw it, either in his Bible or any other book, by which means he learned very soon to read an English author well."

Book-knowledge was only part of the course of education embraced by Mrs. Wesley's system. Nor did she think she had fully performed her duty when she had expounded to her children the truths and duties of Christianity. She knew that for the truths of the gospel to find a lodgment in the heart they must be personally and directly applied and enforced. For this purpose she arranged a special private conference with each child once in every week. Her own account of this plan is thus

expressed: "I take such a portion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Nancy, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emilia and Sukey together on Sunday." These conversations disclosed to the mother the real thoughts and feelings of her children respecting personal religion. Was there not there the germs of the Methodist class-meeting? In this way she was enabled to answer any doubts or difficulties which are sure to arise in young minds, and she was thus placed in possession of a power for good which cannot be over-estimated. These meetings were sources of pleasant recollection to the children, of which we have one instance at least on record.

Nearly twenty years after John Wesley had passed from under the direct personal care of his mother, he was, by correspondence, inquiring for knowledge from her on the question of a complete renunciation of the world. Urging his claim for just a little time to be given by her to this point, he says in his letter: "In many things you have interceded for me and prevailed. Who knows but in this too you may be successful? If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not it would be as useful now for correcting my heart as it was then for forming my judgment."

The rectory-house was burnt down in 1709, and the children were all dispersed for about a year; indeed, all of them did not again return to be together at home. When in 1710 they were assembled in the new house, the school duties were resumed; and when these were closed each day, she adopted yet another plan, with the view of giving a more thoroughly religious tone to the instruction imparted during the day. The eldest child took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, and so with the rest, until they passed, two and two, into private rooms, where they read a chapter in the New Testament, and the psalms for the evening of the day. In the morning they were directed to read a chapter in the Old Testament, and the psalms for that portion of the day. They then went to their private prayers before they got their breakfast, or came into the family. This important practice, whatever visitors they might have, was uninterruptedly observed whilst any of the children remained at home. What a blessing to their minds and hearts would such a habit of devotion be to each of them!

It will interest many to know the reason which led Mrs. Wesley to adopt this plan. Early in the eighteenth century the King of Denmark established a mission for the conversion of the

heathen at Tranquebar. Two eminently holy men undertook that mission, and afterwards wrote an account of their self-denying labours. A copy of that book found its way to the Epworth parsonage. During Mr. Wesley's visit to London, to attend Convocation, he received from his wife a letter containing the following recital: "Soon after you went to London, Emilia found in your study the account of the Danish missionaries, which, having never seen, I desired her to read to me. I was never, I think, more affected with anything than with the relation of their travels, and was exceedingly pleased with the noble design they were engaged in. Their labours refreshed my soul beyond measure, and I could not forbear spending a good part of that evening in praising and adoring the Divine goodness for inspiring those good men with such ardent zeal for His glory. For some days I could think and speak of little else. It then came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister of the gospel, yet, if I were inspired with a true zeal for His glory, and really desired the salvation of souls, I might do more than I do. I thought I might live in a more exemplary manner, I might pray more for the people, and speak with more warmth to those with whom I have opportunity of conversing. However, I resolved to begin with my own children." Her regular religious conversations with her children, and their daily habit of reading the Scriptures in private, with prayer, began from the discovery and perusal of that book.

Another result of the reading of that narrative was the commencement of those religious services in the rectory kitchen which are noticed at length in the account of Mr. Wesley's life. In this, as also in other cases in which she set herself to do good, she had very humble views of her own efforts. Hence in a letter she remarks, "I never durst positively presume to hope that God would make use of me as an instrument in doing good. The farthest I ever durst go was, 'It may be; who can tell? With God all things are possible: I will resign myself to Him;' or, as George Herbert better expresses it,—

> Only, since God doth often vessels make
> Of lowly matter, for high uses meet,
> I throw me at His feet:
> There will I lie until my Maker seek
> For some mean stuff whereon to show His skill;
> Then is my time.

And thus I rested, without forming any judgment about the success or event of this undertaking."

These glimpses of the character and life-work of Mrs. Wesley, all tending heavenwards, are alas too brief for the interest which

belongs both to her and her children. As setting forth in simple detail the daily routine of the Epworth family, we are thankful for every incident, and suggestion even, which in any way helps us to understand the process by which such wonderful results were obtained.

A few things more directly personal to herself must now come under review, though only very briefly.

On the last day of the year 1696, Mrs. Wesley's father, Dr. Annesley, passed away to his rest, at the venerable age of seventy-seven. The family were on the point of leaving South Ormsby to reside at Epworth. Mrs. Wesley was only twenty-seven years of age, but she had then followed to the grave three of her own children; the first Susanna, who died when two years old, and Annesley and Jedidiah, twin boys, who died in 1695, soon after they were born. Next came the death of her father; and though he died in London, at so great a distance from her, yet she felt the bereavement keenly. Her father had a special regard for her as his youngest child, and he seems to have deposited with her a large portion of the family letters and papers, which were all consumed in the Epworth rectory fire of February 9th, 1709. Mourning the death of her father when leaving South Ormsby, she had again to suffer the pang of parting immediately they commenced their residence at Epworth. Her elder sister, Elizabeth, wife of John Dunton, of London, survived her father scarcely five months: on May 28th, 1697, she also fell asleep, and was interred in Bunhill Fields. Of her last moments her husband writes: "When her soul was just fluttering on her lips, she exclaimed, 'Lord, pardon my sins, and perfect me in holiness! Accept of praises for the mercies I have received, and fit me for whatsoever thou wilt do with me, for Christ's sake.'" She had no doubt as to her eternal happiness with God in heaven. However cheering such evidences are, the pang of separation is keenly felt; and when the blow falls so frequently, it was not strange that the mother of the Epworth household should deeply feel these repeated calls from heaven. Yet, in uncomplaining submission to the Divine will, she bowed reverently to the stroke of the destroyer, although her motherly heart was deeply wounded. On another occasion of the same kind, but some years later, writing of her own remembered losses by death, she says, "I have buried many—but here I must pause." Again, writing to her husband's brother Matthew, she says, "O sir, O brother! happy, thrice happy are you; happy is my sister, that buried your children in infancy, secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want, or shame, or loss of friends! They are safe beyond the reach of

pain, or sense of misery. Being gone hence, nothing can touch them farther. Believe me, sir, it is better to mourn ten children dead than one living; and I have buried many." Yet in all things we find no murmuring, only peaceful submission to the Divine will. Even with the parting from her own dear little ones, nine of whom died before they reached their third year, she doubtless remembered the touching lines of Milton:—

> Think what a present thou to God hath sent,
> And render Him with patience what He lent:
> This if thou do He will an offspring give,
> That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

Daily toil in seclusion, shut out from the world and nearly all social intercourse beyond her own family, was not the only hardship, nor yet the largest, which fell to the lot of Mrs. Wesley. Hear what the rector says at the end of the first seven years of their married life, and this will show how deeply his devoted wife shared with him all his sorrows and trials, as well as the sufferings which were her own lot. "It will be no great wonder, that when I had but fifty pounds per annum for six or seven years together, nothing to begin the world with, one child at least per annum, and my wife sick for half that time, that I should run £150 behindhand."

When her husband was committed to Lincoln Castle for some trifling debts—but more from the wrath of his enemies, because he would not let them sin in peace; and when the straits of the family were such that they frequently wanted both food and clothes, good Archbishop Sharpe came forward and relieved their urgent needs. Read Mrs. Wesley's reply to the archbishop, when he desired her to inform him "whether they ever really wanted bread." That godly woman nobly said, "My Lord, I will freely own to your Grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me. I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all."

Emilia Wesley, in one of her letters to her brother John, when she had reached womanhood, tells us that her father had to go to London for seven successive winters, to obtain money from his friends to supply their necessities. During one of those winters she remarks that the family were in "intolerable want and affliction," and that through that "dismal winter" she had to take the entire management of the household: her mother was sick, confined even to her room, and daily expected to die. Her father had no money, and she had to provide for

a large family out of such means as could be obtained. Here is the finish of her letter, and let the reader consider how much of suffering, privation, and sorrow is embodied in these few words: "Then I learnt what it was to seek money for bread, seldom having any without such hardships in getting it that much abated the pleasure of it." One more sentence from Mrs. Wesley's pen on this subject: "It is certainly true that I have had a large experience of what the world calls adverse fortune." As late as 1731, when their youngest child had reached twenty-one years of age, their uncle Matthew, on visiting his brother the rector of Epworth, found the children poorly and meanly clad, and the house scarcely half of it furnished.

During her residence at South Ormsby, Mrs. Wesley gave birth to six children, three of whom were buried there, and three, Emilia, Susanna, and Mary, grew up and were married. Soon after removing to Epworth, in 1697, Mehetabel was born. In 1698, 1699, and 1700 three other children were born, and each died shortly after its birth. The name of one of these is lost, and of the other two, named John and Benjamin respectively, there only remain in the memory of the descendants just the names. In 1701, twins were born, mentioned by the rector in his letter to Archbishop Sharpe, dated May 18th, in which he says, "Last night my wife brought me a few children; there are but two yet, a boy and a girl, and I think they are all at present." They also died shortly afterwards; no further mention is made of them in the family records which have been preserved. In 1702, Anne was added to the family circle; and it was during the early infancy of Anne that Mrs. Wesley commenced that systematic course of education which has made her so deservedly famous throughout the civilised world, and which she continued for more than twenty years, excepting during the rebuilding of the rectory-house in 1709–10. In 1703 another son was born, who was baptized a few hours after his birth by his father, and called John Benjamin, in combined memory of two other brothers of that name, who had previously died in early infancy. Being the only child in the family with more than one name, the second name was in childhood discontinued, and never afterwards resumed. During the general election of 1705 another son was born, but Mrs. Wesley's health was so impaired, the child was placed with a nurse who lived opposite to the rectory; and during the disturbances caused by the election the nurse overlaid the child, and in the morning she took it, dead, to the rectory. The same day it was interred. In 1706, Martha was born, and she was permitted to run through a tried but honoured pilgrimage of more than fourscore years. She was

the seventeenth child of the family. In December, 1707, as is generally reported, the eighteenth child was born, and was named Charles; he lived through fourscore years. Shortly after the rectory-house was burnt down, February, 1709, the nineteenth child was born, but we have no other record of it than the anticipation of its birth in a letter written by the rector to the Duke of Buckingham, the week after the fire, which is printed in Charles Wesley's Life (vol. ii. p. 497). That statement of the rector's refers to Kezia, the youngest in the family, born in 1709, who was the nineteenth child. Such was the family the Great Father of all committed to the care and management of Susanna Wesley, who with a courage, devotion, and self-sacrificing zeal and love never surpassed and seldom equalled, laboured during a long life to fill their minds with wisdom, to train their wills and affections to everything high, pure, and true, and to win their hearts for God and for His service. She succeeded in her efforts because God directed her plans, and she had her reward.

All the children were educated at home, and without any assistance of teachers, excepting in the case of Samuel, who for a short time attended a gentleman's school at Epworth. Mrs. Wesley had not then commenced her systematic plan of education. When that plan was entered upon, about the year 1702, it was kept up for more than twenty years, all the daughters sharing in the benefits of it, and the sons till they were removed to schools of the highest class. The first to break in on the plan was Samuel, who early in 1704, when John was less than a year old, was placed in Westminister School, where (excepting only about a year he spent at Oxford) he remained for twenty-eight years. At that time Samuel was only fourteen years old. His mother felt so deeply the responsibility she had undertaken in educating her children, that she followed up her home instruction by a series of letters, which to her sons were of priceless worth, and which in their own inherent excellence are as valuable now as they were to her sons. The following is believed to be the first letter of the series :—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, March 11th, 1704.

MY DEAR SAMMY,—The eternal law with respect to man is called "the law of reason;" when it is more clearly explained by revelation, "Divine;" when it orders natural agents which obey it unwillingly, yet constantly and regularly, we style it "the law of nature and instinct." And you may here take notice that in the observation of this law consists the happiness of all creatures; and it is only that which conserves the being and composes the harmony which we observe in the works of the Creator. God made a law for the rain, and gave His decree to the sea that the waves thereof should not pass His commandment. And should nature swerve never so little from

those rules God has prescribed her; should the principal elements of which all things are composed suspend or lose their native qualities; if the frame of the heavenly arch erected over our heads were loosened or dissolved; if celestial spheres should forget their regular motions and turn away, as might happen; if the sun, that rejoiceth as a giant to run his race, should neglect his wonted course, or the moon wander from her beaten way; the various seasons of the year mix and become disordered; the winds cease, and the clouds afford no rain—the earth would pine for want of their influence, and could produce no fruits; and what would become of man, for whose use all these things were created?

And if God has taken such care of natural agents, to prepare a law for them, and to secure their obedience to it, we may conclude that He would not suffer man to be without law; since, if he were, he must be the most miserable of all beings in the world. It is therefore plain and undeniable that God has given a law to mankind, because their nature requires it. He has a right to do it as Creator, having wisdom and goodness to direct our actions to what is best, and power to enforce His laws by rewards and punishments of infinite weight and duration.

Now by what has been said you may learn that a law is a rule of an action. Now where this is taken from the nature of things, and respects rational, voluntary agents, it is called "moral;" and our agreement or conformity to it, "moral virtue." The law of reason (which is the foundation of morality) is also, and not improperly, called "the law of nature;" because it is not only a rule of action to rational, voluntary agents, but it is a rule we are capable of discovering by our natural light, without the assistance of revelation; so you plainly perceive you are obliged, as a man, to observe all the precepts of morality, or natural religion, though you had never heard of Christ or Moses. I cannot here enumerate all the particulars of this great law; I shall therefore only hint at those that are most obvious and easy to be understood. I intend you an entire discourse upon it when I have more time.

The first thing which seems dictated by nature's law is self-preservation. I know that Christians generally hold that the glory of God and increase of His kingdom should be first in our desires and designs; and in order to it we should chiefly aim at being virtuous and religious. But forasmuch as virtuous life presupposes life, I think the first thing nature teaches us is the care of our life, and to avoid all penury, or want of those things that sustain and preserve it. Hence it was that as soon as mankind became sensible of want, and conscious of their weakness when single and alone, they began to form societies, then communities and regular governments; and from the same desire of self-preservation all human laws, which tend to the welfare of mankind, take their rise.

I have already told you by what method of thinking you might come to the certain knowledge of a God. Whether or no mankind at first attained the idea of a God by the same way concerns not us to know, since we find, in the first ages of the world, men's reason did teach them to believe a supreme independent Being. Nor does natural religion only teach us to believe His existence, but it likewise assures us that He is the Creator and Governor of all things, and that nothing can justly be attributed to Him that implies the least imperfection; that He is one we may discern also by the light of nature, because many infinites is a palpable contradiction.

All His attributes we may plainly perceive by the same light; as also the first principles of natural religion, which is founded on the knowledge of God and ourselves.

We may distinguish the propositions of natural religion into theoretical and practical. I have already said enough of the first: I proceed to the second, and shall divide the propositions of practical natural religion into two parts: firstly, the internal, secondly, the external worship of God.

The internal part consists in honouring and loving God. His honour proceeds from a high opinion of His power, wisdom, justice, truth, etc.; hence we learn to fear His power and justice, to adore His wisdom, to acquiesce in His will, and to depend on His veracity. From our belief of His goodness we learn to love Him, particularly from the effects of it towards us.

The external worship of God is chiefly shown in these instances: that we pray to Him for what we want, and give thanks to Him for what we receive; and this not only privately but publicly, to show we are not ashamed of our devotions, and to excite others to do the like.

We learn by the law of nature likewise a great part of our duty to ourselves and neighbours. Our duty to ourselves is the practice of all moral virtues in order to perfect our natures; and, therefore, upon our own account, we are obliged to practise all social virtues, since we cannot be completely virtuous without it.

Moral virtues have been divided into two parts. The principal are reckoned four: namely, prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude. The others are called magnanimity, magnificence, liberality, modesty, gentleness, courtesy, truth, and urbanity. Of your duty to your neighbour I shall speak more particularly when I come to tell you your obligations as a member of a community.

Perhaps you may here ask what need there was of revelation if man were capable of knowing and worshipping God without it. To which I answer that the effects of natural religion, considered with regard to the present state of mankind, are concluded within the prospect of this life. I say considered with regard to the present state of man; for we are to consider him now, not as he was first created, perfect and innocent, but fallen from his primitive purity, and so obnoxious to the justice and wrath of God. Now though all men may clearly perceive their pravity, and a strong propension in themselves to moral evil, yet no man's reason, nay, not the united reason of all mankind, could ever discover how their natures became defective, nor by what means they must now escape the justice or appease the anger of the Almighty, had not He mercifully revealed it to them.

Again, consider, though the works of nature in every part of them carry sufficient evidence of a Deity, and natural reason could discern Him, and the duties of natural religion; yet in process of time the greatest part of the world made so little use of their reason that they became ignorant of God and the true way of worshipping Him. Sense and passion blinded some; and a careless inadvertency in others, and wrong apprehensions in most of them that believed any supreme Being, misled mankind into superstition and polytheism, and that occasioned infinite error and mischief in the world. And though the rational and thinking part of mankind, when they sought after Him, found the supreme invisible God, yet they only acknowledged Him and worshipped Him in their own minds; they kept the truth locked up as a secret in their own breasts and very rarely suffered it to go any further, and so were not likely to do much good to the bulk of mankind. Nor were those men of thought easily to be found: their number was small, and those few scattered throughout the world. We find but one, Socrates, in Athens who disbelieved polytheism, and laughed at their wrong notions of a Deity; and you know how they rewarded him for it. And so much had superstition and idolatry prevailed that, whatever Plato and the soberest philosophers thought of the being and nature of a God, they were forced in their outward professions and worship to go along with the herd, and keep to the religion established by law. Thus whatever light there was in the works of the creation and providence to lead men to the knowledge of the true God, yet very few found Him, but the generality of

the world were so much in the dark that they thought the Godhead like to gold and silver and stone, graven by art and man's device.

The knowledge of God and the law of nature is no way to be attained without the assistance of revelation; but by a train of deductions from self-evident principles which the greatest part of mankind had neither leisure to weigh, nor, for want of using their reason, skill to judge. But whether this was the chief cause, or any of those already mentioned, it was plain in fact men failed in their great and proper business of morality. Nor was the law of nature collected into an entire body, or practised to any purpose till the coming of our Saviour.

Thus revelation became very necessary to lead men to the knowledge of God's unity and His other perfections, as well as to instruct men in their duty towards Him.

Those moral virtues which were necessary to hold societies together, and preserve the quiet of governments, were indeed taught by the civil laws of communities, and some obedience to them forced from men by their magistrates; but even in this case their virtue was very defective, and the just measure of right and wrong stood not on their surest basis; I mean a universal belief of a God superintending the actions of all mankind in order to a future retribution. Their thoughts of another life were at best but very obscure, and expectations uncertain. They sometimes talked of manes and shades of departed men, of Styx and Acheron, and Elysian fields, which they fancied the seats of the blessed; but they received these notions from their poets, and took them rather for inventions of wit and ornaments of poetry than for truths that were to influence their practice. The immortality of the soul and a future state were never made articles of faith till men had the light of revelation.

It may be you will ask whether the revelations of the Jews received by Moses did not teach men all this, and was not sufficient without that by Jesus Christ? I answer, no. It was not sufficient for all men; for though the knowledge of one invisible God and the moral law was revealed to the Jews, yet they were confined to a corner of the world, and by the very law they received from Moses excluded from commerce with the rest of mankind: therefore the Gentile world could have no great benefit by the law of Moses. What attestation they had of the miracles on which the Jews built their faith they received chiefly from the Jews themselves, a people contemned and despised by those nations that knew them, and therefore very unfit to propagate the faith or worship of God in the world.

And it was long enough after the Law had been given on Mount Sinai that men were entirely given up to idolatry and immersed in all manner of vice and wickedness: even the Jews, God's peculiar people, forgot and forsook the law of their fathers, and worshipped the gods of those very nations which were delivered into their own hands by the Almighty as a punishment of their unreasonable idolatry. And though God sent His servants the Prophets to admonish them, and they frequently warned them of that destruction that would inevitably overtake them if they did not reform and return to their obedience to the law of the Most High, yet so miserably were they corrupted and hardened that they would not hearken to the voice of God speaking by His Prophets till they were conquered and carried captive into Babylon. Nay, after God pitied their miserable captivity, and brought them back to their own country, and assisted them against their enemies, and they had rebuilt their temple, and renewed their covenant with the Almighty, they relapsed into all their former sins, idolatry excepted, and continued impenitent even after the coming of our Saviour, till they were at last utterly defeated and ruined by Titus, son to Vespasian, the tenth Emperor of Rome.

In this wretched state of darkness and error our Saviour found mankind, and brought life and immortality to light by His coming. "For this purpose

the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." And this could no way be done but by a complete morality established in all its parts upon its true foundations, to which man might have recourse upon all occasions. And upon its true foundations morality could never be fixed without a clear knowledge of the Law-maker, and a just acknowledgment of Him, and a belief of the rewards and punishments prepared for those who would or would not obey Him. It was also necessary for the common salvation that this law should be promulged with that authority it was; for nothing less than an assurance of Jesus being the Messiah, and a clear evidence of His mission, could be able to prevail upon such men to repent and conform to His doctrine. For this reason our blessed Saviour wrought so many miracles in the view of all the world. And as His love and pity to unhappy men was universal, so He broke down the wall of partition between the Jews and Gentiles, and did not confine His miracles and doctrine to the worshippers at Jerusalem, but He preached at Samaria, and wrought miracles in the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and people followed Him from all quarters. And so publicly were His miracles wrought, as well as those of His Apostles, that the enemies of Christianity have never dared openly to deny them.

I have already observed that we could neither know how we became depraved nor by what means we must be reconciled to the offended Deity. It is true by the power of natural reason we might have attained some knowledge of God and our minds, but I cannot see how we could have had any certain knowledge of the being and orders of the angels, or that some of them fell from their primitive purity and became devils, had we been without revelation; nor could we have discovered by our natural light that through the temptation of those apostate spirits our first parents (in whom were virtually included the whole species of mankind) lost their innocence; and that, by eating of that fatal tree of knowledge they forfeited the tree of life, and with it bliss and immortality.

Whoever reads and carefully observes the tenour of the New Testament will find the whole doctrine of redemption is founded on the supposition of Adam's fall. Nor can they fail to observe that as our first parents lost Paradise, so all their posterity were born out of it in a state of sin and mortality. But as in Adam all died, so in Christ were all made alive; that is, were brought into a salvable condition.

You see now plainly the use and necessity of revelation, and the reasons why the blessed Jesus condescended to assume humanity: that He might satisfy the justice of God by the sacrifice of Himself for us; that He might plant good life among men, and give us an example of perfect obedience to the Divine will, which though we are not absolutely capable of following, yet He hath taught us that our sincere endeavours to do our duty shall be accepted, though we fail in the performance, and, though we often fall, we may rise again by faith and repentance. For which reason He has vouchsafed us the assistance of His Holy Spirit; and it is no small encouragement to a man under the difficulty of his nature, beset with temptations and surrounded with prevailing custom, to practise true religion, to be assured he shall be assisted by an Almighty power that can preserve and support him in a constant and steady course of virtue.

I hope what has been said has convinced you there was great need of revelation.

I come now to the second thing I proposed, which was, to show what you are obliged to as a Christian. And here I shall distinguish your duty into two parts, of equal consideration, namely, faith and obedience. . . . . *

* We regret that the portion of this letter which relates to faith is irrecoverably lost.

The particulars of your obedience, and what they are, you may best learn from our Saviour's own mouth. He began His preaching with a command to repent (Matt. iv. 17); and this, considering the fallen state of mankind, was most necessary to be first taught. Every one of common sense knows that repentance implies forsaking of, as well as sorrow for, sin; and that unless men are convinced that they have done amiss they are never likely to become better. Therefore it was agreeable to the wisdom of our blessed Saviour to inculcate that duty first which must be first practised in order to a good life. He proceeds in the fifth chapter to command men to be exemplary in good works: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven;" and after He had confirmed the moral law (Matt. v. 17), He goes on to explain it, and tells them not only murder, but causeless anger and contemptuous words, were forbidden. He forbids not only actual impurity, but irregular and unchaste desires, upon pain of condemnation. All swearing in conversation, as well as forswearing in judgment, is prohibited. And so strictly does He forbid all malice and revenge that He positively commands men to love their enemies, to do good to those that hate them, and to pray for such as despitefully use and persecute them; and closes all His particular injunctions with this general rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

From what our Saviour has anywhere forbidden, we may learn those positive duties He commands, which are always included in His prohibitions. Thus, by forbidding murder, causeless anger, and words of contempt, He commands that we contribute all we reasonably may towards the preservation of our neighbour's life, goods, and fame; to be compassionate and liberal, patient, meek, courteous, and friendly to all mankind. By forbidding impure desires, looks, etc., He commands unspotted chastity in heart and life. By prohibiting customary or unnecessary oaths, He enjoins a useful, innocent conversation, free from pride or passion, which usually leads men into the unreasonable practice.

But our blessed Saviour goes farther, and directs them to the highest and most noble part of Christianity, which consists of loving God. When the lawyer asked our Lord what he should do to inherit eternal life, He said, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" He answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." Jesus said, "This do, and thou shalt live;" that is, shalt be eternally happy; for happiness in Scripture is usually called "life."

By this answer of our Saviour we may learn that to love the eternal ever blessed God with the full power and energy of the soul is the principal duty of a Christian, and the complement of Christian perfection and happiness.

Love is a simple act or motion of the soul, whereby it is carried towards a union with the beloved object, which is always apprehended to be good. To make this act or motion of the soul truly rational it is necessary, first, that the object be really good as it appears to be, and that the degree of love hold some proportion with the degree of goodness in the object beloved.

The first part of this rule we are sure to follow in our loving of God, since He is all-perfect and amiable; the second cannot be strictly observed, because no act of a finite being can bear any proportion to what is infinite. However, we must go as far as we can, and love Him to the utmost of our capacity; and the love of God must be predominant over all our love to any creature whatever, as our blessed Saviour teaches us in Matthew x: "He that loveth father, or mother, or son, or daughter, more than me, is not worthy of me." Nay, He goes farther in Luke xiv., and says, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and

brethren, and sisters" (where they stand in competition with Him), "yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

This is sufficient to show what love our Saviour requires.

It is an opinion that hath been commonly received, that there are two sorts of love—a love of benevolence, or goodwill, and a love of complacency or delight. This, I think, is an error that arises from a want of clear ideas of the nature of love, which, as I said before, is a simple act or motion of the soul, and determined to its several modes and operations by the thing beloved. If we have an idea of positive absolute perfection in the object of our love, as in God, then the acts of our love are adoration, praise, complacency, etc., and we do not wish well to or desire to benefit Him, because we are afraid His most glorious perfections and infinite essential happiness are incapable of any addition; and since His most blessed nature can receive no advantage from His creatures, we express our love to God by being friendly and beneficent to all that bear His image, and are ever ready to do good offices where we perceive the smallest ray of His divinity.

There are two natural effects of love which are inseparable from it—a desire to please, and a desire to obey. These, in Divine love, are the springs of all those virtuous actions and religious duties we perform. Thus we endeavour to perfect our natures by recovering that image of God we lost in Adam, which alone can render us pleasing to that most holy Being, and qualify us for that beatific vision we hope to enjoy when we have put off our mortality, and are admitted into the region of happy spirits and just men made perfect.

God is the true and proper centre of the mind, towards which it had always regularly moved, had not sin interposed and cast a shade between him and its noblest faculties. As depraved as it is, it can nowhere find rest, or an adequate lasting happiness on this side its ever blessed and glorious Creator; nor must you ever expect to please and enjoy Him unless you obey all His commandments. This obedience is the only way to evince the sincerity of your love to Him. That you may the more perfectly know and obey the law of God, be sure that you constantly pray for the assistance of the Holy Spirit. Observe that assistance implies a joint concurrence of the person assisted, nor can you possibly be assisted if you do nothing; therefore do your utmost care and diligence to do your duty, and rely upon the veracity of God, who will not fail to perform what He has promised.

Besides the promise of the Holy Spirit, He has already given us the Holy Scripture, which is a perfect rule of faith and manners: this read and study constantly, and, in all cases that occur, when you want direction have recourse to the Law and the testimony. If there be anything you cannot understand, your father will assist you; or, if you have not time to write, your master, or any good man you are acquainted with, will very willingly instruct you in the way of salvation.

I should proceed to give you some particular directions for your devotion, but I am afraid I have already tried your patience too far, and will therefore omit them till I come to discourse on the last thing proposed, which was the virtues of a social life, or your obligations as a member of a community, which shall be the subject of another letter.

To God's blessed protection I commit you, and earnestly beseech Him that His Holy Spirit may illuminate and steer your soul through all the changing scenes of life, and at the last conduct you to His eternal glory.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

That Mrs. Wesley knew the capacity of her son's mind and understanding cannot be doubted; but it is equally clear that there are many things stated and arguments adduced in the

foregoing letter which were above the ordinary powers of mind of a child of only fourteen years. That the mother understood this of her son is manifest from a sentence at the commencement of the following letter, written a few months later, in which she states that ill-health had prevented her finishing her "discourse," but desired him to preserve the letters till he was older, when he would "be better able to understand them." A third letter followed in August, but without the finish of the arguments commenced in the first. It is probable that, instead of Mrs. Wesley resuming the subject as she proposed, she took what leisure time she could spare in preparing that more lengthy discourse which was unfortunately burnt in the fire of 1709. At a later period she resumed the writing of the original manuscript, and her copy is still preserved: it has been read and examined by the writer. The following are the letters young Samuel received from his mother during the year in which he left home :—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, August 4th, 1704.

DEAR SAMMY,—I have been ill a great while, but am now, I thank God, well recovered. I thought to have been with you ere this, but I doubt if I shall see you this summer; therefore send me word particularly what you want.

I would ere now have finished my discourse, begun so long ago, if I had enjoyed more health; but I hope I shall be able to finish it quickly, and then have you transcribe all your letters; for they may be more useful to you afterwards than they are now, because you will be better able to understand them.

I shall be employing my thoughts on useful subjects for you when I have time, for I desire nothing in this world so much as to have my children well instructed in the principles of religion, that they may walk in the narrow way which alone leads to happiness. Particularly I am concerned for you, who were, even before your birth, dedicated to the service of the sanctuary, that you may be an ornament of that Church of which you are a member, and be instrumental (if God shall spare your life) in bringing many souls to heaven. Take heed therefore in the first place of your own [soul], lest you yourself should be a castaway.

You have had great advantages of education; God has entrusted you with many talents, such as health, strength, a comfortable subsistence hitherto; a good understanding, memory, etc.; and if any one be misemployed or not improved, they will certainly one day rise up in judgment against you.

If I thought you would not make good use of instruction, and be the better for reproof, I would never write or speak a word to you more while I live; because I know whatever I could do would but tend to your greater condemnation. But I earnestly beg of God to give you His grace, and charge you, as you will answer for it at the last great day, that you carefully "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," lest you should finally miscarry.

You say you know not how to keep a secret without sometimes telling a lie. I do not know what secrets you may have: I am sure nobody with you has authority, however, to examine you; but if any should be so imper-

tinently curious to do it, put them civilly off if you can; but if you cannot, resolutely tell them you will not satisfy their unreasonable desires: and be sure you never, to gain the favour of any, hazard losing the favour of God, which you will do if you speak falsely.—To God's merciful protection I commit you.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

DEAR SAMMY,—"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Examine well your heart, and observe its inclinations, particularly what the general temper of your mind is; for, let me tell you, it is not a fit of devotion now and then speaks a man a Christian; but it is a mind universally and generally disposed to all the duties of Christianity in their proper times, places, etc. For instance, in the morning and evening, or any other time when occasion is offered, a good Christian will be cheerfully disposed to retire from the world that he may offer to his Creator his sacrifice of prayer and praise, and will account it his happiness, as well as his duty, so to do. When he is in the world if he have business he will follow it diligently, as knowing that he must account with God at night for what he has done in the day, and that God expects we should be faithful in our calling as well as devout in our closets. A Christian ought, and in the general does converse with the world like a stranger in an inn: he will use what is necessary for him and cheerfully enjoy what he innocently can; but at the same time he knows it is but an inn, and he will be but little concerned with what he meets with there, because he takes it not for his home. The mind of a Christian should be always composed, temperate, free from all extremes of mirth or sadness, and always disposed to hear the still small voice of God's Holy Spirit, which will direct him what and how to act in all the occurrences of life, if in all his ways he acknowledge Him, and depend on His assistance. I cannot now stay to speak of your particular duties: I hope I shall in a short time send you what I designed.

In the mean time, I beg of you, as one that has the greatest concern imaginable for your soul; I exhort you, as I am your faithful friend; and I command you, as I am your parent—to use your utmost diligence to make your calling and election sure, to be faithful to your God; and after I have said that, I need not bid you be industrious in your calling.

Sammy, think of what I say, and the blessed God make you truly sensible of your duty to Him, and also to me. Renew your broken vows: if you have wasted or misemployed your time, take more care of what remains. If in anything you want counsel or advice, speak freely to me, and I will gladly assist you.—I commit you to God's blessed protection.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

It will have been noticed in one of the letters that Mrs. Wesley says she had dedicated her firstborn son to God and His cause before he was born. In the following letter she gives him very plain and pointed directions respecting the drinking usages of that day, guarding him from intemperance by the imperative injunction, "Stay at the third glass: consider your designation to holy orders." This was earnest and very proper advice, even to a boy of only sixteen years. Notice also the plain indication of retributive justice in the frightful death of the "richest man in Epworth," who had been the rector's most implacable enemy, but who had died the death of a rebellious

drunkard. How strongly this terrible example confirmed the wisdom of the precept set forth just before: "Stay at the third glass." Wise men in our day, and wise mothers also, say to their children, "Stay at the first glass, and the second can never harm." Nearly two years had elapsed since the previous letter was written.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, May 22nd, 1706.

DEAR SAMMY,—You cannot imagine how much your letter pleased me, wherein you tell me of your fear lest you should offend God; though, if you state the case truly, I hope there is no danger of doing it in the matter you speak of.

Proper drunkenness does, I think, certainly consist in drinking such a quantity of strong liquor as will intoxicate, and render the person incapable of using his reason with that strength and freedom as he can at other times. Now there are those that, by habitual drinking a great deal of such liquors, can hardly ever be guilty of proper drunkenness, because never intoxicated; but this I look upon as the highest kind of the sin of intemperance.

But this is not, nor, I hope, ever will be, your case. Two glasses cannot possibly hurt you, provided they contain no more than those commonly used; nor would I have you concerned though you find yourself warmed and cheerful after drinking them; for it is a necessary effect of such liquors to refresh and increase the spirits, and certainly the Divine Being will never be displeased at the innocent satisfaction of our regular appetites.

But then have a care: stay at the third glass; consider you have an obligation to strict temperance which all have not—I mean your designation to holy orders. Remember, under the Jewish economy it was ordained by God Himself that the snuffers of the temple should be perfect gold; from which we may infer that those who are admitted to serve at the altar, a great part of whose office it is to reprove others, ought themselves to be most pure, and free from all scandalous actions; and if others are temperate, they ought to be abstemious.

Here happened last Thursday a very sad accident. You may remember one Robert Darwin of this town: this man was at Bawtry fair, where he got drunk; and riding homeward down a hill, his horse came down with him, and he, having no sense to guide himself, fell with his face to the ground and put his neck out of joint. Those with him immediately pulled it in again, and he lived till next day, but he never spake more. His face was torn all to pieces, one of his eyes beat out, and his under lip cut off, his nose broken down; and, in short, he was one of the most dreadful examples of the severe justice of God that I have known.

I have been the more particular in this relation, because this man, as he was one of the richest in this place, so he was one of the most implacable enemies your father had among his parishioners; one that insulted him most basely in his troubles, one that was most ready to do him all the mischief he could, not to mention his affronts to me and the children, and how heartily he wished to see our ruin, which God permitted him not to see. This man and one more have been now cut off in the midst of their sins since your father's confinement. I pray God amend those that are left.—I am, dear Sammy, your faithful friend and mother,

SUSANNA WESLEY.

Ten months afterwards she writes again to her absent child. He had then reached his eighteenth year, and the full height of

his short stature. In the letter she expresses her great and just desire that all her children should be saved; but concerning the salvation of her firstborn son she writes with an intensity of feeling and earnestness not surpassed by David in his memorable lamentation over the death of Absalom. Her appeal is most pathetic, and it is one of the finest passages in the whole of Mrs. Wesley's various and elegant compositions.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, March 18th, 1707.

DEAR SAMMY,—I am sorry you have lost my letters, not that they contain anything very valuable; but because you have not now so many witnesses of my great love for you and unfeigned desire of your eternal happiness.

What use any person can make of them is past my comprehension. Or for what end any should be so impertinently curious, to steal letters from a mother to a son that concern none but himself, I cannot imagine. However, I hope you remember the main things that are therein expressed; but lest you should not, I will again repeat some things which, by the good blessing of God, may be useful to you.

Be sure always to retain a firm belief of the being and perfections of the eternal ever-blessed God. Remember He is your Creator, to whom you owe your being; and your Governor, whose most holy laws you are indispensably obliged to obey.

Endeavour to impress upon your mind the reason for which you were created, not only to eat, drink, etc., and perform other natural actions relating only to this life, but to know, love, and obey God.

This life is nothing in comparison of eternity; so very inconsiderable, and withal so wretched, that it is not worth while to be, if we were to die as the beasts. What mortal would sustain the pains, the wants, the disappointments, the cares, and thousands of calamities we must often suffer here? But when we consider this as a probationary state, wherein we are placed by the Supreme Being, and that if we wisely behave ourselves here, if we purify our souls from all corrupt and inordinate affections, if we can, by the Divine assistance, recover the image of God (moral goodness), which we lost in Adam, and attain to a heavenly temper and disposition of mind, full of the love of God, etc., then we justly think that even this life is an effect of the inconceivable goodness of God towards us; especially since we know that all things shall work together for good to those that love God, and that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall be recompensed with an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

I am almost afraid that I should tire you with such frequent repetitions of the same things; but "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I have such a vast inexpressible desire of your salvation, and such dreadful apprehensions of your failing in a work of so great importance; and do moreover know by experience how hard a thing it is to be a Christian, that I cannot for fear, I cannot but most earnestly press you and conjure you, over and over again, to give the most earnest heed to what you have already learned, lest at any time you let slip the remembrance of your final happiness, or forget what you have to do in order to attain it.

Sammy, believe me, the flesh, the world, and the devil are very formidable enemies; but, above all, the flesh (by which, I think, is meant all our corrupt sensual appetites) is the most to be apprehended. That man of sin, the old Adam, still lives in us, and it is by ourselves we are still betrayed. Not all the pomps and vanities of the world, nor all the united powers of hell, could prevail so far as to make us swerve in the least from our duty

did not these sordid impure natures of our own give them the advantage they gain over us. This is the enemy that will to the last maintain a conflict,* which will sometimes be very difficult; and it will require our utmost skill and strength to come off conquerors, which yet would be impossible without the grace of God. You may perhaps in the course of your duty meet with those trials which our Saviour expresses by pulling out a right eye and cutting off a right hand; and you have great reason to pray daily that God would proportion your strength to your trials, and that His grace may be sufficient for you. I say not these things to discourage you, but to quicken you, to impress on your mind a greater sense of the necessity you lie under to use your utmost endeavour to get a stock of virtue, that you may not have grace to seek when you have [want] it to use.

Dear child, remember how short and how uncertain this life is, and what depends upon it. Make a stand. Recollect your thoughts. Think again upon eternity—an endless duration, a perpetual now, that admits of no parts, succession, or alteration. Of what vast importance is it, since our souls must, whether we will or no, be immortal—of what vast importance, I say, is it that we should be possessed of those Divine virtues that will necessarily make them eternally happy!

I have a great and just desire that all your sisters and your brother should be saved as well as you; but I must own I think my concern for you is much the greatest. What, you my son—you, who was once the son of my extremest sorrow, in your birth and in your infancy, who is now the son of my tenderest love, my friend, in whom is my inexpressible delight, my future hope of happiness in this world, for whom I weep and pray in my retirements from the world, when no mortal knows the agonies of my soul upon your account, no eye sees my tears, which are only beheld by that Father of spirits of whom I so importunately beg grace for you, that I hope I may at last be heard: is it possible that you should be damned? O that it were impossible! Indeed, I think I could almost wish myself accursed, so I were sure of your salvation. But still I hope, still I would fain persuade myself, that a child for whom so many prayers have been offered to heaven will not at last miscarry.

To the protection of the ever-blessed God I commit you, humbly beseeching Him to conduct you by His grace to His eternal glory.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

The following letter succeeded the former one more quickly in consequence of an intimation sent to his parents of his contemplated election to one of the King's Scholarships, which would entitle him afterwards to proceed to the University. What wisdom is embodied even in that short letter, and how kind is that motherly advice, "Be not too careful about your being elected, nor troubled if disappointed."

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, May 7th, 1707.

DEAR SAMMY,—Though I wrote so lately, yet, having received advice that your election is so much sooner than I expected, I take this opportunity to advise you about it.

The eternal, ever-blessed God, that at first created all things by His almighty power, and that does whatever pleases Him, as well among the

* If not entirely destroyed by the Captain of our salvation.

inhabitants of earth as in the armies of heaven, you know is the only Disposer of events; and therefore I would by all means persuade you solemnly to set apart some portion of time (on the Sabbath, if you can) to beg His more especial direction and assistance upon a business on which a great part of your future prosperity may depend.

I would have you in the first place humbly to acknowledge and bewail all the errors of your past life, as far as you can remember them; and for those that have escaped your memory pray, as David did, that God would cleanse you from your secret faults.

Then proceed to praise Him for all the mercies which you can remember you have received from His Divine goodness; and then go on to beg His favour in this great affair; and do all this in the name and through the mediation of the blessed Jesus.

Sammy, do not deceive yourself. Man is not to be depended on; God is all in all. Those whom He blesses shall be blessed indeed. When you have done this, entirely resign yourself and all your fortunes to the Almighty God; nor be too careful about your being elected, nor troubled if disappointed.

If you can possibly, set apart the hours of Sunday in the afternoon, from four to six, for this employment, which time I have also determined to the same work. May that infinite Being, whose we are, and whom I hope we endeavour to serve and love, accept and bless us! SUSANNA WESLEY.

His election as one of the King's Scholars imposed upon him additional duties, some of which were of a more public character, and sometimes involved invitations to sing in the families of the nobility around Westminster Abbey and School. These gave his mother concern lest they should divert his mind from the more urgent claims of personal religion, as she rightly considered them: hence the following short letter:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, August 20th, 1707.

DEAR SAMMY,—Prithee how do you do in the midst of so much company and business, to preserve your mind in any temper fit for the service of God? I am sadly afraid lest you should neglect your duty towards Him. Take care of the world, lest it unawares steal away your heart, and so make you prove false to those vows and obligations which you have laid upon yourself, in the covenant you personally made with the ever-blessed Trinity, before your reception of the Holy Communion.

Have you ever received the Sacrament at London? If not, consider what has been the cause of your neglect, and embrace the next opportunity.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

A mother's anxiety was promptly shown in the form of written sympathy, when she heard that her son was laid aside by severe indisposition.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, October 10th, 1707.

DEAR SAMMY,—Since it has now pleased God to afflict you with bodily pains, it is a very proper season to recollect your past life, to the end you may discover whether or no there be no secret cause of His displeasure.

For He does not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men without reason.

Particularly consider whether you have been mindful of your sacramental vows and obligations. Assure yourself, if you have not, if still the Divine goodness continue His merciful intentions towards you, He will punish you for your neglect.

I know physicians are apt to say that rheumatic distempers carry no danger of death in them; but I am of opinion that all diseases, if God sees we unworthily abuse His mercies, and that we shall continue to trifle away our time here, which is our only opportunity of working out our own salvation, may certainly put a period to our days, as well those called chronic, as the most acute.

Nor are you too young to think of dying, or to prepare for that eternal duration which succeeds this transitory uncertain life.

May the God of mercies give you grace to remember your Creator in the days of your youth! And may His Holy Spirit preserve you from the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. SUSANNA WESLEY.

The illness was happily of short duration. Rheumatic pains in a youth of seventeen or eighteen could scarcely be expected to continue long. In the mean time he follows the advice of his mother, and attends the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The self-examination which preceded that service, and the awakened sensibilities of the soul which attended the celebration of that solemn ordinance, exposed to him some of the frailties of his nature, which he proceeds at once to pour into the ear of his ever-loving mother. Hence the following reply:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, November 27th, 1707.

DEAR SAMMY,—We both complain of not having often heard from each other: what foundation there is for complaints on your side I know not; but I am apt to suspect you have written more letters to me than I have received; for you lately sent one that never came to my hands, though I was advertised of some part of the contents of it, as of you having received the Sacrament, at which I am greatly pleased, and that you desire some directions how to resist temptations, and some particular advice how to prepare for the reception of the blessed Communion.

You never informed me of any particular temptation to which you are exposed, and it is impossible from dark hints and general expressions to collect the true state of your case. Therefore I can but offer at general things; and if I happen to omit anything that I should chiefly insist on, I cannot help it.

I think all temptations, of what kind soever, may be comprehended under these two general heads: first, the pleasure which is found in indulging the irregular motions of the mind, or the gratification of the sensual appetite; or the pain, difficulty, or danger which we suppose we shall meet with in our entrance upon or perseverance in a course of virtue. And both these kinds of temptations must be conquered by different ways.

If you have ever made any serious reflections on the state of your own soul, you must know that human nature is fallen from its primitive innocence. The ever-blessed God, who needed not the service or assistance of any creature (His essential perfections being fully sufficient for His own eternal blessedness), did, out of a principle of pure goodness, create angels

and men, that He might communicate that perfection and happiness which in Himself were incapable of any accession. Man therefore, taking his original from the Divine nature, must necessarily have been most perfect, since nothing evil could possibly proceed from Infinite Goodness; nor could evil any way have entered into the world but by man being left to his own liberty; and if he had not been left to his own liberty—had God made him a necessary and not a free agent—the Divine glory had been apparently diminished, and the virtue of man's obedience utterly destroyed, and had been rendered incapable of any reward, liberty in man being the foundation of rewards and punishments, as well as of moral virtue.

I need not enlarge upon the present corrupt state of human nature. The Scripture account of Adam's fall is very clear, and every way agreeable to the reason and experience of any that will give themselves leave to think. How Adam's sin hath been transmitted to all his posterity we do not well know, but we are sure the fact is true; and therefore I would have you take some pains to get a clear knowledge and deep sense of the corruption of your nature; for the better you are acquainted with your disease, the better you may apply a remedy.

I shall endeavour to give you a little light in this matter, and briefly mention the particular distempers of the mind.

The disease of the understanding is in general that ignorance which proceeds from an indisposition to know the truth. But as the goodness of any object is what we ought principally to regard, so clearly to perceive the truth concerning what is good or evil is the chief business of the understanding; and its averseness from that kind of knowledge and contemplation is its greatest corruption.

Knowledge has been distinguished into immediate and mediate: the former is when the being, qualities, etc., of anything, or truth of any proposition, is known by its own proper evidence, which is called "self-evident truth;" as that fire is hot, ice cold, etc., or that a part of anything is less than the whole. Mediate knowledge is when the being, qualities, etc., of a thing, or truth of a proposition, is known by the intervention of some other thing, whose clearer evidence affords us light to discern it; and when we thus proceed from the evidence of one thing to argue and infer another, this is what we call "argument," or "discourse," and this kind of knowledge is properly scientifical.

When the medium of your knowledge is the testimony of any person, it is called "belief," or "faith," which Bishop Pearson well defines, "an assent to anything credible as credible;" in which you may observe that credibility is the formal essence of faith, as the supposed ability and integrity of the relator is the formal essence of credibility.

In these cases the fault of the understanding is either a privation of the act—or an indisposition to it—or else a want of rectitude in the act. When we should know a thing by its proper evidence, the privation of the act is ignorance, and the privation of its rectitude is error; which differ, as not judging at all, or judging falsely. When it should know by testimony, the privation of the act is unbelief; and the privation of the rectitude is either disbelief, when we, without sufficient reason, think the reporter erreth or would deceive us; or misbelief, when we believe a testimony which we ought not to believe. So you see the diseases of the understanding are, in general, ignorance, error, unbelief, misbelief, and disbelief.

The will is supposed to act in subordination to the understanding, and to be determined by the judgment, since no man can will anything under the formal notion of evil. But whatever excites its motions, the corruption of it is plainly discovered by its wrong tendency to sensual and forbidden objects, and as unreasonable aversation of God, and the position of its act in relation to spiritual things.

The depravity of the memory is discerned in its retentiveness of evil, and its neglect in retaining the impressions of spiritual matters.

I think that the sin of imagination or fancy consisteth in a disposition to think of evil, or worldly, sensual things, and an unaptness to think upon what is good; and when we force ourselves to holy thoughts, they are generally disordered, confused, and unskilfully managed.

The corruption of the passions manifestly appears in their being so easily and strongly excited by the sensitive appetite, which precipitates them into such violent motions as generally cause them to err in point of excess where their objects are sensual or evil, and in defect where their object is spiritual and good.

You may perhaps think that this long digression is nothing to the purpose, it seeming at first view very foreign to the business of temptation. But I am of another mind, since it is from these corrupted faculties and appetites that Satan draws all his auxiliary forces, and fights us with our own weapons. And if it were not for the impurity and treachery of that strong party within us, that adheres to his interest, all the powers of hell could not prevail against us.

You may remember I said that temptations of all kinds might be comprehended under two general heads. Your business is to take notice to what kinds of temptation you lie most exposed, and what it is that most usually prevails over you.

If your temptations are of a spiritual nature, you find that the devil takes advantage, from your ignorance and natural indisposition to think on spiritual things, to tempt you to a great aversion from God, and a total neglect of what you know is your duty towards Him, as praise, prayer, etc.; or else suggests vain, sinful, or unnecessary thoughts in the performance, which corrupt the purity of the sacrifices, and render them altogether ineffectual. And you likewise perceive that he takes advantage, from the defection of your will, corrupt imagination, and irregular passions, etc., to represent religion to your mind as a melancholy thing, and that it is a matter of great difficulty to serve God, and next to impossible to reduce a mind so totally depraved to order, and a universal obedience to the law of God. And these thoughts dishearten you, either from making any attempt, or else so far indispose your mind that you move faintly and unwillingly, and so make no progress in the paths of virtue.

If you are assaulted by these or such-like temptations, then your case is reducible under the second head, and your method of conquering must be, after having humbly acknowledged your own impotence before God, and earnestly implored His assistance, to resolve upon a courageous and vigorous encounter of all difficulties, which is the only way to overcome them. For if you give ground you are lost, whereas by repeated acts of piety you will gain a facility of acting; and then you will find that all those difficulties will vanish, and your uneasiness and aversion from duty will decrease as your mind is renewed, till at last you attain such virtuous habits as will make religion the most agreeable and delightful thing in the world.

But Satan does not usually assault young converts with temptation of this kind, especially those whose complexion is so sanguine as yours. But he commonly makes his attacks upon the sensitive appetites, which he excites by proper objects to such strong commotions as put the whole frame of nature out of order, and drown the voice of reason, to whose conduct and government God hath committed them. I have not time to discourse at large upon this copious subject, I shall therefore single out two instances that include many particulars: first, impurity; secondly, intemperance in meat, drink, or recreation: both of which are included in the second branch of the first general head, namely, the pleasing the sensual appetites.

And I shall here propose a general direction that I think will be of use in

all such kind of temptations. Whenever the matter of any temptation is sensual pleasure, you must immediately fly from it, nor so much as suffer yourself to think upon it, till the first motions of the passions are over and the mind is reduced to such a composure as renders it capable of receiving the influences of the Holy Spirit, which you must earnestly implore; for that pure and holy Spirit moves not in storms and tempests, nor can His small still voice be heard amidst the uproar of tumultuous passions. Therefore you must take special care to resist the first motions to any impurity with the utmost vigour. If they are indulged, the second will be harder to overcome, and the third more difficult than the second; and so on.

I cannot say that the first motion of the sin of impurity is always (though, I believe, very often) from Satan. But this I am sure of, that whether they proceed from him or the natural constitution of the body, or any other cause, he is very careful to observe how those first motions are received, and takes vast advantage from the least inclination to indulge them. Therefore, if this be your case, fly all incentives to so base and sordid a sin, as you would from present death. Suffer not your eyes to look upon, nor your ears to hear, nor your tongue to speak one word that may have the least tendency towards begetting an impure desire. If you find Satan solicit you very strongly, cry mightily to God for assistance: if you have not opportunity for retired devotions, yet at least you may offer up some private ejaculations, which He will regard, if sincere, and answer as soon as the most enlarged petitions. At such times seriously advert to the omnipresence of God. Think or say to yourself, "I am now in the presence of the holy God, who perfectly knows me, and particularly regards how I behave myself in the time of trial. This is my probationary state, and the resisting of temptation is the way to glory. And shall I presume wilfully to sin when the eternal Majesty of heaven and earth is looking upon me?" Then, in a full sense of His presence, cry out unto Him, "Lord, help me; save me, or I now perish. Suffer not the flesh or the devil, in Thy presence, to prevail against that soul which Thou sentest Thine own Son into the world to redeem. I am weak of myself, unable to do anything that is good, but I throw myself on Thy mercy: Lord, save, or I perish!" These or such-like fervent ejaculations may prove very effectual, and discourage Satan from making further attempts.

But you must watch as well as pray. And that you may always be in a capacity so to do, remember the second instance I mentioned—intemperance in meat, drink, etc. Perhaps you will think that the small provision made for you in the college is a sufficient guard against the first; but may there not be more danger of eating intemperately if you are accidentally at another table? I do not know, but I think it concerns you to take care.

Nor can I tell what temptations you may meet with to immoderate drinking; but since in this licentious age few are secure, it behoves you to fortify yourself against that brutish destructive sin, which generally proves an inlet to all kind of wickedness, especially to the sin of impurity; for temperance is the peculiar guard of chastity. Nor can I see how it is possible for a person to resist any temptation of that nature whose blood is fired and filled with more spirits than they can command, and whose reason is so weakened by the pernicious fumes of strong liquors that it can no longer maintain its own authority. It will be very necessary to think often upon the true end of eating and drinking, which is to repair the decays of nature, and thereby to strengthen and refresh the body, that it may be serviceable to the mind, as both must be to God. And whatever other end is proposed, as pleasure, company, etc., is directly contrary to the will of God and the great law of nature. And I think all the pretences men make to colour their intemperance are very good arguments against it.

The common plea of pleasure answers itself; for if the devil and corrupt nature have already gained so considerable a point as to make any one drink

for the pleasure of drinking, it is high time for such a one to look to himself, and carefully avoid all temptations to intemperance, lest he should ere he is aware be engaged beyond the possibility of a retreat. I would not have you think that I believe it a sin to be pleased with the provision God has made for us, or that I would propose my own way of living (which, perhaps, is too abstemious) as a rule for you to walk by. No; all I intend is that we should by no means make pleasure our principal end in eating and drinking. But whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us do all to the glory of God, which I am sure the intemperate and voluptuous can never do.

The other pretence of drinking for the sake of company is more ridiculous than the former. To drink for our own pleasure carries some show of reason; but to drink to humour or comply with another man's appetite is such an unaccountable piece of nonsense that did not frequent experience assure us of the fact no mortal could believe a man would ever do it. Should any one subject his body to the power of diseases, and bring his soul under the wrath of God, and forfeit his hopes of heaven, in compliance with a foolish custom, for a compliment, to please those that perhaps do not care a farthing for him? It is too much, God knows, to be so often conquered by our own appetites; but it is a thousand times worse, and more inexcusable, to be enslaved by another man's. Nor should it ever be in any one's power to say they had such an ascendency over me that they could either flatter or force me to drink one glass beyond what I thought necessary for my health or refreshment.

But there is also another thing which prevails more with young, inexperienced persons than either flattery or force, and that is a fear of being thought singular and precise, and that they shall be laughed at if they refuse to do like the rest of the company. To this I shall only say, Remember what you are, a Christian, the disciple of a crucified Jesus; and He has commanded that all His disciples should take up the cross and follow Him. Consider how He made Himself of no reputation, but was despised and rejected of men; and therefore how little reason have you to regard the unjust censures of a mistaken world, or being made the subject of a little raillery because you will not be ashamed of or deny your Master! And be assured that though they laugh now, you will have infinitely more reason to rejoice if by the grace of God you can preserve your innocence. Alas! you do not know the world: if you did, you would plainly see that there is no passing through it without meeting with many reproaches and reflections, and often very hard usage, from such as will take it very ill if you do not think them very good Christians; and then what wonder is it if you are affronted, and reviled or laughed at by the licentious part of mankind, who will be sure to be highly displeased if you run not with them to the same excess of riot?

But after all, consider what they are which are against you, and who they are that are on your side. All good men will esteem you, and have a certain veneration for you, when they see your mind superior to those temptations that prevail over others, and that the sincerity of your piety is evidenced by your constant temperance and sobriety. The holy angels that are employed about you will rejoice over you, their charge, and gladly minister to you in your spiritual warfare. You will be an inexpressible comfort to your parents in their declining years, who will think the care, trouble, and hardship they have undergone for you well rewarded if after all they see that you are truly devoted to the service of God. And what is infinitely more than all this, your blessed Saviour will in the end vouchsafe you His plaudit, and will pronounce that most joyful sentence before all the world, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

The last instance of temperance in recreation I shall say little to. I do not know what time is assigned to you for it, and I think your health and studies require that you should use a pretty deal of exercise. You know whether your heart be too much set upon it. If it be, I will tell you what rule I observed in the same case when I was young and too much addicted to childish diversions, which was this: never to spend more time in any matter of mere recreation in one day than I spent in private religious duties. I leave it to your consideration whether this is practicable by you or not. I think it is.

I am so ill, and have with so much pain written this long letter, that I gladly hasten to a conclusion, and shall leave your request about the Sacrament unanswered till I hear from you; and then, if I am in a condition to write, I will gladly assist you as well as I can. May God, of His infinite mercy, direct you in all things! SUSANNA WESLEY.

The grace which the young religious student sought from God, and the guidance he sought from his mother, enabled him to overcome the temptations which for a time he so much feared. Grace will triumph where grace is permitted to reign.

The next letter Mrs. Wesley wrote to her son Samuel was dated February 14th, 1708–9, and gave him the first brief account of the burning of the rectory-house, and the wonderful escape of all the family. That calamity broke up the household, and Mrs. Wesley had more leisure time for writing, which she used in preparing that remarkable exposition of the Apostle's Creed which she first sent to her daughter Susanna, then at Gainsborough, and afterwards she sent a copy to her best-beloved son Samuel, with a desire that he would copy it. This very interesting document occupies more than thirty pages of the second volume of Dr. Clarke's "Wesley Family," commencing at p. 38. The following brief note, which shows his mother's affectionate solicitude, accompanied the exposition:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, April 7th, 1710.

DEAR SAMMY,—I thought I should have heard from you ere now, but I find you do not think of me as I do of you. Indeed, I believe you would be very easy were you never to hear from me more; but I cannot be satisfied myself without writing sometimes, though not so often as I would.

I have sent you a letter which I sent to your sister Sukey at Gainsborough, which I would have you read, and copy if you have time.

When I have any leisure, I think I cannot be better employed than in writing something that may be useful to my children; and though I know there are abundance of good books wherein these subjects are more fully and accurately treated of than I can pretend to write, yet I am willing to think that my children will somewhat regard what I can do for them, though the performance be mean; since they know it comes from their mother, who is perhaps more concerned for their eternal happiness than any one in the world. As you had my youth and vigour employed in your service, so I hope you will not despise the little I can do in my declining years, but will for my sake carefully read these papers over, if it be but to put you upon a more worthy performance of your own. SUSANNA WESLEY.

In the account of the rector's life there is a brief allusion to his objections raised against Mrs. Wesley holding services in the rectory-house. How well and wisely she answered these objections will be seen in the following letter:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

Epworth, February 6th, 1712.

I heartily thank you for dealing so plainly and faithfully with me in a matter of no common concern. The main of your objections against our Sunday evening meetings are, first, that it will look particular; secondly, my sex; and lastly, your being at present in a public station and character: to all which I shall answer briefly.

As to its looking particular, I grant it does; and so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit, or in the way of common conversation; because in our corrupt age the utmost care and diligence have been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as of professing ourselves to be Christians.

To your second, I reply that as I am a woman, so I am also mistress of a large family. And though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you, as head of the family, and as their minister, yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me, under a trust, by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to Him, or to you, in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto Him, when He shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?

As these and other such-like thoughts made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants; so, knowing that our most holy religion requires a strict observation of the Lord's day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by only going to church, but that likewise we are obliged to fill up the intermediate spaces of that sacred time by other acts of piety and devotion, I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading to and instructing my family, especially in your absence, when, having no afternoon service, we have so much leisure for such exercises; and such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

This was the beginning of my present practice: other people coming in and joining with us was purely accidental. Our lad told his parents—they first desired to be admitted; then others who heard of it begged leave also; so our company increased to about thirty, and seldom exceeded forty last winter; and why it increased since, I leave you to judge after you have read what follows.

Soon after you went to London, Emily found in your study the account of the Danish missionaries, which, having never seen, I ordered her to read it to me. I was never, I think, more affected with anything than with the relation of their travels, and was exceeding pleased with the noble design they were engaged in. Their labours refreshed my soul beyond measure; and I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the Divine goodness for inspiring those good men with such an ardent zeal for His glory, that they were willing to hazard their lives, and all that is esteemed dear to men in this world, to advance the honour of their Master Jesus. For several days I could think or speak of little else. At last it came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister of the gospel, and so cannot be employed in such a worthy employment as they were; yet

if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and if I were inspired with a true zeal for His glory, and did really desire the salvation of souls, I might do somewhat more than I do. I thought I might live in a more exemplary manner in some things; I might pray more for the people, and speak with more warmth to those with whom I have an opportunity of conversing. However, I resolved to begin with my own children, and accordingly I proposed and observed the following method:—I take such a proportion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself, on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Nancy, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles; and with Emily and Sukey together on Sunday.

With those few neighbours who then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately than before. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we had, and I spent more time with them in such exercises. Since this our company has increased every night, for I dare deny none that asks admittance. Last Sunday I believe we had above two hundred, and yet many went away for want of room.

But I never durst positively presume to hope that God would make use of me as an instrument in doing good; the farthest I ever durst go was, "It may be: who can tell? With God all things are possible. I will resign myself to Him;" or, as Herbert better expresses it,—

> Only, since God doth often make
> Of *lowly matter*, for *high uses* meet,
> I throw me at His feet;
> There will I lie until my Maker seek
> For some *mean stuff* whereon to show His skill;
> Then is *my* time.

And thus I rested, without passing any reflection on myself, or forming any judgment about the success or event of this undertaking.

Your third objection I leave to be answered by your own judgment. We meet not on any worldly design. We banish all temporal concerns from our society; none is suffered to mingle any discourse about them with our reading or singing; we keep close to the business of the day, and as soon as it is over they all go home. And where is the harm of this? If I and my children went a-visiting on Sunday nights, or if we admitted of impertinent visits, as too many do who think themselves good Christians, perhaps it would be thought no scandalous practice, though in truth it would be so. Therefore, why any should reflect upon you, let your station be what it will, because your wife endeavours to draw people to the church, and to restrain them by reading and other persuasions from their profanation of God's most holy day, I cannot conceive. But if any should be so mad as to do it, I wish you would not regard it. For my part, I value no censure on this account. I have long since shook hands with the world, and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me.

As for your proposal of letting some other person read, alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it; and how would that edify the rest? Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

But there is one thing about which I am most dissatisfied; that is, their being present at family prayers. I do not speak of any concern I am under barely because so many are present, for those who have the honour of speaking to the great and holy God need not be ashamed to speak before the

whole world; but because of my sex, I doubt if it be proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God.

Last Sunday, I fain would have dismissed them before prayers, but they begged so earnestly to stay that I durst not deny them.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

How forcible are right words! Who could overthrow or withstand this reasoning? The people were perishing for lack of knowledge; and it is most evident from the circumstances that a dispensation of the gospel was given to this eminent woman, to teach and instruct them in the absence of their pastor. The curate who conducted the service in the church, finding that more people attended Mrs. Wesley's meetings than came to church, was full of envy, and desired the rector to stop the meetings. He wrote from London, firmly disapproving of the meetings, to which Mrs. Wesley with equal firmness replied as follows:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

Epworth, February 25th, 1712.

DEAR HUSBAND,—Some days since I received a letter from you, I suppose, dated the 16th instant, which I made no great haste to answer, because I judged it necessary for both of us to take some time to consider before you determine in a matter of such great importance.

I shall not inquire how it was possible that you should be prevailed on by the senseless clamour of two or three of the worst of your parish to condemn what you so lately approved. But I shall tell you my thoughts in as few words as possible. I do not hear of more than three or four persons who are against our meeting, of whom Inman is the chief. He and Whitely, I believe, may call it a conventicle, but we hear no outcry here, nor has any one said a word against it to me. And what does their calling it a conventicle signify? Does it alter the nature of the thing? Or do you think that what they say is a sufficient reason to forbear a thing that has already done much good, and by the blessing of God may do much more? If its being called a conventicle by those who know in their conscience they misrepresent it did really make it one, what you say would be somewhat to the purpose; but it is plain in fact that this one thing has brought more people to church than ever anything did in so short a time. We used not to have above twenty or twenty-five at evening service, whereas we have now between two and three hundred, which are more than ever came before to hear Inman in the morning.

Besides the constant attendance on the public worship of God, our meeting has wonderfully conciliated the minds of this people towards us, so that now we live in the greatest amity imaginable; and what is still better, they are very much reformed in their behaviour on the Lord's day, and those who used to be playing in the streets now come to hear a good sermon read, which is surely more acceptable to Almighty God.

Another reason for what I do is that I have no other way of conversing with this people, and therefore have no other way of doing them good; but by this I have an opportunity of exercising the greatest and noblest charity, that is, charity to their souls.

Some families who seldom went to church now go constantly; and one person who had not been there for seven years is now prevailed upon to go with the rest.

There are many other good consequences of this meeting which I have not time to mention. Now, I beseech you, weigh all these things in an impartial balance: on the one side the honour of Almighty God, the doing much good to many souls, and the friendship of the best among whom we live; on the other (if folly, impiety, and vanity may abide in the scale against so ponderous a weight), the senseless objections of a few scandalous persons, laughing at us, and censuring us as precise and hypocritical; and when you have duly considered all things, let me have your positive determination.

I need not tell you the consequences if you determine to put an end to our meeting. You may easily perceive what prejudice it may raise in the minds of these people against Inman especially, who has had so little wit as to speak publicly against it. I can now keep them to the church; but if it be laid aside, I doubt they will never go to hear him more, at least those who come from the lower end of the town. But if this be continued till you return, which now will not be long, it may please God that their hearts may be so changed by that time that they may love and delight in His public worship, so as never to neglect it more.

If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment, for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ. SUSANNA WESLEY.

This letter was decisive, and Mrs. Wesley's meetings continued till her husband returned to Epworth. It is evident that God had done more in a few months by this irregular ministry than He had done by that of the rector and his curates for eighteen years before!

It is worthy of remark that Mrs. Wesley terms the people that composed these meetings, our *Society;* and the service was conducted much after the plan known as a Methodist Society meeting.

At this distance of time there is not much hope of recovering any of the numerous letters Mrs. Wesley must have written between the years 1712 and 1725. There exists one letter of hers of considerable importance which cannot be omitted. Her brother Samuel had been for some years in India, where he had amassed much property. In March, 1712–13, he wrote a long letter to the rector of Epworth, in which he desired him to act as his agent in England with the East India Company. He not giving satisfaction to his brother-in-law, the agency was transferred to other hands, and Mr. Annesley wrote a severe letter to his sister, Mrs. Wesley, blaming her husband. In replying thereto, Mrs. Wesley, with great good sense and modesty, defended her husband, and stated some matters of interest concerning the family which we can obtain from no other source. It is doubtful, however, whether this letter ever reached Mr. Annesley, owing to his death.

Susanna Wesley to her brother Samuel Annesley.

Epworth, January 20th, 1721–2: my birthday.

Sir,—The unhappy differences between you and Mr. Wesley have prevented my writing for some years, not knowing whether a letter from me would be acceptable, and being unwilling to be troublesome. But feeling life ebb apace, and having a desire to be at peace with all men, especially you, before my exit, I have ventured to send one letter more, hoping you will give yourself the trouble to read it without prejudice.

I am, I believe, got on the right side of fifty, infirm and weak; yet, old as I am, since I have taken my husband "for better, for worse," I'll take my residence with him: "where he lives, will I live; and where he dies, will I die; and there will I be buried. God do so unto me, and more also, if aught but death part him and me." Confinement is nothing to one that by sickness is compelled to spend great part of her time in a chamber; and I sometimes think that, if it were not on account of Mr. Wesley and the children, it would be perfectly indifferent to my soul whether she ascended to the supreme Origin of being from a jail or a palace, for God is everywhere.

> No walls, nor locks, nor bars, nor deepest shade,
> Nor closest solitude excludes His presence;
> And in what place soever He vouchsafes
> To manifest His presence, there is heaven.

And that man whose heart is penetrated with Divine love and enjoys the manifestations of God's blissful presence is happy, let his outward condition be what it will. He is rich, as having nothing, yet possessing all things. This world, this present state of things, is but for a time. What is now future will be present, as what is already past once was; and then, as Mr. Pascal observes, a little earth thrown on our cold head will for ever determine our hopes and our condition; nor will it signify much who personated the prince or the beggar, since, with respect to the exterior, all must stand on the same level after death.

Upon the best observation I could ever make, I am induced to believe that it is much easier to be contented without riches than with them. It is so natural for a rich man to make his gold his god (for whatever a person loves most, that thing, be it what it will, he will certainly make his god); it is so very difficult not to trust in, not to depend on it, for support and happiness, that I do not know one rich man in the world with whom I would exchange conditions.

You say, "I hope you have recovered your loss by fire long since." No; and, it is to be doubted, never shall. Mr. Wesley rebuilt his house in less than one year; but nearly thirteen years are elapsed since it was burned, yet it is not half furnished, nor his wife and children half clothed to this day. It is true that by the benefactions of his friends, together with what he had himself, he paid the first; but the latter is not paid yet, or, what is much the same, money which was borrowed for clothes and furniture is yet unpaid. You go on: "My brother's living of £300 a year, as they tell me." *They:* who? I wish those who say so were compelled to make it so. It may as truly be said that his living is £10,000 a year as £300. I have, sir, formerly laid before you the true state of our affairs. I have told you that the living was always let for £160 a year; that taxes, poor assessments, subrents, tenths, procurations, synodals, etc., took up nearly £30 of that moiety, so that there needs no great skill in arithmetic to compute what remains.

What we shall or shall not need hereafter God only knows; but at present there hardly ever was a greater coincidence of unprosperous events in one family than is now in ours. I am rarely in health; Mr. Wesley declines

apace; my dear Emily, who in my present exigencies would exceedingly comfort me, is compelled to go to service in Lincoln, where she is a teacher in a boarding-school; my second daughter, Sukey, a pretty woman, and worthy a better fate, when, by your last unkind letters, she perceived that all her hopes in you were frustrated, rashly threw away herself upon a man (if a *man* he may be called who is little inferior to the apostate angels in wickedness) that is not only her plague, but a constant affliction to the family. Oh, sir! oh, brother! happy, thrice happy are you, happy is my sister, that buried your children in infancy! secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame, or loss of friends! They are safe beyond the reach of pain or sense of misery: being gone hence, nothing can touch them further. Believe me, sir, it is better to mourn ten children dead than one living; and I have buried many. But here I must pause awhile.

The other children, though wanting neither industry nor capacity for business, we cannot put to any, by reason we have neither money nor friends to assist us in doing it; nor is there a gentleman's family near us in which we can place them, unless as common servants, and that even yourself would not think them fit for, if you saw them; so that they must stay at home while they have a home; and how long will that be? Innumerable are other uneasinesses, too tedious to mention; insomuch that, what with my own indisposition, my master's infirmities, the absence of my eldest, the ruin of my second daughter, and the inconceivable distress of all the rest, I have enough to turn a stronger head than mine. And were it not that God supports, and by His omnipotent goodness often totally suspends all sense of worldly things, I could not sustain the weight many days, perhaps hours. But even in this low ebb of fortune I am not without some kind interval. Unspeakable are the blessings of privacy and leisure, when the mind emerges from the corrupt animality to which she is united, and by a flight peculiar to her nature soars beyond the bounds of time and place in contemplation of the Invisible Supreme, whom she perceives to be her only happiness, her proper centre, in whom she finds repose inexplicable, such as the world can neither give nor take away.

The late Archbishop of York once said to me (when my master was in Lincoln castle), among other things, "Tell me," said he, "Mrs. Wesley, whether you ever really wanted bread?" "My lord," said I, "I will freely own to your Grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me; and I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all." "You are certainly in the right," replied my lord, and seemed for a while very thoughtful. Next morning he made me a handsome present, nor did he ever repent having done so. On the contrary, I have reason to believe it afforded him comfortable reflections before his exit.

Mrs. Wesley having stated to her brother that in all his transactions her husband had acted with a clear conscience, both before God and man, she proceeds to notice the blame cast on him by Mr. Annesley, and adds:—

These things are unkind, very unkind. Add not misery to affliction: if you will not reach out a friendly hand to support, yet, I beseech you, forbear to throw water on a people already sinking.

But I shall go on with your letter to me. You proceed: "When I come home"—oh, would to God that might ever be!—"should any of your daughters want me"—as I think they will not—"I shall do as God enables me!"—I must

answer this with a sigh from the bottom of my heart. Sir, you know the proverb, "While the grass grows the steed starves."

That passage relating to Ansley I have formerly replied to; therefore I'll pass it over, together with some hints I am not willing to understand. You go on:—

"My brother has one invincible obstacle to my business, his distance from London."—Sir, you may please to remember I put you in mind of this long since.—"Another hindrance, I think he is too zealous for the party he fancies in the right, and has unluckily to do with the opposite faction."—Whether those you employ are factious or not I'll not determine, but very sure I am Mr. Wesley is not so; he is zealous in a good cause, as every one ought to be, but the farthest from being a party man of any man in the world. —"Another remora is, these matters are out of his way."—That is a remora indeed, and ought to have been considered on both sides before he entered on your business; for I am verily persuaded that that, and that alone, has been the cause of any mistakes or inadvertency he has been guilty of, and the true reason why God has not blessed him with desired success.—"He is apt to rest upon deceitful promises."—Would to heaven that neither he, nor I, nor any of our children, had ever trusted to deceitful promises. But it is a right-hand error, and I hope God will forgive us all.—"He wants Mr. Eaton's thrift."—This I can readily believe.—"He is not fit for worldly business."—This I likewise assent to, and must own I was mistaken when I did think him fit for it: my own experience hath since convinced me that he is one of those who, our Saviour saith, "are not so wise in their generation as the children of this world." And did I not know that Almighty Wisdom hath views and ends in fixing the bounds of our habitation, which are out of our ken, I should think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness and rare endowments of learning and useful knowledge in relation to the Church of God should be confined to an obscure corner of the country where his talents are buried, and he determined to a way of life for which he is not so well qualified as I could wish; and it is with pleasure that I behold in my eldest son an aversion from accepting a small country cure, since, blessed be God! he has a fair reputation for learning and piety, preaches well, and is capable of doing more good where he is. You conclude: "My wife will make my cousin Emily."—It was a small and insignificant present to my sister indeed; but, poor girl, it was her whole estate: and if it had been received as kindly as it was meant, she would have been highly pleased.

I shall not detain you any longer—not so much as to apologise for the tedious length of this letter.

I should be glad if my service could be made acceptable to my sister, to whom, with yourself, the children tender their humblest duty. We all join in wishing you a happy new year, and very many of them.—I am, your obliged and most obedient servant and sister, SUSANNA WESLEY.

Whether Mr. Annesley was living or not living when the above letter reached India there is no evidence to show. It is believed that he was dead. The time and manner of his death are wrapt in mystery. He suddenly disappeared, and no trace either of him or of his property seems ever to have reached any of the descendants of the family. Mrs. Wesley never received the £1,000 he is said to have left her in his will.

A few only of Mrs. Wesley's letters to her sons John and Charles have been preserved. When John had reached his twenty-second year, and had nearly completed his education at

the University, he was troubled in mind, and perplexed with some of the fundamental and primary doctrines of the Bible; he having not only to study them as a preparation for holy orders, but he had a desire to know their true meaning. Relying fully on his mother's judgment, even concerning the doctrines of the Church of England, he submitted his inquiries to her, and received the following reply:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Wroote, June 8th, 1725.

DEAR SON,—I cannot recollect the passages you mention; but believing you do the author, I positively aver that he is extremely in the wrong in that impious, not to say blasphemous, assertion that God by an irresistible decree hath determined any man to be miserable, even in this life. His intentions, as Himself, are holy, and just, and good; and all the miseries incident to men here or hereafter spring from themselves. The case stands thus:—This life is a state of probation, wherein eternal happiness or misery are proposed to our choice; the one as a reward of a virtuous, the other as a consequence of a vicious life. Man is a compound being, a strange mixture of spirit and matter; or rather a creature wherein those opposite principles are united without mixture, yet each principle, after an incomprehensible manner, subject to the influence of the other. The true happiness of man, under this consideration, consists in a due subordination of the inferior to the superior powers, of the animal to the rational nature, and of both to God.

This was his original righteousness and happiness that was lost in Adam; and to restore man to this happiness by the recovery of his original righteousness was certainly God's design in admitting him to the state of trial on the world, and of our redemption by Jesus Christ. And surely this was a design truly worthy of God, and the greatest instance of mercy that even omnipotent goodness could exhibit to us.

As the happiness of man consists in a due subordination of the inferior to the superior powers, etc., so the inversion of this order is the true source of human misery. There is in us all a natural propension towards the body and the world. The beauty, pleasures, and ease of the body strangely charm us; the wealth and honours of the world allure us; and all, under the manage of a subtle malicious adversary, give a prodigious force to present things; and if the animal life once get the ascendant of our reason, it utterly deprives us of our moral liberty, and by consequence makes us wretched. Therefore for any man to endeavour after happiness in gratifying all his bodily appetites in opposition to his reason, is the greatest folly imaginable, because he seeks it where God has not designed he shall ever find it. But this is the case of the generality of men; they live as mere animals, wholly given up to the interests and pleasures of the body; and all the use of their understanding is to make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof, without the least regard to future happiness or misery.

It is true our eternal state lies under a vast disadvantage to us in this life, in that, that it is future and invisible; and it requires great attention and application of mind, frequent retirement, and intense thinking, to excite our affections, and beget such an habitual sense of it as is requisite to enable us to walk steadily in the paths of virtue, in opposition to our corrupt nature and all the vicious customs and maxims of the world. Our blessed Lord, who came from heaven to save us from our sins, as well as the punishment of them, as knowing that it was impossible for us to be happy in either world unless we were holy, did not intend, by commanding us to take up the cross, that we should bid adieu to all joy and satisfaction indefinitely; but He opens

and extends our views beyond time to eternity. He directs us where to place our joys, how to seek satisfaction durable as our being; which is not to be found in gratifying but in retrenching our sensual appetites, not in obeying the dictates of our irregular passions, but in correcting their exorbitancy, bringing every appetite of the body and power of the soul under subjection to His laws, if we would follow Him to heaven. And because He knew we could not do this without great contradiction to our corrupt animality, therefore He enjoins us to take up this cross, and to fight under His banner against the flesh, the world, and the devil. And when, by the grace of God's Holy Spirit, we are so far conquerors as that we never willingly offend, but still press after greater degrees of Christian perfection, sincerely endeavouring to plant each virtue in our minds that may through Christ render us pleasing to God—we shall then experience the truth of Solomon's assertion, "The ways of virtue are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I take Kempis to have been an honest weak man, who had more zeal than knowledge, by his condemning all mirth or pleasure as sinful or useless, in opposition to so many direct and plain texts of Scripture. Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure; of the innocence or malignity of actions? Take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself. And so on the contrary.

'Tis stupid to say nothing is an affliction to a good man. That is an affliction that makes an affliction, either to good or bad. Nor do I understand how any man can thank God for present misery; yet do I very well know what it is to rejoice in the midst of deep afflictions; not in the affliction itself, for then it would necessarily cease to be one; but in this we may rejoice, that we are in the hand of a God who never did, and never can, exert His power in any act of injustice, oppression, or cruelty; in the power of that Superior Wisdom which disposes all events, and has promised that all things shall work together for good, for the spiritual and eternal good of those that love Him. We may rejoice in hope that Almighty Goodness will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it. In a word, we may and ought to rejoice that God has assured us He will never leave or forsake us; but, if we continue faithful to Him, He will take care to conduct us safely through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, to those blessed regions of joy and immortality where sin and sorrow can never enter.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

In the following month she wrote a more direct answer to the question concerning election and predestination, and especially the seventeenth article of the Church. These points will appear to be clearly stated in this letter:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Wroote, July 18th, 1725.

DEAR JACKY,—I have often wondered that men should be so vain to amuse themselves by searching into the decrees of God, which no human wit can fathom, and do not rather employ their time and powers in working out their salvation and making their own calling and election sure. Such studies tend more to confound than inform the understanding, and young people had best let them alone. But since I find you have some scruples concerning our article of predestination, I will tell you my thoughts of the matter, and if

they satisfy not, you may desire your father's direction, who is surely better qualified for a casuist than me.

The doctrine of predestination, as maintained by rigid Calvinists, is very shocking, and ought utterly to be abhorred, because it charges the most holy God with being the author of sin. And I think you reason very well and justly against it, for it is certainly inconsistent with the justice and goodness of God to lay any man under either a physical or moral necessity of committing sin, and then punish him for doing it; far be this from the Lord. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

I do firmly believe that God from all eternity hath elected some to everlasting life, but then I humbly conceive that this election is founded in His foreknowledge, according to Romans viii. 29, 30: "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son. . . . . Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified."

Whom in His eternal prescience God saw would make a right use of their powers, and accept of offered mercy, *He did predestinate*—adopt for His children, His peculiar treasure. And that they might be *conformed to the image of His only Son*, He *called them* to Himself by His eternal Word, through the preaching of the gospel, and internally by His Holy Spirit; which *call* they obeying, repenting of their sins, and believing in the Lord Jesus, He *justifies* them, absolves them from the guilt of all their sins, and acknowledges them as just and righteous persons, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ; and *having* thus *justified*, He receives them to *glory*—to heaven.

This is the sum of what I believe concerning predestination, which I think is agreeable to the analogy of faith, since it does in no wise derogate from the glory of God's free grace, nor impair the liberty of man; nor can it with more reason be supposed that the prescience of God is the cause that so many finally perish than that our knowing the sun will rise to-morrow is the cause of its rising. SUSANNA WESLEY.

John Wesley found it difficult to reconcile the seventeenth article of the Church, concerning predestination, to the general doctrines of the Church, and to the Holy Scriptures; hence he wished to have his mother's views of the subject. The following letter, written to him nearly two years after, will show what care this excellent mother took of her son's spiritual progress, and of his regular deportment through life:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

January 31st, 1727.

DEAR JACKY,—I am verily persuaded that the reason why so many seek to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but are not able, is, there is some Delilah, some one beloved vice, they will not part with; hoping that by a strict observance of their duty in other things that particular fault will be dispensed with. But, alas! they miserably deceive themselves. The way which leads to heaven is so narrow, the gate we must enter in so strait, that it will not permit a man to pass with one known unmortified sin about him. Therefore let every one in the beginning of their Christian course seriously weigh what our Lord says in St. Luke xiv. 27–34: "For whosoever, having put his hand to the plough, looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God."

I am nothing pleased we advised you to have your plaid, though I am that

you think it too dear; because I take it to be an indication that you are disposed to thrift, which is a rare qualification in a young man who has his fortune to make. Indeed, such a one can hardly be too wary, or too careful. I would not recommend taking thought for the morrow any further than is needful for our improvement of present opportunities, in a prudent management of those talents God has committed to our trust; and so far I think it is the duty of all to take thought for the morrow. And I heartily wish you may be well apprised of this while life is young. For—

> Believe me, youth (for I am read in cares,
> And bend beneath the weight of more than fifty years)—

believe me, dear son, old age is the worst time we can choose to mend either our lives or our fortunes. If the foundations of solid piety are not laid betimes in sound principles and virtuous dispositions—and if we neglect, while strength and vigour lasts, to lay up something ere the infirmities of age overtake us—it is a hundred to one odds that we shall die both poor and wicked.

Ah! my dear son, did you with me stand on the verge of life, and saw before your eyes a vast expanse, an unlimited duration of being, which you might shortly enter upon, you can't conceive how all the inadvertencies, mistakes, and sins of youth would rise to your view; and how different the sentiments of sensitive pleasures, the desire of sexes, and pernicious friendships of the world, would be then from what they are now, while health is entire and seems to promise many years of life. SUSANNA WESLEY.

The following letter on the nature and properties of love would be a gem even in the best-written treatise on the powers and passions of the human mind. The concluding advice relative to the mode of treating such matters in public preaching must interest all those who minister at the altar of the Lord.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Wroote, May 14th, 1727.

DEAR SON,—The difficulty there is in separating the ideas of things that nearly resemble each other, and whose properties and effects are much the same, has, I believe, induced some to think that the human soul has no passion but *love;* and that all those passions or affections which we distinguish by the names of hope, fear, joy, etc., are no more than various modes of love. This notion carries some show of reason, though I can't acquiesce in it. I must confess I never yet met with such an accurate definition of the passion of love as fully satisfied me. It is indeed commonly defined "a desire of union with a known or apprehended good." But this directly makes love and desire the same thing; which, on a close inspection, I conceive they are not, for this reason: desire is strongest and acts most vigorously when the beloved object is distant, absent, or apprehended unkind or displeased; whereas when the union is attained, and fruition perfect, complacency, delight, and joy fill the soul of the lover, while desire lies quiescent; which plainly shows (at least to me) that desire of union is an *effect* of love, and not love *itself.*

What then is love? Or how shall we describe its strange mysterious essence? It is—do not know what! A powerful something! source of our joy and grief; felt and experienced by every one, and yet unknown to all! Nor shall we ever comprehend what it is till we are united to our First Principle, and there read its wondrous nature in the clear mirror of uncreated

Love; till which time it is best to rest satisfied with such apprehensions of its essence as we can collect from our observations of its effects and properties; for other knowledge of it in our present state is too high and too wonderful for us; neither can we attain unto it.

Suffer now a word of advice. However curious you may be in searching into the nature, or in distinguishing the properties, of the passions or virtues of human kind for your own private satisfaction, be very cautious in giving nice distinctions in public assemblies; for it does not answer the true end of preaching, which is to mend men's lives, and not fill their heads with unprofitable speculations. And after all that can be said, every affection of the soul is better known by experience than any description that can be given of it. An honest man will more easily apprehend what is meant by being zealous for God and against sin when he hears what are the properties and effects of true zeal, than the most accurate definition of its essence.

Dear son, the conclusion of your letter is very kind. That you were ever dutiful, I very well know. But I know myself enough to rest satisfied with a moderate degree of your affection. Indeed, it would be unjust in me to desire the love of any one. Your prayers I want and wish; nor shall I cease while I live to beseech Almighty God to bless you.—Adieu.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

About this time Mr. J. Wesley had written to his mother concerning afflictions, and what was the best method of profiting by them; also expressing a wish that he might not survive so kind and good a parent, and stating his conviction how happy she, who had lived so much devoted to God, must be in her last hours. To all of which she answers with her usual good sense, strong judgment, and deep piety.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Wroote, July 26th, 1727.

It is certainly true that I have had large experience of what the world calls adverse fortune. But I have not made those improvements of piety and virtue, under the discipline of Providence, that I ought to have done; therefore I humbly conceive myself to be unfit for an assistant to another in affliction, since I have so ill performed my own duty. But, blessed be God! you are at present in pretty easy circumstances, which, I thankfully acknowledge, is a great mercy to me as well as you. Yet if hereafter you should meet with troubles of various sorts, as it is probable you will in the course of your life, be it of short or long continuance, the best preparation I know of for sufferings is a regular and exact performance of present duty; for this will surely render a man pleasing to God, and put him directly under the protection of His good providence, so that no evil shall befall him but what he will certainly be the better for it.

It is incident to all men to regard the past and the future, while the present moments pass unheeded; whereas, in truth, neither the one nor the other is of use to us any farther than they put us upon improving the present time.

You did well to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since you do not know what work God may have for you to do ere you leave the world. And besides I ought surely to have the pre-eminence in point of time, and go to rest before you. Whether you could see me die without any emotions of grief I know not; perhaps you could; it is what I often desired of the children, that they would not weep at our parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me. If you, or any other of my children,

were like to reap any spiritual advantage by being with me at my exit, I should be glad to have you with me. But as I have been an unprofitable servant during the course of a long life, I have no reason to hope for so great an honour, so high a favour, as to be employed in doing our Lord any service in the article of death. It were well if you spake prophetically, and that joy and hope might have the ascendant over the other passions of my soul in that important hour. Yet I dare not persume, nor do I despair, but rather leave it to our Almighty Saviour, to do with me both in life and death just what he pleases, for I have no choice. SUSANNA WESLEY.

John Wesley had begun to influence for good some of the more seriously disposed young men at Oxford. He writes to his mother for advice on the subject soon after his return to the University from a visit to Epworth. Her reply is honourable alike to her as a mother and a Christian.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Epworth, October 25th, 1732.

DEAR JACKY,—I was glad to hear you got safe to Oxford, and would have told you so sooner had I been at liberty from pain of body and other severer trials not convenient to mention. Let every one enjoy the present hour: age and successive troubles are sufficient to convince any reasonable man that it is a much wiser and safer way to deprecate great afflictions than to pray for them, and that our Lord well knew what was in man when He directed us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." I think heretic Clark, in an exposition on the Lord's Prayer, is more in the right than Castaniza, concerning temptations. His words are as follow: "We are encouraged to glory in tribulation, and to count it all joy when we fall into diverse temptations, etc. Nevertheless, it is to be carefully observed that when the Scripture speaks on this manner concerning rejoicing in temptations, it always considers them under this view, as being experienced, and already in great measure overcome. For otherwise, as to temptations in general, temptations unexperienced, of which we know the danger but not the success, our Saviour teaches us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation:" and again, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Our nature is frail, our passions strong, our wills biassed; and our security, generally speaking, consists much more certainly in avoiding great temptations than in conquering them. Wherefore we ought continually to pray that God would be pleased to order and direct things in this probationary state, as not to suffer us to be tempted above what we are able; but that He would with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it. Our Lord directed His disciples when they were persecuted in one city to flee into another; and they who refuse to do it when it is in their power lead themselves into temptation and tempt God.

I don't know how you may have represented your case to Dr. Huntington [John and Charles were both in bad health]. I have had occasion to make some observation in consumptions, and am pretty certain that several symptoms of that distemper are beginning upon you, and that unless you take more care than you do you will pu the matter past dispute in a little time. But take your own way; I have already given you up, as I have some before which once were very dear to me. Charles, though I believe not *in* a consumption, is in a fine state of health for a man of two or three and twenty, that can't eat a full meal but he must presently throw it up again! It is a great pity that folks should be no wiser and that they can't fit the mean in

a case where it is so obvious to view that none can mistake it that do not do it on purpose.

I heartily join with your small society in all their pious and charitable actions which are intended for God's glory, and am glad to hear that Mr. Clayton and Mr. Hall have met with desired success. May you still in such good works go on and prosper. Though absent in body, I am present with you in spirit, and daily recommend and commit you all to Divine Providence. You do well to wait on the bishop, because it is a point of prudence and civility; though, if he be a good man, I cannot think it in the power of any one to prejudice him against you.

Your arguments against horse-races do certainly conclude against masquerades, balls, plays, operas, and all such light and vain diversions, which, whether the gay people of the world will own it or no, do strongly confirm and strengthen the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; all which we must renounce, or renounce our God and hope of eternal salvation. I will not say it is impossible for a person to have any sense of religion who frequents those vile assemblies, but I never, throughout the course of my long life, knew so much as one serious Christian that did; nor can I see how a lover of God can have any relish for such vain amusements.

The "Life of God in the Soul of Man" is an excellent, good book, and was an acquaintance of mine many years ago, but I have unfortunately lost it. There are many good things in Baxter, with some faults, which I overlook for the sake of the virtues. Nor can I say, of all the books of divinity I have read, which is the best; one is the best at one time, one at another, according to the temper and disposition of the mind.

Your father is in a very bad state of health: he sleeps little, and eats less. He seems not to have any apprehension of his approaching exit, but I fear he has but a short time to live. It is with much pain and difficulty that he performs Divine service on the Lord's day, which sometimes he is obliged to contract very much. Everybody observes his decay but himself, and people really seem much concerned for him and his family.

The two girls, being uneasy in their present situations, do not apprehend the sad consequences which in all appearance must attend his death so much as I think they ought to do: for, as bad as they think their condition now, I doubt it will be far worse when his head is laid.—You sisters send their love to you and Charles; and my love and blessing to you both. Adieu.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

Full of wise counsels and motherly affection, the following letter gives further evidence of Mrs. Wesley's commendation and guiding influence of her son, in his religious movements at Oxford.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Saturday, March 30th, 1734.

DEAR SON,—The young gentleman's father [Mr. Morgan], for aught I can perceive, has a better notion of religion than many people, though not the best, for few insist upon the necessity of private prayers. But if they go to church sometimes, and abstain from the grossest acts of mortal sin, though they are ignorant of the spirit and power of godliness, and have no sense of the love of God and universal benevolence, yet they rest well satisfied of their salvation, and are pleased to think they enjoy the world as much as they can while they live, and have heaven in reserve when they die. I have met with abundance of these people in my time, and I think it one of the most difficult things imaginable to bring these off from their carnal security, and to con-

vince them that heaven is a state as well as a place—a state of holiness, begun in this life, though not perfected till we enter upon life eternal—that all sins are so many spiritual diseases, which must be cured by the power of Christ before we can be capable of being happy, even though it were possible for us to be admitted into heaven hereafter. If the young man's father were well apprised of this, he would not venture to pronounce his son a good Christian upon such weak grounds as he seems to do. Yet, notwithstanding the father's indifference, I cannot but conceive good hopes of the son, because he chooses to spend so much of his time with you (for I presume he is not forced to it), and if we may not from thence conclude he is good, I think we may believe he desires to be so; and if that be the case, give him time. We know that the great work of regeneration is not performed at once, but proceeds by slow and often imperceptible degrees, by reason of the strong opposition which corrupt nature makes against it. Yet if one grain of Divine grace be sown in the heart, though, to use our blessed Lord's simile, it be but as a single grain of mustard-seed, it will take root, and bring forth fruit, with patience.

Mr. Clayton and Mr. Hall are much wiser than I am; yet, with submission to their better judgments, I think that though some mark of visible superiority on your part is convenient to maintain the order of the world, yet severity is not; since experience may convince us that such kind of behaviour towards a man (children are out of the question) may make him a hypocrite, but will never make him a convert. Never trouble yourself to inquire whether he loves you or not. If you can persuade him to love God, he will love you as much as is necessary. If he love *not* God, his love is of no value. But be that as it may, we must refer all things to God, and be as indifferent as we possibly can be in all matters wherein the great enemy self is concerned.

If you and your few pious companions have devoted two hours in the evening to religious reading or conference, there can be no dispute but that you ought to spend the whole time in such exercises which it was set apart for. But if your evenings be not strictly devoted, I see no harm in talking sometimes of your secular affairs: but if, as you say, it does your novice no good, and does yourselves harm, the case is plain—you must not prejudice your own souls to do another good, much less ought you to do so when you can do no good at all. Of this ye are better judges than I can be.

It was well you paid not for a double letter. I am always afraid of putting you to charge, and that fear prevented me sending you a long scribble indeed, a while ago. For a certain person* and I had a warm debate on some important points in religion, wherein we could not agree: afterwards he wrote some propositions, which I endeavoured to answer. And this controversy I was minded to have sent you, and to have desired your judgment upon it, but the unreasonable cost of such a letter then hindered me from sending it: since, I have heard him in two sermons contradict every article he before defended, which makes me hope that, upon second thoughts, his mind is changed; and if so, what was said in private conference ought not to be remembered, and therefore I would not send you the papers at all.

I cannot think Mr. Hall does well in refusing an opportunity of doing so much service to religion as he certainly might do if he accepted the living he is about to refuse. Surely there never was more need of orthodox, sober divines in our Lord's vineyard than there is now; and why a man of his extraordinary piety and love to souls should decline the service in this critical juncture, I cannot conceive. But this is none of my business.

You want no direction from me how to employ your time. I thank God for His inspiring you with a resolution of being faithful in improving that

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* Probably John Whitelamb.

important talent committed to your trust. It would be of no service to you to know in any particular what I do, or what method in examination or anything else I observe. I am superannuated, and do not now live as I would, but as I can. I cannot observe order, or think consistently, as formerly. When I have a lucid interval I aim at improving it; but, alas! it is but aiming.

I see nothing in the disposition of your time but what I approve, unless it be that you do not assign enough of it to meditation, which is, I conceive, incomparably the best means to spiritualise our affections, confirm our judgments, and add strength to our pious resolutions, of any exercise whatever. If contrition be, as it is commonly defined, that sorrow for and hatred of sin which proceeds from our love to God, surely the best way to excite this contrition is to meditate frequently on such subjects as may excite, cherish, and increase our love to that blessed Being. And what is so proper for this end as deep and serious consideration of that pure, unaccountable love which is demonstrated to us in our redemption by God incarnate? Verily the simplicity of Divine love is wonderful! It transcends all thought; it passeth our sublimest apprehensions. Perfect love, indeed! No mixture of interest; no by-ends or selfish regards! If we be righteous, what give we Him? "In him we live, move, and have our being," both in a physical and moral sense. But He can gain nothing by us, nor can we offer Him anything that is not already His own. He can lose nothing by losing us; but in our loss of Him we lose all good, all happiness, all peace, all pleasure, health, and joy, all that is either good in itself or can be good for us. And yet this great, the incomprehensible, ineffable, all-glorious God deigns to regard us, declares He loves us, expresses the tenderest concern for our happiness, is unwilling to give us up to the grand enemy of souls, or to leave us to ourselves, but hath commissioned His ambassadors to offer us pardon and salvation upon the most equitable terms imaginable! How long doth He wait to be gracious! How oft doth He call upon us to return and live! By His ministers, His providences; by the "still small voice" of His Holy Spirit; by conscience, His vicegerent within us, and by His merciful corrections and the innumerable blessings we daily enjoy! To contemplate God as He is in Himself, we cannot. If we aim at doing it, we feel nature faints under the least perception of His greatness, and we are presently swallowed up and lost in the immensity of His glory: for finite, in presence of Infinite, vanishes straight into nothing. But when we consider Him under the character of a Saviour, we revive; and the greatness of that majesty which before astonished and confounded our weak faculties now enhances the value of His condescension towards us, and melts our tempers into tenderness and love.

But I am got towards the end of my paper before I am aware. One word more, and I have done. As your course of life is austere, and your diet low, so the passions, as far as they depend on the body, will be low too. Therefore you must not judge of your interior state by your not feeling great fervours of spirit and extraordinary agitations, as plentiful weeping, etc.; but rather by firm adherence of your will to God. If upon examination you perceive that you still choose Him for your only good, that your spirit (to use a Scripture phrase) cleaveth steadfastly to Him, follow Mr. Baxter's advice and you will be easy: "Put your souls, with all your sins and dangers, and all their interests, into the hand of Jesus Christ your Saviour, and trust them wholly with Him by a resolved faith. It is He that hath purchased them, and therefore loveth them. It is He that is the owner of them, by right of redemption; and it is now become His own interest, even for the success and honour of His redemption, to save them."

When I begin to write to you, I think I do not know how to make an end. I fully purposed, when I began to write, to be very brief; but I will conclude,

though I find I shall be forced to make up such a clumsy letter as I did last time. To-day, John Brown, sen., sets forward for London, in order to attend your father home. Pray give my love and blessing to Charles. I hope he is well, though I have never heard from him since he left Epworth. Dear Jacky, God Almighty bless thee! SUSANNA WESLEY.

The following letter on the absolute necessity of a Redeemer to save fallen man will meet with the approbation of every pious reader:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Epworth, February 14th, 1735.

DEAR SON,—Since God is altogether inaccessible to us but by Jesus Christ, and since none ever was or ever will be saved but by Him, is it not absolutely necessary for all people, young and old, to be well grounded in the knowledge and faith of Jesus Christ? By *faith*, I do not mean an assent only to the truths of the gospel concerning Him, but such an assent as influences our practice, as makes us heartily and thankfully accept Him for our God and Saviour upon His own conditions. No faith below this can be saving. And, since this faith is necessary to salvation, can it be too frequently or too explicitly discoursed on to young people? I think not.

But since the natural pride of man is wont to suggest to him that he is self-sufficient, and has no need of a Saviour, may it not be proper to show (the young especially) that without the great Atonement there could be no remission of sin; and that, in the present state of human nature, no man can qualify himself for heaven without the Holy Spirit, which is given by God incarnate? To convince them of this truth, might it not be needful to inform them that since God is infinitely just, or rather that He is Justice itself, it necessarily follows that vindictive justice is an essential property in the Divine nature? And, if so, one of these two things seems to have been absolutely necessary, either that there must be an adequate satisfaction made to the Divine justice for the violation of God's law by mankind, or else that the whole human species should have perished in Adam (which would have afforded too great matter of triumph to the apostate angels); otherwise, how could God have been just to Himself? Would not some mention of the necessity of revealed religion be proper here? since without it all the wit of man could never have found out how human nature was corrupted in its fountain; neither had it been possible for us to have discovered any way or means whereby it might have been restored to its primitive purity. Nay, had it been possible for the brightest angels in heaven to have found out such a way to redeem and restore mankind as God hath appointed, yet durst any of them have proposed it to the uncreated Godhead? No; surely the Offended must appoint the way to save the offender, or man must be lost for ever. "Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom, and knowledge, and goodness of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his thoughts higher than our thoughts, and his ways than our ways."

Here, surely, you may give free scope to your spirits; here you may freely use your Christian liberty, and discourse without reserve of the excellency of the knowledge and love of Christ, as His Spirit gives you utterance.

What, my son, did the pure and holy Person of the Son of God pass by the fallen angels, who were far superior, of greater dignity, and of a higher order in the scale of existence, and choose to unite Himself to the human nature? And shall we soften, as you call it, these glorious truths? Rather let us speak boldly, without fear. These truths ought to be frequently inculcated and pressed home upon the consciences of men; and when once men are affected with a sense of redeeming love, that sense will powerfully convince

them of the vanity of the world, and make them esteem the honour, wealth, and pleasures of it as dross or dung, so that they may win Christ.

As for *moral* subjects, they are necessary to be discoursed on; but then I humbly conceive we are to speak of moral virtues as Christians, and not like heathens. And if we would indeed do honour to our Saviour, we should take all fitting occasions to make men observe the essence and perfection of the moral virtues taught by Christ and His apostles, far surpassing all that was pretended to by the very best of the heathen philosophers. All their morality was defective in principle and direction; was intended only to regulate the outward actions, but never reached the heart; or, at the highest, it looked no farther than the temporal happiness of mankind. "But moral virtues, evangelised or improved into Christian duties, have partly a view to promote the good of human society here, but chiefly to qualify the observers of them for a much more blessed and more enduring society hereafter." I cannot stay to enlarge on this vast subject; nor, indeed, considering whom I write to, is it needful; yet one thing I cannot forbear adding, which will carry some weight with his admirers, and that is the very wise and just reply which Mr. Locke made to one who desired him to draw up a system of morals. "Did the world," said he, "want a rule, I confess there could be no work so necessary nor so commendable; but the gospel contains so perfect a body of ethics that reason may be excused from the inquiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in revelation than in herself."

That you may continue steadfast in the faith, and increase more and more in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ; that holiness, simplicity, and purity (which are different words signifying the same thing) may recommend you to the favour of God incarnate; that His Spirit may dwell in you, and keep you still (as now) under a sense of God's blissful presence, is the hearty prayer of, dear son, your affectionate mother and most faithful friend,

S. WESLEY.

It is worthy of remark that the question of the nature of angels should have occupied Mrs. Wesley's mind and pen in the letter dated February 14th, 1735. That was the last letter she appears to have sent to any of her children previous to her husband's death. He had been suffering much, and the infirmities of seventy-three years pressed heavily upon him. He fell at length, like a ripe shock of corn ready for the garner. God graciously gave to him a peaceful passage out of this life, and to her He gave such rich consolations of the Divine favour and presence as both comforted and cheered the first hours of her solitude. "Do not be concerned at my death," said the expiring saint; "God will then begin to manifest Himself to my family." Again he said, "Think of heaven; talk of heaven. All the time is lost we are not thinking of heaven. Nothing is too much to suffer for heaven. Be steady! The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom: you shall see it, though I shall not."

How prophetic these words! How they testify of his nearness to heaven!

"With a cheerful countenance he slept in Jesus, without one struggle, or sigh, or groan. When all sign of life and motion had ceased, his children continued bending over him a good while, in doubt whether the soul was departed or no." So it

was; the father of the Wesleys was gone home, and the mother of the Wesleys was a widow.

> Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
> 'Midst slaughtered legions, he resigned his life;
> But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray
> His spirit vanished from its house of clay,
> And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
> They seemed with him to enter into rest.

Over the sad scene of the funeral we need not linger; still less attractive is the cruel seizure of the live stock for small arrears of rent. All these matters her philosophic son John takes in hand; pays all claims, relieves his mother, and makes the way plain and easy for her removal from the homestead endeared by a thousand recollections of peaceful pleasure, marred occasionally by privations, afflictions, and bereavements in turn. From hence her three sons had gone forth, "into a world of ruffians sent," to preach salvation to a lost world, and redemption through Christ to all mankind. A veil is drawn over the parting from old Epworth, and as neither Samuel nor John could be prevailed on to consent to succeed their father in the rectory, so the connection of the family with the spot endeared by associations and memories extending over forty years comes to an end. Beautiful in sorrow, and with the weight of nearly seventy years added to her solitary condition, she leaves the memorable spot, and finds her first resting-place at Gainsborough, twelve miles away, in the house of her eldest daughter, Emilia, in the school of young ladies she had gathered around her. Absolutely depending on the promised care of her heavenly Father, the generosity of her children, and the benevolence of her friends, she urges her claim to sympathy and support on her son Charles, who entreats his eldest brother Samuel, in passing through London, to press her claim as a clergyman's widow on the attention of a society intended for their relief.

The seven years of her earthly pilgrimage as a widow she passed in about equal portions with four of her children, Emilia at Gainsborough, Samuel at Tiverton, Martha at Wootton and Salisbury, and John in London. In the last change she gathered her daughters around her, and not far from the spot where she commenced, so there in peaceful quiet she closed the journey of life, after a glorious but suffering career of seventy-three years. At Gainsborough she wrote her first letter to her son John, after her husband's death. It furnishes a blessed testimony of her godly life, and of the nearness with which she lived to God, even in her more than ever dependent condition. Intense love to God, and intense love to her son are equally manifested.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON JOHN.

Gainsborough, November 27th, 1735.

DEAR SON,—God is Being itself, the I AM, and therefore must necessarily be the Supreme Good! He is so infinitely blessed, that every perception of His blissful presence imparts a vital gladness to the heart. Every degree of approach towards Him is, in the same proportion, a degree of happiness; and I often think that were He always present to our mind, as we are present to Him, there would be no pain nor sense of misery. I have long since chose Him for my only Good, my All; my pleasure, my happiness in this world as well as in the world to come. And although I have not been so faithful to His grace as I ought to have been, yet I feel my spirit adheres to its choice, and aims daily at cleaving steadfastly unto God. Yet one thing often troubles me: that notwithstanding I know that while we are present with the body we are absent from the Lord; notwithstanding I have no taste, no relish left for anything the world calls pleasure, yet I do not long to go home, as in reason I ought to do. This often shocks me; and as I constantly pray (almost without ceasing) for thee, my son, so I beg you likewise to pray for me, that God would make me better, and take me at the best.—Your loving mother, SUSANNA WESLEY.

Still remembering her obligations to friends as well as to God and to her children, Mrs. Wesley maintained a correspondence with a few of her personal friends. Whilst staying at Wootton with her daughter Martha, and her husband the Rev. Westley Hall, she wrote the following letter to Mrs. Peard, a friend of her son Samuel's:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO MRS. ALICE PEARD, TIVERTON.

Wootton, April 8th, 1737.

DEAR MADAM,—To your goodness I am obliged for the kind present sent by Charles, and return many thanks, particularly to good Mrs. Norman. I heartily sympathise with the young lady in her affliction, and wish it was in my power to speak a word in season that might alleviate the trouble of her mind, which has such an influence on the weakness of her body. I am not apprised of her particular complaints, but am apt to believe that want of faith and a firm dependence on the merits of Christ is the cause of most if not all her sufferings. I am very well satisfied she doth not allow herself in wilful sin, and surely to afflict herself for mere infirmities argues weakness of faith in the merits of our Redeemer. We can never be totally freed from infirmity till we put off mortality, and to be grieved at this is just as if a man should afflict himself that he is a man, and not an angel. It is with relation to our manifold wants and weaknesses, and the discouragements and despondencies consequent thereupon, that the blessed Jesus hath undertaken to be our great High-priest, Physician, Advocate, and Saviour. His satisfaction related to the forfeiture of all the good we had in possession, and His intercession is with respect to our great distance from God and unworthiness to approach Him. His deep compassion supposes our misery; and His assistance, and the supplies of His grace, imply our wants and the disadvantages we labour under. We are to be instructed, because we are ignorant; and healed, because we are sick; and disciplined, because so apt to wander and go astray; and succoured and supported, because we are so often tempted. We know there is but one living and true God, though revealed to us under three characters—that of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. In God the Father we live, move, and have our natural being; in God the Son, as

Redeemer of mankind, we have our spiritual being since the Fall; and by the operation of His Holy Spirit the work of grace is begun and carried on in the soul; and there is no other name given under heaven by which men can be saved, but that of the Lord Jesus.

And here, madam, let me beseech you to join with me in admiring and adoring the infinite and incomprehensible love of God to fallen man, which He hath been pleased to manifest to us in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the great God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, and created not angels and men because He wanted them, for He is Being itself, and as such must necessarily be infinitely happy in the glorious perfections of His nature from everlasting to everlasting; and as He did not create, so neither did He redeem because He needed us; but He loved us because He loved us, He would have mercy because He would have mercy, He would show compassion because He would show compassion. There was nothing in man that could merit anything but wrath from the Almighty. We are infinitely below His least regards, therefore this astonishing condescension can be resolved into nothing but His own essential goodness. And shall we, after all, undervalue or neglect this great salvation? Who should be so much concerned for our eternal happiness as ourselves? And shall we exclude ourselves from an interest in the merits of the blessed Jesus by our unbelief? God forbid, but you will say, "We are great sinners." Very true, but Christ came into the world to save sinners; He had never died if man had never sinned. If we were not sinners we should have had no need of a Saviour, "but God commended His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." The greatest saints in heaven were once sinners upon earth, and the same redeeming love and free grace that brought them to glory are sufficient to bring us also thither. I verily think one great reason why Christians are so often subject to despond is that they look more to themselves than to their Saviour; they would establish a righteousness of their own to rest on, without adverting enough to the sacrifice of Christ, by which alone we are justified before God. But I need not say more, considering to whom I am writing; only give me leave to add one request, which is that you would commit your soul, in trust, to Jesus Christ, as God incarnate, in a full belief that He is able and willing to save you. Do this constantly, and I am sure He will never suffer you to perish.

I shall be very glad to hear often from you. I thank God I am somewhat better in health than when I wrote last; and I tell you because I know you will be pleased with it, that Mr. Hall and his wife are very good to me, he behaves like a gentleman and a Christian, and my daughter with as much duty and tenderness as can be expressed, so that on this account I am very easy. My humble service waits on your sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman. I heartily wish you all happiness, temporal, spiritual, and eternal. I earnestly recommend myself to all your prayers, who am, dear madam, your obliged and most obedient servant,

SUSANNA WESLEY.

John and Charles Wesley had been out to America as missionaries since the date of Mrs. Wesley's last letter to them. In the mean time they had become acquainted with the Moravian Brethren in London, and especially with Peter Böhler and Peter Molther. Part of a letter of Molther's to John Wesley, in German, is before the writer. From these Brethren, John Wesley learned more clearly the plan of salvation, by simple faith in Jesus Christ and in His Atonement made on Calvary. With the

new light they had obtained, they began to preach justification by faith with a plainness, earnestness, and simplicity previously unknown in the Church of England. These new doctrines, as they were called, created a strong feeling of prejudice against John Wesley in particular, and one of his most fierce antagonists was his own brother, who wrote to most of John Wesley's intimate friends, and even to his mother, to caution them against this new way of preaching the gospel. It was in reply to a letter of his, written under strong excitement, that Mrs. Wesley penned the following epistle, which has been made the subject of severe censure and misrepresentation on many occasions. She is believed to have been on a visit to Epworth at the time it was written.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Thursday, March 8th, 1738-9.

DEAR SON,—Your two double letters came safe to me last Friday. I thank you for them, and have received much satisfaction in reading them. They are written with good spirit and judgment, sufficient, I should think, to satisfy any unprejudiced mind that the reviving these pretensions to dreams, visions, etc., is not only vain and frivolous as to the matter of them, but also of dangerous consequence to the weaker sort of Christians. You have well observed "that it is not the method of Providence to use extraordinary means to bring about that for which ordinary ones are sufficient." Therefore the very end for which they pretend that these new revelations are sent seems to me one of the best arguments against the truth of them. As far as I can see, they plead that these visions, etc., are given to assure some particular persons of their adoption and salvation. But this end is abundantly provided for in the Holy Scriptures, wherein all may find the rules by which we must live here and be judged hereafter so plainly laid down "that he who runs may read;" and it is by these laws we should examine ourselves, which is a way of God's appointment, and therefore we may hope for His direction and assistance in such examination. And if, upon a serious review of our state, we find that in the tenour of our lives we have or do now sincerely desire and endeavour to perform the conditions of the gospel-covenant required on our parts, then we may discern that the Holy Spirit hath laid in our minds a good foundation of a strong, reasonable, and lively hope of God's mercy through Christ.

This is the assurance we ought to aim at, which the apostle calls "the full assurance of hope," which he admonishes us to "hold fast unto the end." And the consequence of encouraging fanciful people in this new way of seeking assurance (as all do that hear them tell their silly stories without rebuke), I think, must be turning them out of God's way into one of their own devising. You have plainly proved that the Scripture examples and that text in Joel which they urge in their defence will not answer their purpose, so that they are unsupported by any authority, human or Divine (which you have well observed); and the credit of their relations must therefore depend on their own single affirmation, which surely will not weigh much with the sober, judicious part of mankind.

I began to write to Charles before I last wrote to you, but could not proceed, for my chimney smoked so exceedingly that I almost lost my sight, and remained well-nigh blind a considerable time. God's blessing on eye-water I make cured me of the soreness, but the weakness long remained. Since I have been informed that Mr. Hall intends to remove his family to

London, hath taken a house, and I must (if it please God I live) go with them, where I hope to see Charles; and then I can fully speak my sentiments of their new notions more than I can do by writing; therefore I shall not finish my letter to him.

You have heard, I suppose, that Mr. Whitefield is taking a progress through these parts to make a collection for a house in Georgia for orphans and such of the natives' children as they will part with to learn our language and religion. He came hither to see me, and we talked about your brothers. I told him I did not like their way of living, wished them in some place of their own, wherein they might regularly preach, etc. He replied, "I could not conceive the good they did in London; that the greatest part of our clergy were asleep, and that there never was a greater need of itinerant preachers than now;" upon which a gentleman that came with him said that my son Charles had converted him, and that my sons spent all their time in doing good. I then asked Mr. Whitefield if my sons were not for making some innovations in the Church, which I much feared. He assured me they were so far from it that they endeavoured all they could to reconcile Dissenters to our communion; that my son John had baptised five adult Presbyterians in our own way on St. Paul's day, and he believed would bring over many to our communion. His stay was short, so I could not talk with him so much as I desired. He seems to be a very good man, and one who truly desires the salvation of mankind. God grant that the wisdom of the serpent may be joined to the innocence of the dove!

My paper and sight are almost at an end, therefore I shall only add that I send you and yours my hearty love and blessing. Service to Mrs. Berry. I had not an opportunity to send this till Saturday, the 17th ult. Love and blessing to Jacky Ellison. Pray let me hear from you soon. We go in April.—From Mrs. Wesley, Epworth.

Concerning this letter Dr. Clarke has printed the following observations: "At this time Mrs. Wesley's knowledge of the plan of salvation was by no means clear and distinct; of this one passage in her letter is a sufficient proof. In the place where she shows the mode people should adopt in order to find a rational assurance of their salvation, she says: 'If, upon a serious review of our state, we find that in the tenour of our lives we have or do now sincerely desire and endeavour to perform the conditions of the gospel-covenant required on our parts, then we may discern that the Holy Spirit hath laid in our minds a good foundation of a strong, reasonable, and lively hope of God's mercy through Christ.' Mrs. Wesley herself was obliged to come at last simply to the blood of Jesus Christ which was shed for her; and then she received, without any reference to her past righteousness, the full witness of God's Spirit that she was born from above. This she acknowledges to have received in a most clear and satisfactory manner whilst partaking of the Lord's Supper from the hands of her son-in-law the Rev. Westley Hall. As soon as she conversed with her sons, and heard them speak for themselves, Mrs. Wesley was convinced that their doctrine was both rational and scriptural, and saw the wickedness of the charges that were brought against them.

At this very time in which she wrote the letter, she heard Mr. George Whitefield speak for himself; and though he was much less argumentative than her son John, and could not give that clear description of the hope that was in him as her son could have done, yet she was fully convinced that he was right, that he was a very good man, one who truly desired the salvation of mankind; and satisfied of his dovelike innocence, prayed that he might have wisdom sufficient to guard him."

During the month of May, 1738, both her sons, John and Charles, renounced those opinions which they had believed and preached for some years in reference to forgiveness of sins; and after they had, by faith in the Atonement of Christ, believed to the salvation of their own souls, they began to preach the doctrine of justification by faith and the witness of the Spirit. Unable to retain this knowledge to themselves, they wrote to their mother on the subject, who was then staying at Tiverton with her son Samuel. To Charles she wrote two letters, which indicate how freely her sons stated their religious sentiments, and how generously and openly their mother replied to them.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON CHARLES.

October 19th, 1738.

DEAR CHARLES,—It is with much pleasure I find your mind is somewhat easier than formerly, and I heartily thank God for it. The spirit of man may sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear? If this hath been your case, it has been sad indeed. But blessed be God, who gave you convictions of the evil of sin, as contrary to the purity of the Divine nature and the perfect goodness of His law. Blessed be God, who showed you the necessity you were in of a Saviour to deliver you from the power of sin and Satan (for Christ will be no Saviour to such as see not their need of one), and directed you by faith to lay hold of that stupendous mercy offered us by redeeming love. Jesus is the only Physician of souls; His blood the only salve that can heal a wounded conscience.

It is not in wealth, or honour, or sensual pleasure, to relieve a spirit heavy laden and weary of the burden of sin. These things have power to increase our guilt by alienating our hearts from God; but none to make our peace with Him, to reconcile God to man and man to God, and to renew the union between the Divine and human nature.

No, there is none but Christ, none but Christ, who is sufficient for these things. But, blessed be God, He is an all-sufficient Saviour; and blessed be His holy name that thou hast found Him a Saviour to thee, my son! Oh, let us love Him much, for we have much forgiven.

I would gladly know what your notion is of justifying faith, because you speak of it as a thing you have but lately received. SUSANNA WESLEY.

The second letter is dated in December.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON CHARLES.

December 6th, 1738.

I think you are fallen into an odd way of thinking. You say that till within a few months you had no spiritual life, nor any justifying faith.

Now this is as if a man should affirm he was not alive in his infancy, because when an infant he did not know he was alive. All, then, that I can gather from your letter is that till a little while ago you were not so well satisfied of your being a Christian as you are now. I heartily rejoice that you have now attained to a strong and lively hope in God's mercy through Christ. Not that I can think that you were totally without saving faith before: but it is one thing to have faith, and another thing to be sensible we have it. Faith is the fruit of the Spirit, and the gift of God; but to feel or be inwardly sensible that we have true faith requires a farther operation of God's Holy Spirit. You say you have peace, but not joy in believing. Blessed be God for peace! May this peace rest with you. Joy will follow, perhaps not very closely, but it will follow faith and love. God's promises are sealed to us, but not dated, therefore patiently attend His pleasure. He will give you joy in believing. Amen. SUS. WESLEY.

Soon after the foregoing letters were sent, Samuel Wesley was taken ill, and his affliction terminated his life, at a period just before Methodism assumed an organised form. Hitherto the greatest obstacle John Wesley had met with in his public evangelistic labours had been his eldest brother. Now, by his death, that source of opposition had ceased. This event was viewed very differently by the several members of the Wesley family. How the painful bereavement fell on his venerable mother, the following letter will record:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON CHARLES.

November 29th, 1739.

DEAR CHARLES,—Upon the first hearing of your brother's death, I did immediately acquiesce in the will of God, without the least reluctance. Only I marvelled that Jacky did not inform me of it before he left, since he knew thereof, but he was unacquainted with the manner of God's dealing with me in extraordinary cases, which indeed is no wonder; for though I have so often experienced His infinite mercy and power in my support, and inward calmness of spirit when the trial would otherwise have been too strong for me, yet His ways of working are to myself incomprehensible and ineffable!

Your brother was exceeding dear to me in his life, and perhaps I have erred in loving him too well. I once thought it impossible for me to bear his loss, but none know what they can bear till they are tried. As your good old grandfather often used to say, "That is an affliction, that God makes an affliction." Surely the manifestation of His presence and favour is more than an adequate support under any suffering whatever. If He withhold His consolations, and hide His face from us, the least suffering is intolerable. But, blessed and adored be His holy name, it hath not been so with me, though I am infinitely unworthy of the least of all His mercies. I rejoice in having a comfortable hope of my dear son's salvation. He is now at rest, and would not return to earth, to gain the world. Why then should I mourn? He hath reached the haven before me, but I shall soon follow him. He must not return to me, but I shall go to him, never to part more.

I thank you for your care of my temporal affairs. It was natural to think that I should be troubled for my dear son's death on that account, because so considerable a part of my support was cut off. But, to say the truth, I have never had one anxious thought of such matters: for it came immediately into my mind that God, by my child's loss, had called me to a firmer dependence on Himself; that though my son was good, he was not my God;

and that now our heavenly Father seemed to have taken my cause more immediately into His own hand; and therefore, even against hope, I believed in hope that I should never suffer more.

I cannot write much, being but weak. I have not been downstairs above ten weeks, though better than I was lately. Pray give my kind love and blessing to my daughter and Philly. I pray God to support and provide for her. SUSANNA WESLEY.

In the autumn of the year 1739, the old Foundry in Moorfields, which had for sixteen years been a ruin, was repaired, and offered to John Wesley for his use as a preaching place, and as shelter for the thousands who had attended his ministry in the open air in Moorfields. Preferring to reside with the occasional company of her son John, and the presence of some of her daughters, as soon as the Foundry was ready for occupation, Mrs. Wesley came to London, to superintend the dwelling-house attached to the Foundry, and here she found her last home. Her son Charles was located in Bristol, to which place she addressed to him the following letter :—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON CHARLES.

Foundry, London, December 27th, 1739.

DEAR CHARLES,—You cannot more desire to see me than I do to see you. Your brother, whom I shall henceforth call Son Wesley, since my dear Sam is gone home, has just been with me, and much revived my spirits. Indeed, I have often found that he never speaks in my hearing without my receiving some spiritual benefit. But his visits are seldom and short, for which I never blame him, because I know he is well employed; and, blessed be God, hath great success in His ministry. But, my dear Charles, still I want either him or you; for indeed, in the most literal sense, I am become a little child, and want continual succour. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." I feel much comfort and support from religious conversation when I can obtain it. Formerly I rejoiced in the absence of company, and found, the less I had of creature comforts, the more I had from God. But, alas! I am fallen from that spiritual converse I once enjoyed. And why is it so? Because I want faith. God is an omnipresent, unchangeable God, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning: the fault is in myself, and I attribute all mistakes in judgment and all errors in practice to want of faith in the blessed Jesus. Oh, my dear, when I consider the dignity of His person, the perfection of His purity, the greatness of His sufferings, but above all His boundless love, I am astonished and utterly confounded; I am lost in thought. I fall into nothing before Him! Oh, how inexcusable is that person who has knowledge of these things and yet remains poor and low in faith and love. I speak as one guilty in this matter.

I have been prevented from finishing my letter. I complained I had none to converse with me on spiritual things, but for these several days I have had the conversation of many good Christians, who have refreshed in some measure my fainting spirits; and though they hindered my writing, yet it was a pleasing and I hope not an unprofitable interruption they gave me. I hope we shall shortly speak face to face; and I shall then, if God permit, impart my thoughts more fully. But then, alas! when you come, your brother leaves me. Yet that is the will of God, in whose blessed service you are engaged, who has hitherto blessed your labours, and preserved your

persons. That He may continue so to prosper your work, and protect you both from evil, and give you strength and courage to preach the true gospel in opposition to the united prayers of evil men and evil angels, is the hearty prayer of, dear Charles, your loving mother, SUSANNA WESLEY.

This letter gives full evidence that Mrs. Wesley cordially approved of the conduct of her sons, and was animated with zeal for the success of their labours. She continued in the most perfect harmony with them till her death: attending on their ministry, and walking in the light of God's countenance, she rejoiced in the happy experience of the truths she heard them preach.

Her experience of Divine things was now deep and clear, and in the godly conversation she had opportunities of holding almost daily, to which reference is made in her letter last given, she took great delight.

Some intimation had been given to Charles Wesley that his mother held inadequate views of the Christian salvation, and of the faith by which it is obtained; and to his mind her spiritual condition was not, therefore, satisfactory. He wrote her a letter on the subject, which she answered immediately. All her reply has not been preserved, but by the following portion of it there is satisfactory evidence that the spiritual enjoyments with which her sons had only recently been made acquainted she had known many years before, but she had lost the witness of the Spirit to her adoption by unfaithfulness. Her hints to Charles not to undervalue the religion he had, before he obtained the witness of the Spirit to his adoption, were both seasonable and valuable. This is the last letter which is known to have come from Mrs. Wesley's pen.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON CHARLES.

Foundry, London, October 2nd, 1740.

DEAR CHARLES,—I do heartily join with you in giving God thanks for your recovery. He hath many wise reasons for every event of Providence, far above our apprehension, and I doubt not but His having restored you to some measure of health again will answer many ends which as yet you are ignorant of.

I thank you for your kind letter. I call it so, because I verily believe it was dictated by a sincere desire of my spiritual and eternal good. There is too much truth in many of your accusations; nor do I intend to say one word in my own defence, but rather choose to refer all things to Him that knoweth all things. This I must tell you: you are somewhat mistaken in my case. Alas, it is far worse than you apprehend it to be! I am not one of those who have never been enlightened, or made partaker of the heavenly gift, or of the Holy Ghost, but have many years since been fully awakened, and am deeply sensible of sin, both original and actual. My case is rather like that of the Church of Ephesus: I have not been faithful to the talents committed to my trust, and have lost my first love. "Yet is there any hope in Israel concerning this thing?" I do not, and by the grace of God I will not,

despair; for ever since my sad defection, when I was almost without hope, when I had forgotten God, yet I then found He had not forgotten me. Even then He did by His Spirit apply the merits of the great Atonement to my soul, by telling me that Christ died for me. Shall the God of truth, the Almighty Saviour, tell me that I am interested in His blood and righteousness, and shall I not believe Him? God forbid. I do, I will believe; and though I am the greatest of sinners, that does not discourage me: for all my transgressions are the sins of a finite person, but the merits of our Lord's sufferings and righteousness are infinite! If I do want anything without which I cannot be saved (of which I am not at present sensible), then I believe I shall not die before that want is supplied.

You ask many questions which I care not to answer; but I refer you to our dear Lord, who will satisfy you in all things necessary for you to know. I cannot conceive why you affirm yourself to be no Christian; which is, in effect, to tell Christ to His face that you have nothing to thank Him for, since you are not the better for anything He hath yet done or suffered for you. Oh, what great dishonour, what wondrous ingratitude, is this to the ever-blessed Jesus! I think myself far from being so good a Christian as you are, or as I ought to be; but God forbid that I should renounce the little Christianity I have: nay, rather let me grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

I know not what other opinion people may have of human nature, but for my part I think that without the grace of God we are utterly incapable of thinking, speaking, or doing anything good: therefore, if in any part of our life we have been enabled to perform anything good, we should give God the glory. If we have not improved the talents given us, the fault is our own. I find this is a way of talking much used among this people, which has much offended me, and I have often wished they would talk less of themselves, and more of God. I often hear loud complaints of sin, etc., but rarely, very rarely, any word of praise and thanksgiving to our dear Lord, or acknowledgment of His Infinite . . . . .

The closing sentence of the letter is lost; but what is before us is very important for the insight it gives of her religious life, both in the past, and just previous to the close of her earthly existence. "The legal night of seventy years," which Charles wrote to be engraved on her tombstone, she herself practically denies. She had long lived in the full enjoyment of the Divine favour: how long cannot now be known. She lost this Divine privilege when she lost her first love. This blessing it is evident she had recovered, though not so much of it as she desired; but from her letters during some years past, it is manifest that she lived in the light of God's countenance, and her chief delight was in loving God supremely, in doing His will, and keeping His commandments. The joy of her life she derived from the consciousness of God's abiding presence with her, and thus to live near to God is the next greatest blessing to being with Him.

The allusion Mrs. Wesley makes to the "talking much used among this people" indicates that she took a sort of spiritual oversight of the female classes at the Foundry which were then in process of formation. The people were chiefly new converts rescued from the degradation of ignorance, poverty, and sin, to a

large extent through the preaching of her sons in Moorfields. They knew their own hearts, they had but little other knowledge to use at that time, and they were at the extremes of removal from the religiously educated and deeply experienced Christian as Mrs. Wesley was. This characteristic notice of the first Methodists gathered at the Foundry is valuable, because spontaneous, and written without the least idea of its ever being used afterwards. To obtain the knowledge of what they said plainly indicates that she held intercourse with them; and with some of them, during the two years following, that intercourse was both useful and agreeable, and as they increased in the knowledge of Divine things, it was to her mind more welcome.

After the death of the rector of Epworth, in 1735, Mrs. Wesley went to reside for a year or more at Gainsborough, with her daughter Emilia. Her eldest son, Samuel, then invited her to his abode, and in September, 1736, she removed to Tiverton, in Devonshire, where she received all the marks of respect and service which affection could offer. Here her stay was limited to ten months, and in July, 1737, her daughter Martha, who had always been a favourite with her mother, prevailed on her to reside with herself and her husband, who was the curate at the pleasant little village of Wootton, in Wiltshire. The kindness she received there is best expressed in her own words. Writing to a friend at Tiverton, Mrs. Wesley says, "I tell you, because I know you will be pleased with it, that Mr. Hall and his wife are very good to me. He behaves like a gentleman and a Christian, and my daughter with as much duty and tenderness as can be expressed; so that on this account I am very easy."

During her residence with them, both her sons, John and Charles, returned from their missionary adventures in America, and they found occasion to visit their mother and report to her the circumstances which terminated their labours in a foreign land. Charles remained two days with his mother, one of them being the Sabbath, on which he doubtless preached. He describes the time of that visit as "days never to be forgotten." Mrs. Wesley was decidedly opposed to her sons returning so soon from their missionary labours; but when she heard from their own lips the account of their hardships, snares, and dangers, as Charles has recorded, "she violently protested against our returning to Georgia."

Remaining with Mr. and Mrs. Hall till they removed from Wootton to the city of Salisbury, she still continued to receive their kind hospitality, and abode with them nearly two years. In April, 1739, she returned to London, the home of her youth, at which time she is described by the Rev. John Kirk, as "a lone widow, aged and infirm, eyesight dim, and frame tottering

on the verge of the grave." At her departure from London in 1690, her father, mother, sisters, and brothers were all living: on her return in 1739 all these are numbered with the dead, she alone remains out of the "two dozen or quarter of a hundred children" which once bore her maiden name. Before the end of that year she had to mourn the death of her firstborn son, but she was comforted by finding a home with her other son John, and in that home she gathered around her most of her daughters who were living. How she was sustained in bearing that heavy trial has been shown in her letter to Charles. A special manifestation of the Divine favour was given to her as a preparation for the sad event. This she describes in these words: "Two or three weeks ago, while my son Hall was pronouncing the words in delivering the cup to me, 'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee,' the words struck through my heart, and I knew that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me all my sins." This was the abiding consolation which sustained her through that bereavement. With the death of Samuel, eleven of her own children had been called to exchange mortality for life. Still there were two sons and six daughters remaining.

The great work on which her surviving sons were now fully entered, she watched the progress of with deep interest and some anxiety. Remembering her own ministrations to two hundred people in the rectory-house at Epworth, she was somewhat prepared for those great changes in the conduct of Divine worship which she lived to see fully inaugurated, and she saw sufficient to justify her in approving and encouraging her sons in their outdoor preaching and in the employment of laymen to preach the gospel.

Scarcely had the wounded heart been healed of its sorrow at the death of her eldest son, before she was once more called to pass through the same ordeal. On March 9th, 1741, her youngest child, Kezia, who had for some time been boarded at Bexley, died in great peace, at the early age of thirty-two years. This was the last stroke of the great destroyer which fell to the lot of this godly but submissive mother. Herself enduring the weight of "age and feebleness," she was preparing for the last change of all, which was now near at hand.

The patient submission and joyfulness with which she bore her tribulations is described by herself in one of her meditations. "Though man is born to trouble, yet I believe there is scarce a man to be found upon earth, but, take the whole course of his life, hath more mercies than afflictions, and much more pleasure than pain. I am sure it has been so in my case. I have many years suffered much pain and great bodily infirmities, but I

have likewise enjoyed great intervals of rest and ease. All my sufferings have concurred to promote my spiritual and eternal good." For years she had suffered great debility and much sickness, which one of her daughters declares was "often occasioned by want of clothes or convenient meat." She now saw the near approach of eternity. On that her mind and thoughts were fixed, and how nearly she realised its verities may be judged from her own remarks sent to Charles a short time before, when he thought himself to be near death. "Ah! my dear son, did you with me stand on the very verge of life, and saw before your eyes a vast expanse, an unlimited duration of being, which you might shortly enter upon, you cannot conceive how all the inadvertencies, mistakes, and sins of youth would rise to your view: and how different the sentiments of sensitive pleasures, the desire of sexes, and pernicious friendships of the world, would be then from what they are when health is entire and seems to promise many years of life.

> Believe me, youth, for I am read in cares,
> And bend beneath the weight of more than seventy years."

Unattended by any serious illness, the prostration of age and the feebleness of exhausted nature too plainly indicated the approach of dissolution. Tidings of these symptoms reached John Wesley at Bristol, and after preaching there on Sunday evening, July 18th, 1742, he rode with all speed, and reached the Foundry in London, on Tuesday, the 20th. He records in his journal: "I found my mother on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubt nor fear, nor any desire but, as soon as God should call her, to depart and be with Christ."

Her five daughters, all who were then living, Emilia, Susanna, Mehetabel, Anne, and Martha, all married, were present with their mother during her last hours. John came on purpose to witness the closing scene, but Charles was absent from London.

On Friday, July 23rd, about three in the afternoon, John visited her, and found her end was near, and her soul on the wing for eternity. Sitting down on the bedside, John saw her in the last conflict, unable to speak, but quite sensible. He then read the solemn commendatory prayer, with which seven years before he had also committed the soul of his father to the blessedness of the redeemed in heaven. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes were fixed upward, as the requiem to her departing soul was being sung by her children. "She continued," wrote John, "in just the same way as my father was, gasping for life, though, as I could judge by several signs, perfectly sensible, though her pulse was almost gone and her fingers dead. Being near four o'clock, I was going to drink a

dish of tea, being faint and weary, when one called me again to the bedside. It was just four o'clock. She opened her eyes wide, and fixed them upwards for a moment. Then the lids dropped, and the soul was set at liberty, without one struggle, or groan, or sigh. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech, 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'"

Thus died Susanna Wesley, on Friday afternoon, July 23rd, 1742, at the Foundry in London, aged seventy-three years.

Released! is the simple but grand idea of Mrs. Wesley's mind, just before the clay tenement is vacated. *Released!* the bondage of the soul ended, and freed to wing its way to the presence of God in heaven. As soon as it is released, sing praise to God! *See how a Christian can die!*

How thoroughly by anticipation all this repose and peace was realised by Mrs. Wesley is set forth with remarkable exactness in a letter which she wrote to her son John fifteen years before. She says: "You did well to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since you do not know what work God may have for you to do ere you leave the world. Besides, I ought surely to have the pre-eminence in point of time, and go to rest before you. Whether you could see me die without any emotions of grief, I know not. It is what I have often desired of the children, that they would not weep at our parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me. If you, or any other of my children, were likely to reap any spiritual advantage by being with me at my exit, I should be glad to have you with me. As I have been an unprofitable servant during the course of a long life, I have no reason to hope for so great an honour as to be employed in doing our Lord any service in the article of death. It were well if you spoke prophetically, and that joy and hope might have the ascendant over the other passions of my soul in that important hour. Yet I dare not presume; nor do I despair, but rather leave it to our almighty Saviour to do with me in life and death just as He pleases, for I have no choice."

Only one who was familiar with heaven and the great Father of heaven could have written such a remarkable account of her dying and death, by anticipation. Notice also the equally prophetic words of her husband just before he expired. Speaking to his oldest daughter, Emilia, he said, "Do not be concerned at my death; God will then begin to manifest Himself to my family."

Writing to her brother Charles, Anne (Mrs. Lambert) remarks concerning her mother's departure: "A few days before my mother died, she desired me, if I had strength to bear it, that I

would not leave her till death, which God enabled me to do. She laboured under great trials both of soul and body, some days after you left her; but God perfected His work in her about twelve hours before He took her to Himself. She waked out of a slumber; and we, hearing her rejoicing, attended to the words she spoke, which were these: 'My dear Saviour! are you come to help me in my extremity at last?' From that time she was sweetly resigned indeed; the enemy had no more power to hurt her. The remainder of her time was spent in praise."

The complaint which terminated her life was the gout, to which her husband, and also her sons John and Charles, were all subject occasionally.

Eight days elapsed before the arrangements could be completed for the funeral of that honoured "saint of God." Brought up in childhood as a Nonconformist, and most of her associates in early life being of that class, it was resolved that the last resting-place of her body should be Bunhill Fields, where the immortal Bunyan, the learned Dr. Owen, the devout psalmist Dr. Watts, and her own sister Mrs. Dunton were also interred. Almost an innumerable company gathered together to witness the scene. Between four and five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, August 1st, the interment took place: her son John read the service. On coming to the words, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear *mother* here departed," a solemn awe seemed to fall upon the vast assembly, and the feeling of sympathy seemed to spread beyond the circle of those who heard the words uttered, so that one who was present records, "At the grave there was much grief when Mr. Wesley said, 'I commit the body of my dear mother to the earth.'" She came to her grave "in a good old age," and the people made great lamentation for her.

There were assembled as mourners her son John, and her five daughters, Emilia, Susanna, Mehetabel, Anne, and Martha. The funeral service over, all eyes were turned to John, who after giving out and singing a funeral hymn, stood by the open grave, and read from the Book of Revelation, "I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: . . . and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

What impressive admonitions, warnings, and encouragements were delivered in the sermon which followed we cannot now know. It was one of the most memorable of very many solemn services held in that graveyard. Even John Wesley himself

says, in writing a brief notice of it afterwards, "It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity."

It is a singular circumstance, which has not before been noticed, that in selecting the spot of ground for the grave, whoever undertook the duty, took and paid for it in the name of Samuel Wesley, and it is so entered in the burial register. In consequence of this error in the register, amongst the names of celebrated persons carved and lettered in gold on the granite pillar at the south front of the burial-ground, is the name, "Samuel Wesley, M.A.," which implies that he is buried there. The trustees of the graveyard would have had the correction made when the writer pointed it out to them, but it was found too difficult to correct an error deeply cut in granite.

In closing his brief but touching record of his mother's last illness, death, and funeral, John Wesley adds: "We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words:—

Here Lies the Body
of
MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY,
Youngest and last surviving daughter of
Dr. Samuel Annesley.

In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.
True daughter of affliction, she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourned a long night of grief and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.
The Father then revealed His Son,
Him in the broken bread made known;
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.
Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, 'Arise, my love.'
'I come,' her dying looks replied,
And, lamb-like, as her Lord, she died."

The verses were written by Charles Wesley, who, as has been shown on a previous page, misunderstood his mother's religious character; and this misconception he has embodied in the line, "A legal night of seventy years." It is open to question whether either John or Charles Wesley enjoyed during their long Christian course more of the Divine favour than did their mother. Four years before Mrs. Wesley's death, Charles and John both were "born again," obtained "the witness of the Spirit to their adoption" into the family of God's children, and so were "justi-

fied by faith in Christ" only. Mrs. Wesley herself obtained this witness in 1739, at that solemn sacramental service previously noticed. But during a long life of Christian love and service she had been a child of God, and was an inheritor of all the promises belonging to the children of God. Many of her letters, and especially her religious meditations, some of which were printed in Clarke's "Wesley Family," and extracts are given in Kirk's "Mother of the Wesleys," furnish the clearest evidence that she loved God supremely. Deeper or more satisfactory experience of what constitutes the Christian life it would be difficult to find than is supplied by the writings of Mrs. Wesley. Her meditations, in her own handwriting, have been read by the writer, and that seemed to bring the author herself more distinctly before the mind than any printed copy of them.

The lapse of nearly ninety years made the inscription on Mrs. Wesley's tombstone illegible; indeed, it was almost obliterated. About the year 1828, when several memorial tablets were set up to the memory of distinguished Methodists in City Road Chapel, at the expense of the Wesleyan Book Committee in London, it was also determined to set up a new stone at the head of Mrs. Wesley's grave, on which was an entirely new inscription, more worthy of the saint whose memory it perpetuates. The following is a copy from it:—

Here lies the body of
MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY,
Widow of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A.
(late Rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire),
who died July 23, 1742,
Aged 73 years.
She was the youngest Daughter of the
Rev. Samuel Annesley, D.D., ejected by the Act
of Uniformity from the Rectory of St. Giles's,
Cripplegate, Aug. 24, 1662.
She was the Mother of nineteen Children,
of whom the most eminent were the
REVS. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY;
the former of whom was under God the
Founder of the Societies of the People
called Methodists.

In sure and certain hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

In the year 1869, Bunhill Fields Burial-Ground was secured as a cemetery in perpetuity, although closed for interments since the year 1853. It has since been greatly improved, planted with numerous young trees, which are already adding greatly to

the beauty of the ground, and new walks have been laid out, leading near to most of the principal graves. The path leading westward from Bunyan's tomb, south of the central walk, passes over a portion of Mrs. Wesley's grave. This grave will be readily found since the new path has been made; it is just where the numbers forty-two and seventeen on the outer wall intersect, and is only a few yards west-by-south of that of John Bunyan. A son of the Rev. H. Laugher suggested in 1869 the propriety and the justice of erecting a suitable monument in London to the memory of Mrs. Wesley. After much correspondence, a public subscription was commenced, chiefly amongst Methodists: the Rev. M. C. Osborn became the treasurer and manager of the fund, and a very handsome obelisk was prepared for erection over Mrs. Wesley's grave. It being impossible to erect the monument over the grave with any prospect of permanence, the trustees of City Road Chapel, which is directly opposite Bunhill Fields, granted a site in front of that chapel for its erection, and it was unveiled there in December, 1870, on a raw, cold winter's day. It is of Sicilian marble, is fourteen feet high, and on the pedestal is the following inscription:—

In the
Bunhill Fields
Burial-Ground opposite,
Lie the remains of
SUSANNA WESLEY,
Widow of
The Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A.,
Rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire,
Who died July 23rd, 1742,
Aged 73 years.
She was the youngest daughter of
The Rev. Samuel Annesley, D.D.,
Ejected by the Act of Uniformity
From the Rectory of
St. Giles, Cripplegate, Aug. 24, 1662.
She was the Mother of
The REVS. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY,
The former of whom was under God
The Founder of
The Societies of the People
Called Methodists.

This Monument was erected by Public Subscription, December, 1870.

The reader may have noticed that on the original tombstone Mr. Wesley did not give any dates to indicate either the time of death or age of his mother, which was a remarkable omission.

It is a fact not noticed by any writer, but which has recently been ascertained to be such, that at the time of Mrs. Wesley's death her son John had her portrait neatly engraved on copper,

from an authentic likeness, showing her in a large cap and shawl, and representing her in advanced life. A copy has recently been found in a frame, on which were written the words, "Presented by Mr. Wesley to the Band Members, after the death of his mother." A copy from that portrait forms the frontispiece to Kirk's "Mother of the Wesleys." The writer has seen a fine miniature portrait of Mrs. Wesley, and one of her husband corresponding with it, both of the period when they were living.

The assistance Mrs. Wesley rendered her son in guiding his plans at the time Methodism originated is well known. The caution she gave him when he was intending to prevent Mr. Thomas Maxfield, a layman, from preaching, greatly strengthened his purposes and plans of evangelistic labour.

Her character and memory are precious to thousands all the world over. Dr. Adam Clarke, in summing up the incidents of her life, says: "I have been acquainted with many pious females; I have read the lives of others; but such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Such an one Solomon has described at the end of his Proverbs; and adapting his words I can say, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but Susanna Wesley has excelled them all.'"

Shortly after the death of Mrs. Wesley, her son Charles wrote his "Hymns for the Lord's Supper," which were published in 1745. He seems to have had the life of suffering and the peaceful death of his beloved parents in his mind when he wrote the following lines:—

What are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night,
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

Her children to the third and fourth generation rise up to call her blessed.

SAMUEL WESLEY, JUN., A.M.

ELDER BROTHER OF THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM.

THE incidents in the life of Samuel Wesley the younger are not numerous, but they are interesting. He was the firstborn in a family which has become not only of national but of world-wide influence. If he has not secured for himself that attention from the public which his father or younger brothers have, it is not that he was less worthy, but that his life was so much shorter, and his labours more contracted.

The eldest son of Samuel and Susanna Wesley was born in London, February 10th, 1690, when his father was a curate with an income of about £30 a year. His mother records the fact that he was dedicated to God and to the service of His Church before he was born. Where or by whom he was baptized cannot now be ascertained, but it is thought that he was thus publicly dedicated to God by his grandfather Dr. Annesley, if the Church-loving sympathies of his parents could so far yield.

In the fifth volume of the *Arminian Magazine* (p. 547), John Wesley records a singular fact respecting his brother Samuel. Previous to his birth, his mother had a longing for mulberries. "In consequence of this," writes John, "my eldest brother had all his life a mulberry on his neck; and both the size and colour varied just like those of a real mulberry. Every spring it was small and white; it then grew larger, just as the fruit itself grew, being first green, then red, then a deep purple, as large and of as deep a colour as any mulberry on the tree."

When only about a year old, his parents removed to South Ormsby, Lincolnshire, the rectory of which place, with £50 a year, having been presented to his father. Soon after their arrival at that village a daughter was born, so that the mother's attention was divided between a boy and a girl, the latter being named after her mother, and baptized at South Ormsby. Strange and anxious feelings came over the minds of the parents when their infant son, already dedicated in intention to the service of

God and His Church, remained dumb, and gave no sign of having the power of speech. In this condition he continued till a second sister, called Emilia, was born, shortly after which, Susanna, the elder daughter, died, leaving Samuel three years old, and Emilia the infant sister. He remained without manifesting any signs of speech till after the birth of Annesley and Jedidiah, twins, who both died soon after they were born. Deprived of three of their infants so early in life, the anxiety of the parents increased when their firstborn passed his fourth birthday and remained speechless. Active enough as a child, and manifesting evidences of possessing other faculties, he was especially fond of a favourite cat, with which he would play about the humble rectory-house for hours together. It was natural that the mother should feel more than usual concern for this son, her firstborn, to whom she was especially attached. One day, when he was nearly five years old, he had strayed from his sister and was missed for some time. Inquiry was made of the father and the servant, but the boy could not be found. His anxious mother went about from one room to another, calling, "Sammy, Sammy," without any response. They were trying moments for the mother, but it was only a necessary preparation for the joy which was awaiting her. All in the house being on the look-out for the child, at length, in reply to his mother's call, there came a mysterious voice, never heard before, saying, "Here I am, mother;" and, with surprise and joy, Mrs. Wesley found her boy underneath a table playing with his favourite cat. What a glad and welcome response was that for the mother, equalled only by the joy of Zacharias, who recovered his speech after the birth and naming of his son "John." The mute child made all attempts at instruction impossible; but soon after, when he had reached the age of five years, his mother began his education. This singular circumstance, it is said, caused Mrs. Wesley to delay commencing the education of all her children but the youngest till they were five years old.

The year following this incident, the family removed to Epworth, which became their home for nearly forty years. During the first eight of those years, Samuel received from his mother so much care and attention in his education, that with the exception of about a year, during which he attended the school of Mr. John Holland, in Epworth, he was by her prepared to enter in 1704 the classical school in Dean's Yard, Westminster.

The facility with which he acquired knowledge, and the ability which he showed in retaining it, opened his way to progress more quickly than either he or his parents expected. Perceiving in him those gifts which were sure, if encouraged, to make him

distinguished for scholarship and attainment in knowledge, his parents were much pleased when informed that he had been nominated for election as a King's Scholar. Mrs. Wesley at once wrote from Epworth, under date of May 7th, 1707, to say: "Having received advice that your election is so much earlier than I expected, I take this opportunity to advise you about it." What a joy to that mother to learn that he who had so long been her mute child was progressing so rapidly and so successfully in his education! He had been away from home three years, but the care and concern of his mother for his happiness and prosperity were rather increased than diminished by reason of his absence from her. How little did either parent or child think then that the latter would not again find his home under the paternal roof, excepting as a transient visitor. Such was the case: leaving home at fourteen, he left it for ever as a permanent abode.

In the autumn of the year 1709, his mother manifested her anxiety in his welfare in a manner which shows how deeply her heart's affections were fixed upon her firstborn son. She wrote to him a letter which "contains such excellent counsels and advices, conceived with so much piety and judgment, and expressed with so much energy and dignity of language, as could not fail to make them profitable to the son, and must render them useful to all in similar circumstances, who may have the opportunity to read them."

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Epworth, October, 1709.

MY DEAR SAMMY,—I hope that you retain the impressions of your education, nor have forgot that the vows of God are upon you. You know that the first-fruits are Heaven's by an unalienable right, and that as your parents devoted you to the service of the altar, so you yourself made it your choice when your father was offered another way of life for you. But have you duly considered what such a choice and such a dedication imports? Consider well what separation from the world, what purity, what devotion, what exemplary virtue, are required in those who are to guide others to glory! I say exemplary, for low, common degrees of piety are not sufficient for those of the sacred function. You must not think to live like the rest of the world; your light must so shine before men that they may see your good works, and thereby be led to glorify your Father which is in heaven. For my part, I cannot see with what face clergymen can reprove sinners, or exhort men to lead a good life, when they themselves indulge their own corrupt inclinations, and by their practice contradict their doctrine. If the Holy Jesus be indeed their Master, and they are really His ambassadors, surely it becomes them to live like His disciples; and if they do not, what a sad account must they give of their stewardship!

I would advise you as much as possible in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties. Begin and end the day with Him who

is the Alpha and Omega, and if you really experience what it is to love God, you will redeem all the time you can for His more immediate service. I will tell you what rule I used to observe when I was in my father's house, and had as little if not less liberty than you have now. I used to allow myself as much time for recreation as I spent in private devotion; not that I always spent so much, but I gave myself leave to go so far, but no farther. So in all things else, appoint so much time for sleep, eating, company, etc.; but above all things, my dear Sammy, I command you, I beg, I beseech you, to be very strict in observing the Lord's day. In all things endeavour to act upon principle, and do not live like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried which way the stream or wind drives them. Often put this question to yourself: Why do I this or that? Why do I pray, read, study, or use devotion, etc.? By which means you will come to such a steadiness and consistency in your words and actions as becomes a reasonable creature and a good Christian.—Your affectionate mother, SUS. WESLEY.

Previously to his receiving this letter from his mother, he had written to her, on June 9th, asking about the fire at the rectory-house, and urging his claim to exact information, as he had heard that one of the children was lost in the fire. This may not have had an immediate answer, seeing that his mother was in very feeble health. The letter contains family allusions worth preserving, and is as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY, JUN., TO HIS MOTHER.

St. Peter's College, Westminster, June 9th, 1709.

MADAM,—Had not my grandmother told me the last time I was there, that you were near lying-in, at which time I thought it would be in vain to write what you would not be able to read, I had sent you letters over and over again before this. I beg, therefore, you will not impute it to any negligence, which sure I never can be guilty of, while I enjoy what you gave me—life. My father lets me be in profound ignorance as to your circumstances at Epworth; and I have not heard a word from the country since the first letter you sent me after the fire, so that I am quite ashamed to go to any of my relations, for fear of being jeered out of my life. They ask me whether my father intends to leave Epworth? whether he is rebuilding his house? whether any contributions are to be expected? what was the lost child, a boy or a girl? what was its name? whether my father has lost all his books and papers? if nothing was saved? To all of which I am forced to answer, I can't tell—I don't know—I've not heard. I have asked my father some of these questions, but am still an ignoramus. If you think my "Cowley" and "Hudibras" worth accepting, I shall be very glad to send them to my mother, who gave them me. I hope you are all well, as all are in town.—Your most affectionate son, SAM. WESLEY.

The birth of the child alluded to at the commencement of the above letter has been altogether overlooked in the family records: it is the same as is named by the rector himself, in his letter to the Duke of Buckingham, written the week after the fire. The child then expected to be born the rector designates the nineteenth. As the family was scattered, the children living away from home, and the parents in lodgings, with the parish

registers burnt in the fire at the rectory, we cannot now hope for any particulars respecting the birth of that child, unless it was Kezia, the youngest. Samuel mentions his relations whom he visited: these were his father's mother, the widow of the Rev. John Wesley, who died in the following year, and Matthew Wesley and Timothy Wesley, his father's brothers, and probably Mrs. Elizabeth Dyer, his father's only sister, all of whom it is believed were then residing in London.

Having made marked and rapid progress at school, he had won the attention of persons of influence, and amongst them Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, and one of the prebends of Westminster Abbey, who had been an old Westminster scholar, and Dr. Bushby's favourite pupil. Bishop Sprat was reputed one of the first scholars in England, and being accomplished in the art of communicating knowledge, was well qualified to form the taste and polish the style of any young student. Samuel Wesley was now twenty years of age, absorbed in his classical studies, short-sighted, and of feeble voice; yet Bishop Sprat selected him to accompany him in his carriage to his country-seat, at Bromley, in Kent, to read to him classical authors and books of science. Young Wesley did not appreciate the privilege thus conferred upon him, and he put his complaint before his father in a Latin letter, which he wrote to him from the bishop's residence. Only so much of the original has been preserved as refers to his hard lot, as he thinks it. The extract is dated August, 1710, and is as follows:—

Ille mihi et in sacris, et in profanis rebus semper erit infestissimus: studia enim intermitti cogit, quibus pro virili incubueram. Ultimo anno in collegio agendo, ubi non mihi seniori opus est amicorum hospitio, a studiis et a schola me detraxit, non modo nullam ad utilitatem sed ne ad minimam quidem vel utilitatis vel voluptatis speciem me vocavit. Ipse hodie foras est, aliter vix otium foret quo has scriberem. Me ex omnibus discipules elegit ut perlegerim ei noctu libros; me raucum, me *μυωπά*. Gaudeo vos valetudine bonâ frui. Tuam et maternam benedictionam oro. Episcopus jussit me illius in literis mentionem facere. Da veniam subitis. Aviam ultimis festis vidi; his venientibus non possum, quia ab inimico amico detineor.*

The Bishop ordered me to make mention of him in my letter. Excuse these hasty thoughts.

* Which Dr. Clarke thus translated: "He (the Bishop) will always be exceedingly troublesome to me both in sacred and profane learning, for he obliges me to interrupt those studies to which I had applied myself with all my might. Spending my last year in this college, where, being a senior, I do not need the hospitality of friends, he has taken me away both from my studies and from school, not only without any benefit, but without even the appearance either of utility or pleasure. To-day he is from home, else I should not have had time to write this letter. He chose me from all the scholars—me, who am both hoarse and short-sighted—to read books to him by night. I am glad that you enjoy good health. I beg your's and my mother's blessing. I saw my grandmother in the last holidays; in those that are approaching I cannot, because I am detained by an unfriendly friend."

It should be remembered that Bishop Sprat was advanced in life, having been at College with Samuel Wesley's grandfather. He died the following year, and was succeeded in the see of Rochester by Dr. Francis Atterbury, Dean of Westminster, who felt as deep an interest in Mr. Wesley's advancement as did Bishop Sprat. It was probably through Atterbury's advice and selection that Samuel Wesley went in 1711 to Oxford, and entered himself at Christ Church, to which college Atterbury had belonged.

Previous to his going to Oxford his mother had again manifested her concern by writing to him respecting his religious duties. In December, 1710, he wrote to her on these points. The following indicates how much his own mind was exercised. Addressing her as "Dear Mother," he observes: "I received the Sacrament the first Sunday of this month. I am unstable as water. I frequently make good resolutions, and keep them for a time, and then grow weary of restraint. I have one grand failing, which is, that having done my duty, I undervalue others, and think what wretches the rest of the college are compared with me. Sometimes in my relapses I cry out, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots? then may you also do good who are accustomed to do evil.' But I answer again, 'With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.'"

A step so important as that of leaving school, and going to the University to take upon himself formally the obligations and duties of the Christian ministry, could not but deeply impress the refined and devout mind and heart of his loving mother. Hence she writes to him a letter of vital and pressing importance as a preparation for the great change then about to take place. This letter will be read with interest and profit.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Thursday, December 28th [1710].

DEAR SAMMY,—I am much better pleased with the beginning of your letter than with what you used to send me, for I do not love distance or ceremony: there is more of love and tenderness in the name of *mother* than in all the complimental titles in the world.

I intend to write to your father about your coming down, but yet it would not be amiss for you to speak of it too. Perhaps our united desires may sooner prevail upon him to grant our request, though I do not think he will be averse from it at all.

I am heartily glad that you have already received, and that you design again to receive, the Holy Sacrament, for there is nothing more proper or effectual for the strengthening and refreshing the mind than the frequent partaking of that blessed ordinance.

You complain that you are unstable and inconstant in the ways of virtue. Alas! what Christian is not so too? I am sure that I, above all others, am most unfit to advise in such a case; yet, since I cannot but speak something,

since I love you as my own soul, I will endeavour to do as well as I can; and perhaps while I write I may learn, and by instructing you I may teach myself.

First, endeavour to get as deep an impression on your mind as is possible of the awful and constant presence of the great and holy God. Consider frequently that wherever you are, or whatever you are about, He always adverts to your thoughts and actions in order to a future retribution. He is about our beds, and about our paths, and spies out all our ways; and whenever you are tempted to the commission of any sin, or the omission of any duty, make a pause, and say to yourself, "What am I about to do? God sees me! Is this my avowed faithfulness to my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier? Have I so soon forgot that the vows of God are upon me? Was it easier for the eternal Son of God to die for me than it is for me to remember Him? For what end came He into the world but to satisfy the justice of God for us, and to reconcile us to God, and to plant good life among men in order to their eternal salvation? What! cannot I watch one hour with that Jesus who veiled His native glory with our nature, and condescended so low as to make Himself of no reputation, by putting on the form of a servant, that He might be capable of conferring the greatest benefit upon us that man could receive, by His suffering such a shameful and cursed death upon the cross for our redemption?" Oh, Sammy, think but often and seriously on Jesus Christ, and you will experience what it is to have the heart purified by faith.

Secondly, consider often of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory that is prepared for those who persevere in the paths of virtue. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for such as love and serve him faithfully." And when you have so long thought on this that you find your mind affected with it, then turn your view upon this present world, and see what vain inconsiderable trifles you practically prefer before a solid, rational, permanent state of everlasting tranquillity. Could we but once attain to a strong and lively sense of spiritual things, could we often abstract our minds from corporeal objects and fix them on heaven, we should not waver and be so inconstant as we are in matters of the greatest moment, but the soul would be naturally aspiring towards a union with God, as the flame ascends, for He alone is the proper centre of the mind, and it is only the weight of our corrupt nature that retards its motions towards Him.

Thirdly, meditate often and seriously on the shortness, uncertainty, and vanity of this present state of things. Alas! had we all that the most ambitious, craving souls can desire; were we actually possessed of all the honour, wealth, strength, beauty, etc., that our carnal minds can fancy or delight in, what would it signify, if God should say unto us, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee"? Look back upon your past hours, and tell me which of them afford you the most pleasing prospect; whether those spent in play or vanity, or those few that were employed in the service of God? Have you not, in your short experience, often found Solomon's observations on the world very true? Has not a great part of your little life proved, on reflection, nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit? How many persons on a deathbed have bitterly bewailed the sins of their past life, and made large promises of amendment if it would have pleased God to have spared them; but none that ever lived, or died, repented of a course of piety and virtue. Then why should you not improve the experience of those who have gone before you, and your own also, to your advantage? And since it is past dispute that the ways of virtue are infinitely better than the practice of vice, and that life is only short at best and uncertain, and that this little portion of time is all we have for working out our salvation—for as the tree falls, so it must lie; as death leaves us, judgment will certainly find us—have a good

courage, eternity is at hand. Lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you, and run with patience and vigour the race which is set before you; and if at any time present objects should make so great an impression on your senses as to endanger the alienating your mind from the spiritual life, then look up to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and humbly beseech Him, that since He for our sake suffered Himself to be under temptation, He would please to succour you when you are tempted, and in His strength you will find yourself enabled to encounter your spiritual enemies; nay, you will be more than a conqueror through Him who hath loved us.

I am sorry that you lie under a necessity of conversing with those that are none of the best, but we must take the world as we find it, since it is a happiness permitted to a very few to choose their company. Yet, lest the comparing yourself with others that are worse may be an occasion of your falling into too much vanity, you would do well sometimes to entertain such thoughts as these: "Though I know my own birth and education, and am conscious of having had great advantages, yet how little do I know of the circumstances of others? Perhaps their parents were vicious or did not take early care of their minds, to instil the principles of virtue into their tender years, but suffered them to follow their own inclinations till it was too late to reclaim them. Am I sure that they have had as many offers of grace, as many and strong impulses of the Holy Spirit, as I have had? Do they sin against as clear conviction as I do? Or are the vows of God upon them as upon me? Were they so solemnly devoted to Him at their birth as I was?" You have had the example of a father who served God from His youth; and, though I cannot commend my own to you, for it is too bad to be imitated, yet surely earnest prayers for many years, and some little good advice, have not been wanting.

But if after all self-love should incline you to partiality in your own case, seriously consider your own many failings, which the world cannot take notice of because they were so private; and if still, upon comparison, you seem better than others are, then ask yourself who is it that makes you to differ, and let God have all the praise, since of ourselves we can do nothing. It is He that worketh in us both to will and to do of His own good pleasure; and if at any time you have vainly ascribed the glory of any good performance to yourself, humble yourself for it before God, and give Him the glory of His grace for the future.

I am straitened for paper and time, therefore must conclude. God Almighty bless you and preserve you from all evil.—Adieu.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

During his stay of little more than a year at Oxford, he employed his pen on various subjects, and made himself known amongst the wits and scholars. Controversy ran high whilst he remained at the University, and, like his father before him, he took an active part in the contention. The subject of dispute was the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, which Mr. Whiston had reasoned himself to disbelieve, and then tried with some violence to maintain the heresy he had adopted. These notions Mr. Wesley attacked in a discourse he wrote on the larger Epistle of Ignatius. In a long letter he wrote on this subject to Robert Nelson, Esq., author of the "Fasts and Festivals of the English Church," dated Oxford, June 13th, 1713, which Dr. Clarke has printed, he enters at some length into the controversy, which it

would not profit any person now to further notice. In that letter he remarks that "for some months his time had been taken up with affairs [probably his uncle Annesley's] at the East India House, in writing charity hymns, and other matters." He also says he had prepared a second discourse against Mr. Whiston. Neither of these discourses is now known. If his charity hymns were those to the Trinity, on Easter, etc., six of them are included in his poetical works, with a few paraphrases of psalms.

Having taken his M.A. degree, and got ordination, he returned to Westminster, where he enjoyed much intercourse with the Tory poets and politicians, and was on intimate terms of friendship with Harley, Earl of Oxford, Pope, Swift, and Prior. Here he wrote those severe poetical invectives and squibs against Sir Robert Walpole and the Whig statesmen and Low Church divines of that day, which were afterwards collected and published by him in a quarto volume. They reached a second edition, were reprinted in Dublin; then were reproduced in a small duodecimo volume. In 1862 the late James Nichols, of London, republished these poems, with all the additions he could obtain, but the writer has one piece of Samuel Wesley's composing which is not included in any of the editions. It is a song of ten four-line stanzas, political in its character, and is entitled "True Blue." Its publication would add nothing to his reputation either as a poet or a divine.

Mr. Wesley's friendship with the Earl of Oxford was to him for some time an expensive luxury. It not only involved the commemoration of the births, marriages, and deaths of the members of the family, but the paying of *vales* to the livery servants, who, as was their custom in those days, drew up in line in the lobby as each guest retired from the earl's residence, expecting to have their pockets lined with the guest's bounty. This tax was more than Mr. Wesley could always afford. Accordingly honest Samuel, having been often fleeced, proposed a composition with the flunkeys one day on retiring. Addressing them in a body, he said: "My friends, I must make an agreement with you suited to my purse, and shall distribute"—naming a sum—"once a month, and no more." The servants grumbled; their complaints reached the earl's ear, and he wisely ordered all in future to "stand back in their ranks when a gentleman retired," and by no means to beg.

Had Bishop Atterbury been less violent as a statesman and divine, and avoided those suspicious schemes against the safety of the sovereign and the Protestantism of the land which made his banishment from England a necessity during the rest of his days, then doubtless Samuel Wesley would have risen to place and power in the Church of England. Having attached himself

to Atterbury, he maintained his own consistency by adhering to the bishop as firmly after his banishment as before. For this he deprived himself of all opportunity of advancement in the Church; and, regardless of the consequences, which he well knew, he remained faithful to the end of his days to the bishop and his family. There is ample evidence to show how thoroughly Bishop Atterbury and the members of his family appreciated his devotion and service, even to a doubtful, if not a bad, cause. In this respect the unchanging fidelity to his patron and friend is very honourable to the integrity and sincerity of Samuel Wesley. This devotion is amply manifested in several of his poems, but to quote which would be of little interest at the present time.

About the year 1715, Mr. Wesley married the daughter of the Rev. John Berry, who at that time resided at Westminster, and took boarders from amongst the scholars of the school. He afterwards became vicar of Whatton. In the latter capacity he became the subject of a poem entitled the "Parish Priest," in which Samuel Wesley delineated with rare fidelity the character of his wife's father. This poem has been thought by some to have been written on his own father, but this is now known not to be correct. Mrs. Wesley, like her husband, was the grandchild of one of the ejected ministers. The marriage was a very happy one; the affection was mutual, and suffered no diminution.

They had only two children, a son and a daughter. The son grew almost to maturity and then died, in June, 1731, to the great grief of his parents, and also of his grandparents. He was called Samuel, and his grandfather was especially attached to him, in part because he bore his own name. The daughter survived her parents, and married a Mr. Earle, of Barnstaple.

During the whole twenty years of Mr. Wesley's residence as usher at Westminster but very few incidents diversified the even tenour of his daily life. He found relaxation between school hours in writing his poems, and especially in commemorating the anniversaries in his family as they came round year by year. In 1724 he had a fall and broke his leg, but from that accident he recovered. How far that circumstance may have contributed towards the erection of a hospital in Westminster cannot be known: but this we are assured of, that through the influence and persevering labours of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, jun., the first infirmary in Westminster, now St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, was founded in the year 1719, and carried on to a successful issue in the course of a few years. He was naturally a man of large benevolence: his personal charities were innumerable, but he would allow no record to be made of any of them. For many years he shared his income with his parents, not forgetting his aged grandmother, whom he often aided.

In 1716, he welcomed his youngest brother Charles to Westminster School, where was laid that solid foundation of ripe scholarship which afterwards characterised Charles Wesley through a long life of fourscore years.

Between the years 1722 and 1730, Samuel Wesley occupied much of his time, and his pen frequently, in defence or praise of his friend and patron, Bishop Atterbury. In 1722 the bishop was apprehended, and committed to the Tower, for favouring the Pretender, Charles Stuart. In 1723 he was tried, and condemned to banishment from England. In 1729 the strange devotion of the bishop's daughter, Mrs. Morice, whom Mr. Wesley knew well, brought on a consumption, of which she died the same year; and Mr. Wesley commemorated her love, devotion, and character in an elegant elegy, which was sent to the bishop, who acknowledged the same in a commendatory letter from Paris, dated June 30th, 1730. The death of the bishop was said to have been hastened by that of his affectionate daughter, whose devotion to her father, even in her extreme weakness, partook of the character of heroic. By the death of the exiled Bishop Atterbury, Mr. Wesley lost his friend and chief patron, and also all hope of further promotion, as he shortly afterwards learned in a manner which was at the time a source of painful disappointment.

Among the papers left by John Wesley was a letter written to him from Westminster, which contains some friendly allusions to family matters which will interest many. It appears that he had intended to write a brief sketch of all the members of his father's family, and that he had sent to Samuel the first portion of the work. John was at the date of the letter assisting his father at Wroote and Epworth.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

Dean's Yard, November 18th, 1727.

DEAR JACK,—I am obliged to you for the beginning of the portrait of our family; how I may judge when I see the whole, though I may guess nearly within myself, I cannot positively affirm to you. There is, I think, not above one particular in all the character which you have drawn at length that needs further explanation; when you say you can bring ear-witnesses to attest, whether that attestation relates only to—money sent—or to that bed. That bed too? Jealousy naturally increases with age, of which I think one of the best uses we can make is to guard against it betimes, before the habit grows strong.

I hope your being in the country, as it is some inconvenience to you, so it will be a considerable help one way or other to friends at Wroote, else I shall be tempted to wish you at Oxford, as I heartily do my brother Charles, though it is too late to tell him so now, since he cannot possibly save this term unless he be there already.

You send me no account of your negotiation with the dean for his absence; but I don't blame you, since you filled every corner of your own paper with much more important matters than anything his lordship can

say or do, even though Charles's studentship were to depend upon it, as I hope it will not.

I hope I shall send a letter with your receipt and certificate this evening, and with orders once more to inquire of Mr. Tooke whether he has asked you leave to be absent the greater part of the quarter, or the whole, as it may happen.

My wife and I join in love and duty, and beg my father's and mother's blessing. I would to God they were as easy in one another, and as little uneasy in their fortunes, as we are. In that sense perhaps you may say I am *Tydides melior patris*, though I believe there is scarce more work to be done at Wroote than here, though we have fewer debts to discharge. Next Christmas I hope to be as clear as I have hoped to be these seven years. Charles is, I think, in debt for a letter, but I don't desire he should imagine it discharged by setting his name in your letter, or interlining a word or two. I must conclude, because my paper is done, and company come in.—I am your affectionate friend and brother, S. Wesley.

The labours of John and Charles Wesley at Oxford, in visiting the prisoners in the Castle, relieving the sick, instructing the poor and ignorant, and in other ways seeking to do the work of evangelists, had reached the ears of Samuel at Westminster, who wrote encouraging letters to them, with some kindly words of caution against excess of labour which might endanger their health. To these matters he refers in the following extracts of letters sent to John about that period. Two things are to be remarked in these extracts: first, John records a notion he had that he thought he should die. This was when he was about twenty-eight years of age: he had the same apprehension when he was about fifty years of age, yet he recovered on both occasions, and lived out his fourscore years and seven. Secondly, Samuel gives his most hearty commendation to their labours, and says he would rather follow them to their graves than that they should give up their work. When, through misinformation and misrepresentation, prejudice took possession of his mind, he greatly altered his opinion, and as firmly opposed them.

Samuel Wesley to his brother John.

Westminster, September 19th, 1730.

Dear Brother,—Your question concerning the eternity of hell torments may do me good in considering it, if not you in my answering; and therefore I would not have you be sparing on such occasions, provided you always remember how much it has lain out of my way to study.

First, I own I think the *similis ratio* seems not strong enough to bear the weight of infinite punishment; yet, though the argument from thence be metaphysical, I know not how to answer it. If offences rise in guilt in proportion to the dignity of the person offended, shall we only deny it when against God? Or because He is infinite must there be no proportion, which there undeniably is in all other cases?

Second, necessity of nature I think much stronger, and indeed sufficient to make the scale even at least, if not to cast it. Every fault is not only in some sort, but in fact, infinite—that is, in duration; for guilt is indelible

without atonement, as men have formerly universally acknowledged, which appears by their expiatory sacrifices.

There is no regard even in human punishments to the continuance of suffering, or at least no proportion ever aimed at between the duration of the crime and of the punishment. A thief at fifty shall have ten years of life cut off for a felony done in a quarter of an hour, and a thief at twenty shall lose twenty or thirty years for a less theft. I own Draco's excuse comes in here—that the least deserved death, and he had no farther punishment for the greatest crime; yet still this shows there is a difference allowed between the two, merely because their punishments would be of a different length, which is of no concern to the lawgiver, though of very great to the offender.

But there is one consideration which I think of great weight. Supposing it unjust to punish a short life of sin with eternal torments, it does not follow that eternal punishments are unjust in another world; because this short life is not the only ground of that punishment, since there is repetition of sin to all eternity, which must necessarily occasion repetition of sufferings. There is no preventing grace to hinder it beforehand, and no propitiation to atone for it afterwards.

Third, I own I think immortality of both kinds was brought to light by the gospel, and therefore that natural reason is no further concerned than to clear it from contradiction. The worm we may find out even by that reason, though revelation shows us the fire which is not quenched. Indeed, it is very remarkable in Virgil that he puts an end to the joys of Elysium, but not to the torments of Tartarus. To those who do or may embrace the gospel, choice seems to be clear; and as for others, we have a general rule. Only we may argue that as in heaven there are many mansions, so there are in hell likewise; and he who knew not his Lord's will shall be beaten with few (that is, comparatively few) stripes.—I am your affectionate friend and brother,

S. WESLEY.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

1730.

DEAR BROTHER,—I think you are now in that state wherein he who is not for you is against you. The interrupting your meeting is doubtless in order to letting it alone for good; and although I do not know how often you met together, yet I would rather straiten than slacken the string now, if it might be without breaking. I cannot say I thought you always in everything right; but I must now say, rather than you and Charles should give over your whole course, especially what relates to the castle, I would choose to follow either of you, nay, both of you, to your graves. I cannot advise you better than in the words I proposed for a motto to a pamphlet: Στῆθι ἐραῖος ὡς ἄκμων τυπτόμενος, καλοῦ γαρ ἀθλητοῦ ἔρεδαι καὶ νικᾶν ("Stand thou steadfast as a beaten anvil, for it is the part of a good champion to be flayed alive and to conquer").

SAM. WESLEY.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

1730.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your last letter affected me much. I find, by the very way of pronouncing, that you are not yet in a consumption, though there is apprehension and danger of your being so. Your life is of benefit and consequence to the world, and I would therefore willingly for the sake of others draw your days out to their utmost date. For yourself indeed the matter is not much, if you go well, whensoever called, as I don't question but you will. As to any faults I have to tell you of, I think you know already all I say and all I think too upon that subject. The main is what I have often repeated—your soul is too great for your body; your watching and intention of thought for a long time, your speaking often and long when wearied—in short, your spirit, though in a better sense than Dryden meant it, "o'er-informs its tenement of clay."

SAM. WESLEY.

In the year 1733, having solicited his brother John to stand godfather for one of Mrs. Wright's children, and receiving a refusal on the ground that it would be impossible for him to discharge the duties imposed on him in accepting that office, etc., he wrote again, pressing the subject. From this letter the following extract is made; it is highly characteristic of the man and his summary mode of reasoning:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

June 21st, 1733.

. . . . Your reasons for not standing for Hetty's child are good; and yet, were they as good again, there is one against them that would make them good for nothing, viz., the child will hardly be christened at all unless you and I stand. *E malis minimum.* The charge need not fright, for I'll lay down. Tell me as soon as you can your answer to this paragraph. Some in Johnson's hold the matter to be indifferent, and so excuse themselves. I'll find a representative for you, as well as pence, if you do but give me my commission. Write soon.—I am, dear J., your affectionate, etc.,

S. WESLEY.

At the close of the year 1731, and just six months after Samuel Wesley had been called to suffer the bereavement of his only son, it was resolved to make great changes in the school at Westminster, in which Mr. Wesley had been an usher nearly twenty years. Dr. Freind resigned the head-mastership of the school, and Dr. John Nicoll, who had been under-master, was raised to the headship, and Samuel Wesley expected the under-master's chair. This was denied him, and he was pained and grieved at being deprived of his just right. His Tory principles outweighed his long and successful service, but the trustees evaded the matter by alleging that his being a married man was the cause. He laid the case before his father, who urged him to at once accept the rectorship of Epworth, which he was willing to resign in his favour: this he positively declined. How he bore up under the trial will be best shown by the verses written on January 22nd, 1732, entitled,—

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER SEVERE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oppressed, O Lord, in Thee I trust,
To Thee insulted flee;
Howe'er in mortals 'tis unjust,
'Tis righteousness in Thee.

To God why should the thankless call,
His blessings to repeat?
Why should the unthankful for the small
Be trusted with the great?

To Thee my soul for mercy flies,
And pardon seeks on high;
For earth, its mercy I despise
And justice I defy.

Grant me, O Lord, with holier care,
And worthier Thee, to live!
Forgive my foes, and let them dare
The injured to forgive.

Thy grace in death's decisive hour,
Though undeserved, bestow;
Oh, then on me Thy mercies shower,
And welcome judgment now!

Divine Providence always takes care of those who implicitly trust to it. Samuel Wesley laid his case before God in prayer, and soon an open door showed how the trial was really a blessing in disguise. The head-mastership of Tiverton Free Grammar School was vacant. It was founded in 1619, by Peter Blundell, and was well endowed. Through the influence of Lord Oxford, it is believed, that position was offered to Mr. Wesley, and he accepted it. He commemorated his appointment by the following lines:—

ON MR. PETER BLUNDELL,

FOUNDER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN TIVERTON, DEVON.

Famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.

Exempt from sordid and ambitious views,
Blest with the art to gain, and heart to use,
Not satisfied with life's poor span alone,
Blundell through ages sends his blessings down.
Since worth to raise, and learning to support,
A patriarch's lifetime had appeared too short;
While letters gain esteem in wisdom's eyes,
Till justice is extinct, and mercy dies.
His alms perpetual, not by time confined,
Last with the world, and end but with mankind.

His reception at that Devonshire town was hearty and welcome, and his great abilities were soon appreciated both in the town and county. During the first year of his residence at Tiverton forty boys were added to the school, which was deemed success of the highest kind.

Probably the first theme which occupied his pen at Tiverton was "A Poetical Epistle to my brother Charles," dated April 20th, 1732. It is printed in his works. The following lines contain the questions he asks Charles concerning his brother John:—

One or two questions more, before I end,
That much concern a brother and a friend.
Does John beyond his strength presume to go,
To his frail carcase, literally a foe?
Lavish of health, as if in haste to die,
And shorten time to ensure eternity?

Previously to his leaving London, Samuel Wesley had made the acquaintance of General James Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony of Georgia, in America. He had returned from that colony in 1732, with the intention of gathering a company of emigrants to people it more extensively. Aided by the government, he obtained one hundred and thirty Highlanders and one hundred and seventy Germans to accompany him back to America. They sailed in the ship *Symmonds*, from Gravesend, for Georgia, October 14th, 1735, with John Wesley on board, as chaplain to the colony and missionary to the Indians, and Charles Wesley as secretary to General Oglethorpe. There are still some interesting letters unpublished relating to that voyage and its results, which would be unsuited to these pages, but which deserve to be published, having been written by both John and Charles Wesley. John Wesley made a manuscript list of every person on board the ship. These two brothers were accompanied by two college friends, Mr. B. Ingham and Mr. Delamotte. They found colonial life not only trying, but very different from what they expected.

Charles began to feel himself out of his place in Frederica, where he had some most grievous crosses to bear, of which he bitterly complained to his brother Samuel: he also felt that want of regeneration of which he was now fully convinced. The reply was as follows:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

Tiverton, Devon, September 21st, 1736.

DEAR CHARLES,—To make full amends for my not hearing from you at first, I have received four letters from you within this month, of each of which according to their dates. To that of April 8th, Frederica, eight at night, I answer thus: I own the will of God in your being in America, that is, the order of His providence, but I do not see that it was the will of God in another sense, as it is the rule of your action. Before I confess that, I must have a text either plainly or probably applied. You seem to be under severe trials; and I might, with full as much justice, quote, "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God," as ever you could do, "He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me." It was God's will too that I should come hither; how else am I here? For who hath resisted His will in that sense? I am in a desert, as well as you, having no conversable creature but my wife, till my mother came last week; at which that I am no more grieved is perhaps my fault. Your fearing a cure of souls is no argument against your fitness for it, but the contrary. What "indelible character" means, I do not thoroughly understand; but I plainly know what is said of him "who putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back." Your wishing yourself out of the reach of temptation is but wishing yourself in heaven.

That you had lived eighteen years without God, I either do not understand, or I absolutely deny. My wife loses none of your love, if repaying it in kind be putting it to the right use.

To yours of April 28th: "You repent not of obedience to Divine Providence." I hope not; and I hope I never persuaded you to disobedience. I am sure

coming back to England will not be looking back from the plough, while you can exercise your ministry here. Jack's passions, if I know anything of him, never were of the same kind as yours. I advised him to go, not you, nor will ever consent to your staying.

Never spare unburdening yourself to me: why you should have waited even years for that purpose, Jack can tell.

That "sister Emily ever retracted her consent" she utterly denies, for she says she never gave it. By that I see I did no more than was absolutely necessary, when I used the strongest terms to express my meaning, lest I might have been brought in for being passive at least; though I never would, should, or could have consented.

I own I cannot rejoice in your affliction any more than in my own; it is not for the present joyous, but grievous. God grant a happy end and meeting! I use a holiday, St. Matthew's day, to converse with you. Why may not the same man be both publican and apostle?

However, if you can get hither, you may keep your apostleship, though not your receipt of customs.

To yours of May 5th.—I heartily wish you joy of the danger being over. I would send what you write for, but your next letter gives me hope of your being here before the cargo could come to you. Allix I had sent for to London before your letter reached me. Lawrence I do not altogether approve of, but begin to doubt, though that should be no reason against my sending it. What the books are, p. 100, I comprehend not, but I suppose they are recommended in some p. 100 I have not seen; perhaps in a journal that was to come to me by a safe hand, but has never arrived at all. I wish you joy of *amor sceleratus habendi*. I can say little of Phil, but that she wants you. Brother Hall's is a black story. There was no great likelihood of his being a favourite with me; his tongue is too smooth for my roughness, and rather inclines me to suspect than believe. Indeed, I little suspected the horrid truth; but finding him on the reserve, I thought he was something like Rivington, and feared me as a jester, which is a sure sign either of guilt on the one hand or pride on the other. It is certainly true of that marriage; it will not and it cannot come to good. He is now at a curacy in Wiltshire, near Marlborough. I have no correspondence with Kez. I did design it after reading yours, but the hearing she is gone to live with Patty and her husband made me drop my design.

Yours from Savannah, May 15th, is your last and best letter, because it brings news that you design to come back as soon as you can. The sooner, the better, say I; for I know Mr. O. will not leave the place till he thinks it for the public good so to do.

September 28th.—So long have I been forced to stay for time to transcribe (most wretched work), and to go on, which is pleasant enough. I have had a sort of a ship-journal of Jack's, ending at his being upon the coast, but have had nothing of that kind since his landing. Glad shall I be of a full and authentic account, which I begin to perceive I shall hardly have till I see you.

If Jack will continue Kezzy's allowance should she come hither, she might pay me for her board, which I cannot afford to give her, be a great comfort to her mother, and avoid the hazard of strong temptations either to discontent on the one hand, or what is much worse on the other. If this comes to your hand before you sail for England, I wish you would bring Jack's resolution upon that point; but except he will engage to continue the stipend, I must not take her in, for I can do no more than I can do. Supposing that he intends to spend his life in India, which seems most probable, why or wherefore should he refuse the £50? If he is not poor, does he know none that is? There appears much more danger of pride in refusing it, than there can be of avarice in accepting so small a sum.

Michaelmas Day.—This third time I am come to go on with my writing, but must be somewhat shorter than my paper would admit, because of going to church. My mother sends her love and blessing to you and Jack, and bids me to tell you she hopes to see you again in England, without any danger of a second separation.

My wife and I join in love; and Phil, according to her years, in duty. I heartily pray God to prosper you in public and private where you are, and to give you a safe voyage back, and a long and happy abode here.—I am, dear Charles, your most affectionate and faithful friend and brother,

Finished writing September 29th. SAMUEL WESLEY.

My hearty love and service to Mrs. O[glethorpe].

Mr. Charles Wesley, in accordance with the purpose stated in the preceding letter, sailed from Boston, October 25th, 1736, and landed at Deal on December 31st following. His brother John continued about a year longer; he arrived in England January, 30th, 1738.

Susanna Wesley was then staying with Samuel at Tiverton, praying for the speedy and safe return of her sons. Soon after they arrived, they were welcomed in most of the churches in London; but after their conversion, which took place in the month of May, 1738, their zeal and fidelity in preaching the doctrines of the new birth and the witness of the Spirit soon caused the churches to be closed against both of the brothers, and so they were driven to preach in the open air by necessity.

These supposed new doctrines caused even their brother Samuel to take up his pen against them, and especially in reference to some letters sent to him by Mrs. Elizabeth Hutton, wife of a bookseller in Fleet Street, who had for some years previously been a good friend to both John and Charles Wesley. These letters of complaint, and Samuel Wesley's replies, as well as his letters to his brothers on the same subject, are printed in detail, some in the "Life of James Hutton," some in Clarke's "Wesley Family," and the greater part of them in the volume of Priestley's "Original Letters by the Rev. John Wesley and his Friends," 8vo, 1791. To reproduce the letters concerning this hot controversy would do no good, but justice to truth requires this notice of it. Samuel Wesley was fully occupied with it during the last year of his life, but in the last letter of the series the bitterness of the contention seems to have been abated, partly by reason of the illness which resulted in his death.

Before leaving Westminster, Samuel Wesley's health had been materially impaired by his constant confinement in a school-room, and by his unremitting attention to the duties of his office and to his own literary pursuits. The change to Tiverton was probably beneficial for a time, till new engagements and duties "wound a fresh chain of toil around this willing worker." His letters to his brother John on the doctrine of "assurance"

of pardon were providentially overruled, to familiarise his mind with so vital a question just previously to his departure from this world. John was eager to convince his elder brother of the truth of the doctrine which he himself had but recently embraced. Hitherto Samuel, who was thirteen years older than John, had considered his younger brother rather as a son than a brother and equal. That there was no abatement of affection between the brothers there is clear evidence on both sides.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

Tiverton, September 3rd, 1739.

DEAR JACK,—It has pleased God to visit me with sickness, else I should not have been so backward in writing. Pray to Him for us, "that he would give us patience under our sufferings, and a happy issue out of all our afflictions; granting us in this world knowledge of his truth, and in the world to come life everlasting."

It is good news that you have built a charity school, and better still that you have a second almost up, as I find by yours, that Mr. Wigginton brought me. I wish you could build not only a school, but a church too for the colliers, if there is not any place at present for worship where they can meet; and I should heartily rejoice to have it endowed, though Mr. Whitefield were to be the minister of it, provided the bishop fully joined.

Your distinction between the discipline and the doctrine of the Church is, I think, not quite pertinent, for surely Episcopacy is a matter of doctrine too; but granting it otherwise, you know there is no fear of being cast out of our synagogue for any tenets whatsoever. Did not Clarke die preferred? Were not Collins and Coward free from anathema? Are not Chubb and Gordon now caressed? My knowledge of this makes me suspect Whitefield as if he designed to provoke persecution by his bodings of it. He has already personally disobliged the Bishops of Gloucester and London, and doubtless will do as much by all the rest, if they fall not down before his whimsies, and should offer to stand in his way. Now if he by his madness should lay himself open to the small remains of discipline among us, as by marrying without license, or any other way, and get excommunicated for his pains, I am very apprehensive you would still stick to him as your dear brother; and so, though the Church would not excommunicate you, you would excommunicate the Church. Then I suppose you would enlarge your censure, which now takes in most of the inferior clergy. But you have taught me to have the worse opinion of no man upon that account till you have proved your charge against Bishop Bull. At present I am inclined to think that being blamed with him is glory.

You yourself doubted at first, and inquired and examined about the ecstasies; the matter, therefore, is not so plain as motion to a man walking. But I have my own reason, as well as your authority, against the exceeding clearness of Divine interposition there. Your followers fall into agonies. I confess it. They are freed from them after you have prayed over them. Granted. They say it is God's doing. I own they say so. Dear brother, where is your ocular demonstration? Where, indeed, is the rational proof? Their living well afterwards may be a probable and sufficient argument that they believe themselves, but it goes no farther. I must ask a few more questions. Did these agitations ever begin during the use of any collects of the Church, or during the preaching of any sermon that had been preached within consecrated walls without that effect, or during the inculcating any other doctrine besides that of your new birth? Are the main body of these agents or patients good sort of people beforehand, or loose and immoral?

My wife joins in love to you and Charles, if he is with you, or indeed wherever he is; for you know best his motions, and he is likely to hear from you before me. Phil is very well, my wife indifferent, and I am on the mending hand in spite of foul weather.—I am, dear Jack, your sincere and affectionate friend and brother, SAMUEL WESLEY.

This is probably the last letter written by Samuel Wesley, of Tiverton. It is in reply to one sent him from Bristol by his brother, dated May 10th, 1739, in which he gives instances of instantaneous conversion resulting from his preaching in that city. The school named in the letter is the old school built for the colliers' children at Kingswood. He finishes the letter by saying his daughter was well, his wife's health indifferent, and he was on "the mending hand in spite of foul weather." The mending did not long continue.

The writer of the brief memoir prefixed to his poems, when republished after his death, says that on "arriving at the country school in the west of England he soon fell into a lingering illness, which in a few years brought him to his end." The illness was not of a nature to prevent him from attending to his official duties, though his strength had been declining, and he appears to have been employed in the school up to the last day of his life. "On the night of November 5th, 1739," wrote Dr. Whitehead, "he went to bed seemingly as well as usual, was taken ill about three o'clock in the morning, and died at seven, after about four hours' illness." The painful intelligence was conveyed to his brothers and mother by the following letter from a particular friend of the family:—

MR. AMOS MATTHEWS TO CHARLES WESLEY.

Tiverton, November 14th, 1739.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your brother and my friend (for so you are sensible he was to me) on Monday, the 5th of November, went to bed, as he thought, as well as he had been for some time before. He was seized about three o'clock in the morning very ill, when your sister immediately sent for Mr. Norman, and ordered the servant to call me. Mr. Norman came as quick as he possibly could, but said, as soon as he saw him, that he could not get over it, but would die in a few hours. He was not able to take anything, nor to speak to us; only yes or no to a question asked him; and that did not last half an hour. I never went from his bedside till he expired, which was about seven the same morning. With a great deal of difficulty we persuaded your dear sister to leave the room before he died. I trembled to think how she would bear it, knowing the sincere affection and love she had for him; but, blessed be God, He hath heard and answered prayer on her behalf, and in a great measure calmed her spirit, though she has not yet been out of her chamber. Your brother was buried on Monday last, in the afternoon, and is gone to reap the fruit of his labours. I pray God we may imitate him in all his virtues, and be prepared to follow. I should enlarge much more, but have not time, for which reason I hope you will excuse him who is under the greatest obligations to be, and really is, with the greatest sincerity, yours in all things, AMOS MATTHEWS.

On receiving this intelligence, John and Charles Wesley set off to visit and comfort their widowed sister at Tiverton, which they reached on the 21st; and under that date Mr. J. Wesley makes the following entry in his journal: "On Wednesday, November 21st, 1739, in the afternoon, we came to Tiverton. My poor sister was sorrowing almost as one without hope. Yet we could not but rejoice at hearing from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness that several days before he went hence God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ."

The effect of his controversy with his brother had opened his mind to perceive more clearly what was the teaching of Scripture respecting the new birth, adoption, assurance, and the witness of the Spirit. Had he been spared a little longer, there is satisfactory evidence that his views concerning the irregularities of his brothers in their evangelistic labours would have led him to the hearty commendation of their plans. He died not only in the "faith of all Christians in all ages," as Dr. Southey expresses it, but in the "faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, having an assurance of his personal and eternal salvation," as more correctly expressed by his brother John, and in peace went to join his father in heaven.

Out of one hundred and seventy-eight pieces collected in the last edition of his poems, dated 1862, about twenty of them relate to incidents connected with the family history, some of which will be noticed in their proper place. Most of his poems are characterised by strong common sense, some by keen wit, and others by severe invective. His name and merit as a poet are deserving of a distinguished place in the temple of fame, though Dr. Johnson has not included him in his collection of British poets. Dr. Southey has noticed him in his "Specimens of the Later English Poets," published in 1807, and given examples. His longest poem is entitled the "Battle of the Sexes," and contains fifty verses in the Spenserian stanza. It obtained high commendation when first issued. In that poem he gives the following personification of religion, which has been much admired:—

> Mild, sweet, serene, and cheerful was her mood;
> Nor grave with sternness, nor with lightness free:
> Against example resolutely good,
> Fervent in zeal, and warm in charity.

Dr. Johnson has given a quotation from him in the grammar prefixed to his Dictionary, as the best specimen of that kind of poetry to which he refers. The lines are generally known, but many are ignorant of their author:—

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose ashes lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent.
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
What crowds will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

As an example of satire, Mr. Wesley's lines, written on the setting up of a monumental tablet in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of the author of "Hudibras," Samuel Butler, deserve a place here. Dr. Clarke printed them from Samuel Wesley's own manuscript:—

While Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No purse-proud printer would a dinner give:
See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for *bread*, and he received a *stone*.

In the Methodist Hymn-book there are eight hymns which were written by Samuel Wesley the younger, as well as one written by his father. Some of them have found their way into other collections. The following are the first lines of his eight hymns:—

The morning flowers display their sweets.

From whence these dire portents around?

The Sun of righteousness appears.

The Lord of Sabbath let us praise.

Hail, Father, whose creating call.

Hail, God the Son, in glory crowned.

Hail, Holy Ghost! Jehovah! third.

Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord.

These hymns originally appeared in a contemporary magazine as early as the year 1727. He also paraphrased several of the psalms, but not in a metre for use in Church psalmody. His verses on forms of prayer, against Dr. Watts, who made forms of praise by turning the psalms into a sort of Christian hymns, are strong and pointed. The first only is here given:—

Form stints the spirit, Watts has said,
And therefore oft is wrong;
At best a *crutch* the weak to aid,
A *cumbrance* to the strong.

Mr. Wesley was interred in the churchyard, Tiverton, amidst public manifestations of respect and sympathy. On the grave-stone which marks the spot is the following inscription:—

Here lye interred
The remains of the Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M.,
Sometime student of Christ Church, Oxon:
A man, for his uncommon wit and learning,
For the benevolence of his temper,
And simplicity of manners,
Deservedly beloved and esteemed by all:
An excellent preacher:
But whose best sermon
Was the constant example of an edifying life.
So continually and zealously employed
In acts of beneficence and charity,
That he truly followed
His blessed Master's example
In going about doing good:
Of such scrupulous integrity,
That he declined occasions of advancement in the world,
Through fear of being involved in dangerous compliances;
And avoided the usual ways to preferment
As studiously as many others seek them.
Therefore, after a life spent
In the laborious employment of teaching youth,
First for near twenty years
As one of the ushers in Westminster School,
Afterwards for seven years
As head master of the free school at Tiverton,
He resigned his soul to God
November 6th, 1739, in the 49th year of his age.

He was in his fiftieth, not his forty-ninth year: the statement on the stone is not correct.

It is on record that from the time Samuel Wesley, jun., became usher in Westminster School, to the time of his death, he divided his income with his parents and family, but prohibited any mention of the fact whilst he lived. This was confirmed by a letter written by the rector of Epworth to his son, which was presented by Samuel Wesley's daughter to Mr. Badcock, to whom also was given so large a portion of his original family letters, including all those published by Dr. Priestley in 1791. Mr. Badcock says of that letter: "I preserve it as a curious memorial of what will make S. Wesley applauded when his wit is forgotten." He also contributed to the utmost of his power to the support and education of his brothers and sisters. Such were the amiableness, benevolence, and excellence of his character, public and private, that during the seven years he resided at Tiverton, where he was best known, he was nearly idolised. His memory was dear to all who knew him.

So

greatly was he esteemed, that children were sent from all quarters to be placed under him for tuition. He gave public entertainments in the school when the pupils were examined, which were diversified with music. Cards of admission to these festivals, as well as cards of reward for merit, are still preserved as mementoes amongst the members of the Wesley family, which the writer has seen; two varieties, with engraving of the school, were drawn by the celebrated Hogarth.

His portrait was finely engraved and published about the time of his death, and it shows a thorough Wesley face, with long, flowing, curly black hair, small quick eyes, and prominent features, not so handsome as those of his father or of either of his brothers, but manly and intellectual. A copy of this portrait, now very scarce, is framed and kept in the head-master's parlour at Blundell's School, Tiverton. In the annals of the school his name is enrolled as a man of scrupulous integrity and great benevolence.*

When the price of the *Methodist Magazine* was increased to one shilling monthly, in January, 1811, Samuel Wesley's portrait was reduced, engraved in oval, and issued as the frontispiece to that year's magazine. It was again reduced, and issued with a brief memoir in the *Youth's Instructer*, for October, 1837. In the same work, for October, 1829, is an engraving of the grammar school at Tiverton, with a notice of the founder, by Samuel Robinson of that town. The writer has collected seven or eight varieties of Samuel Wesley's portrait.

At his death he left a widow and one daughter, whom he styled Phil. Mrs. Wesley was the daughter of the Rev. John Berry, M.A., who was appointed to the living of Watton, in Norfolk, August 26th, 1691, which he held till his death, in 1730. Mr.

* In a sermon preached at Bow Church, before the trustees of Georgia, by J. Burton, D.D., March 15th, 1732, to which is appended an account of moneys and effects received by the trustees, we find the following items:—

		£	s.	d.
1731, Nov. 20.	Rev. Samuel Wesley (sub.)	1	1	0
	Rev. Samuel Wesley (don.)	5	5	0
,, Nov. 26.	Rev. Samuel Wesley, a pewter chalice and patine for present use in Georgia, until silver ones are had. N.B. Sent on board the *Volante*, Capt. Smyter, in December, 1732.			
1733, April 18.	An unknown benefactor, by the hands of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, two silver chalices and two patines for the use of the first church in the town of Savannah. Sent on board the *Susannah*, Capt. Bailey, May, 1733.			

He could not afford to give silver vessels to the temple, but he gave what he could, vessels of pewter. His zeal provoked some unknown person, of greater ability, to present silver vessels for the sanctuary, and who sought the honour that cometh from God only; and therefore, hiding himself from public view, made the good rector the instrument of presenting them to the society, and of transmitting them afterwards to that infant Church.—J. Everett.

Berry was the son of a clergyman, also called John Berry, who was a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and was made by Richard Cromwell, in 1658, rector of East Down, Devonshire, where some ancestors of the Wesleys had long resided. He was ejected in 1662, with his ten children, with scarce anything for their subsistence; but God took care of them, and they afterwards occupied good positions in society. The ejected John Berry died very happy, in December, 1704, aged nearly eighty years. His son John, who was afterwards connected with the Westminster School, boarded some of the young gentlemen belonging to the school; and whilst residing there, Samuel Wesley became acquainted with his daughter, whom he married in the year 1715. Her personal appearance and character are set forth in the following graceful lines by her husband, who has ingeniously introduced her name in the first line:—

Her hair and skin are as the *Berry*, brown;
Soft is her smile, and graceful is her frown;
Her stature low, 'tis something less than mine;
Her shape, though good, not exquisitely fine;
Though round her hazel eyes some sadness lies,
Their sprightly glances can sometimes surprise;
But greater beauties to her mind belong,
Well can she speak, and wisely hold her tongue;
In her, plain sense and humble sweetness meet:
Though gay, religious; and though young, discreet.
Such is the maid, if I can judge aright,
If love or favour hinder not my sight.
Perhaps you'll ask me how so well I know?
I've studied her, and I confess it too.
I've sought each inmost failing to explore,
Though still the more I sought, I liked the more.

Oh, to see my Nutty smiling,
Time with amorous talk beguiling,
Love her every action gracing,
Arms still open for embracing,
Looks to mutual bliss inviting,
Eyes delighted and delighting,
Spotless innocence preventing
After-grief and sad repenting;
Neither doubting, both believing,
Transport causing and receiving;
Both with equal ardour moving,
Dearly loved and truly loving.
Long may both enjoy the pleasure
Without guilt and without measure!

He was a most indulgent husband, and passionately fond of his wife, which is proved by his frequent poetical addresses to her after marriage. Though he was accustomed to boast of his authority as a husband, yet she had sense enough to rule under

the appearance of submission. Mrs. Hall, who knew her, spoke of her as one who was one well described in a couplet in another of her husband's poems:—

> She made her little wisdom go
> Farther than wiser women do.

They had several children, but we find only a son and daughter distinctly mentioned. The son, called after his father, Samuel, died in 1731, and was made a subject of special regret by the rector of Epworth. Only one daughter arrived at woman's estate. She it was who so much desired to see her uncle John's return from America. She married an apothecary, named Earle, in Barnstaple, whose chief motive in his marriage with her appears to have been the expectation of succeeding to the title of Earl of Anglesey, which he imagined to be nearly extinct, and only recoverable through his wife. It need scarcely be stated that in this hope he was disappointed. They had several children, daughters, who for a time were buoyed up with similar hopes; but seeing no prospect of succeeding to an entail through their grandmother, whilst their uncle Charles Wesley was married and had sons growing up, they are said to have gone over to France, where they were married, and never returned to England. One of the Miss Earles is said to have been married to the celebrated Marshal Ney, who figures conspicuously in French national history. He had the misfortune to be shot. In this way all traces of Samuel Wesley's descendants are lost to us in England; and they in France, if any survive, do not preserve the family name.

When Mrs. Samuel Wesley died is not known. Dr. A. Clarke says that her daughter, Mrs. Earle, and Mr. Earle died about the year 1790, or previously. When the death of Mrs. Wesley's father took place, in 1730, Samuel Wesley wrote the "Parish Priest. A Poem upon a Clergyman lately Deceased," which was printed for J. Roberts, Warwick Lane, 1731, and sold for sixpence. The poem found many admirers, as a second edition of it was published in 1732. His widow, Mrs. Berry, survived him some years, and resided with Samuel Wesley, at Tiverton: she is mentioned in a letter of Mrs. Susanna Wesley's, dated March 8th, 1732.

ENCOMIUM ON THE SITUATION OF TIVERTON.

From the original manuscript of the Rev. Charles Wesley, A.M.

> Within this county's circle lies a moor,
> Of old called Elb-down; from whose mountains roar
> Combined fountains, which without delay
> Towards the ocean do their streams display;

And as if over-tired make their graves
Betwixt the northern and the southern waves.
West, and beneath this dismal forest, lies
A fruitful vale, in form triangle-wise,
Wherein stands TIVERTON, whose glorious state
Has much been darkened by the checks of fate:
But yet her abbeys and her mon'ment stories
Are strong assertors of her ancient glories.
Trading (the life of places) here, 's to pull
The finest lock of all the Cornish wool;
Which into yarn her people do convert,
And other tradesmen other-where impart,
To make those famous serges which are hurl'd
By ships from England through the boundless world.
Yet not the meanest part of wool here brought
Is by herself into fine kerseys wrought,
Whose wonted goodness in the strength of wear
Needs not the passport of the allenger.
Her suburbs or precincts two miles do stretch
Upon the east, and westward four do reach;
Three miles upon the south she branches forth,
And claims six miles directly on the north.
And 'bounds in fishing and fair villages,
Woods, waters, pleasant groves and tillages:
Her grazing pastures Carmel-like for feeding,
Her mountains-tops like Bashan-hills for breeding.
Nor is she barren; for her shallow'st brook
Affords rich matter for the angler's hook;
Salmon, trout, peal, and luscious fish
With her 's no dainty, but a usual dish.
There store likewise of fennish fowl do swim,
In winter-time upon sweet Exe's brim;
And other kinds in coveys fly and hop,
From every valley to each mountain's top.
Her fields and woods yield likewise noble game;
With hawk and hound her hunters range the same,
To start the hare, and rouse the fallow deer;
Pursue the fox with "Ho! See ho! See here!"
Her well-filled channels for the people's use
Through every street their crystal streams diffuse;
These palisaded, with revengeful power,
The stony pavements do most neatly scour.
Her air without is wholesome. And within
Her hidden bowels lie rich mines of tin;
And will in little time with coals supply
Her own inhabitants and neighbours by.
Advance then, TIVERTON, no longer lie
Inrolled in sheets of dark obscurity;
May generations on thy name insert
Proper-shoned honours to thy great deser
And when that Envy dares to wound thy name,
Let her grow leaner by thy rising fame.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

First Daughter.

The Rev. S. Wesley had two daughters named Susanna. The first, who was certainly his eldest female child, was born at South Ormsby, in March, 1691. In the register of the church at that place her baptism is entered thus: "Susanna, the daughter of Samuel Wesley, clerk, and Susanna his wife, was baptized the 31st of March, 1691. Samuel Wesley, rector." She died when about two years of age. The following is the entry of her death, copied from the church register: "Susanna, daughter of Samuel Wesley, and Susanna his wife, was buried April 17th, 1693."

Her short life was entirely spent at the very humble rectory at Ormsby. Her brother Samuel was only three years and two months old when she died, and as he could not then speak, it is almost certain that the memory of the firstborn of the daughters was entirely lost, only as reported by the mother to her other children. Her next sister, Emilia, was an infant of fifteen months old when death made its first inroad into their family.

EMILIA WESLEY—MRS. HARPER.

Second Daughter.

Emilia Wesley was sometimes called Emily. She was born at South Ormsby, December 31st, 1691, and was baptized by her father on January 13th, 1692, the entry of which is in the church register, signed, "Samuel Wesley, rector." When she was born, Susanna was not quite a year old, and sixteen months afterwards her gentle spirit fled to the rest above, whilst Emilia lived out nearly fourscore years.

Great care was bestowed on her education by both her parents, and under her father's tuition she is reported to have become a good classical scholar. She was ten years old before her mother began her systematic course of education, but it was not till the family removed from Ormsby to Epworth that her little ones were old enough to claim much of Mrs. Wesley's attention in education.

Of the early life of Emilia no incidents are related. The first time she is noticed in the family history is in February, 1709, when she was grown almost to woman's estate, and at the age of seventeen, when the rectory-house was consumed and the family all scattered. Owing to the feeble and suffering condition of her mother, she was privileged to remain her only companion for an entire year. The Rev. John Kirk, after carefully considering her character, writes thus respecting her: "She worked hard all day, read some pleasant book at night, and though she had few diversions, and was never suffered to wander abroad, she was contented and happy. She grew up a woman of outward majesty and grace, in whom virtue, form, and wit were combined in perfect harmony. Her intellectual powers,

By nature polish'd, and by arts refined,

were so strong, well-balanced, and highly-cultivated, that she may be regarded as a thoroughly educated woman. She had an exquisite taste for music and poetry. Her brother John pro-

nounced her the best reader of Milton he had ever heard. Her affections and antipathies were alike intense. Her love for her mother was strong as death, and she regarded her brother John with passionate fondness, and though he was eleven years her junior, yet she selected him as her most intimate companion, her counsellor in difficulties," and her life-long friend, as she herself records in one of her unpublished letters.

The year of the family separation, during the rebuilding of the rectory-house, increased Mrs. Wesley's attachment to Emilia. She is reported to have been always her mother's favourite, but the companionship of that year led Mrs. Wesley to write during the following year, 1711—the first in the new rectory—a valuable manuscript of sixty quarto pages, which she entitled, "A Religious Conference between M[other] and E[milia]," with this motto, "'I write unto you, little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be found in you' (Gal. iv. 19). May what is sown in weakness be raised in power. Written for the use of my children, 1711–12." John Wesley has written on the manuscript, "My mother's conference with her daughter," the original of which the writer has had the privilege of reading.

The straitened circumstances of the rector were such as to preclude the most distant hope of any fortune for their children beyond that of the education which they received. Emilia being the first daughter who survived infancy, she shared with her brother Samuel all his lessons, as neither began to learn till they had entered on their sixth year. Designed from early life to become a teacher, all that was required to complete an education was bestowed on Emilia, and subsequently on her sisters. Soon as her brothers left home she manifested a sincere interest in their welfare by occasional correspondence. She had learned the happy art of writing what she had to say in terms direct and distinct. She not only made herself clearly understood, but she wrote a neat round-hand which was easy for any one to read. Hence to her brothers she became a welcome correspondent. The first letter preserved from her pen is the following to her eldest brother, respecting the noises at the rectory-house, which has no date, but it was inclosed in a letter of her father's to his son, dated February 11th, 1716–17.

EMILIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER SAMUEL.

DEAR BROTHER,—I thank you for your last, and shall give you what satisfaction is in my power concerning what has happened in our family. I am so far from being superstitious, that I was too much inclined to infidelity, so that I heartily rejoice at having such an opportunity of convincing myself, past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some beings besides those we see. A whole month was sufficient to convince anybody of the reality of the thing, and to try all ways of discovering any trick, had it been possible for any such

to have been used. I shall only tell you what I myself heard, and leave the rest to others.

My sisters in the paper chamber had heard noises, and told me of them; but I did not much believe, till one night, about a week after the first groans were heard, which was the beginning, just after the clock had struck ten, I went downstairs to lock the doors, which I always do. Scarce had I got up the best stairs, when I heard a noise like a person throwing down a vast coal in the middle of the fore kitchen, and all the splinters seemed to fly about from it. I was not much frighted, but went to my sister Sukey, and we together went all over the low rooms, but there was nothing out of order.

Our dog was fast asleep, and our only cat in the other end of the house. No sooner was I got upstairs, and undressing for bed, but I heard a noise among many bottles that stand under the best stairs, just like the throwing of a great stone among them, which had broke them all to pieces. This made me hasten to bed. But my sister Hetty, who sits always to wait on my father going to bed, was still sitting on the lowest step on the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back, when soon after there came down the stairs behind her something like a man, in a loose nightgown trailing after him, which made her fly rather than run to me in the nursery.

All this time we never told our father of it, but soon after we did. He smiled, and gave no answer, but was more careful than usual from that time to see us in bed, imagining it to be some of us young women that sat up late and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced. As for my mother, she firmly believed it to be rats, and sent for a horn to blow them away. I laughed to think how wisely they were employed, who were striving half a day to fright away Jeffrey (for that name I gave it) with a horn.

But whatever it was, I perceived it could be made angry; for from that time it was so outrageous, there was no quiet for us after ten at night. I heard frequently, between ten and eleven, something like the quick winding up of a jack at the corner of the room by my bed's head, just like the running of the wheels and the creaking of the iron-work. This was the common signal of its coming. Then it would knock on the floor three times, then at my sister's bed's head in the same room, almost always three together, and then stay. The sound was hollow and loud, so as none of us could ever imitate.

It would answer to my mother if she stamped on the floor and bid it. It would knock when I was putting the children to bed, just under me where I sat. One time, little Kezzy, pretending to scare Patty, as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it answered with three knocks, just in the same place. It was more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats or anything natural.

I could tell you abundance more of it, but the rest will write, and therefore it would be needless. I was not much frighted at first, and very little at last, but it was never near me, except two or three times, and never followed me as it did my sister Hetty. I have been with her when it has knocked under her; and when she has removed it has followed, and still kept just under her feet, which was enough to terrify a stouter person.

If you would know my opinion of the reason of this, I shall briefly tell you. I believe it to be witchcraft, for these reasons. About a year since, there was a disturbance at a town near us that was undoubtedly witches; and if so near, why may they not reach us? Then my father had for several Sundays before its coming preached warmly against consulting those that are called cunning men, which our people are given to; and it had a particular spite at my father.

Besides, something was thrice seen: the first time by my mother, under

my sister's bed, like a badger, only without any head that was discernible. The same creature was sat by the dining-room fire one evening: when our man went into the room it ran by him, through the hall, under the stairs. He followed with a candle and searched, but it was departed. The last time he saw it in the kitchen, like a white rabbit, which seems likely to be some witch; and I do so really believe it to be one that I would venture to fire a pistol at it if I saw it long enough. It has been heard by me and others since December.—I have filled up my paper, and have only time to tell you I am your loving sister, EMILIA WESLEY.

Her brother Samuel had married Miss Berry in 1715. To Miss Berry's brother, Emilia Wesley wrote a letter from which is supplied the following:—

From my sister Emily to Mr. N. Berry, dated April 1st, 1716.

Tell my brother the sprite was with us last night, and heard by many of our family, especially by our maid and myself. She sat up with drink, and it came just at one o'clock, and opened the dining-room door. After some time it shut again. She saw as well as heard it both shut and open; then it began to knock as usual. But I dare write no longer, lest I should hear it.

EMILIA WESLEY.

There is no farther notice of her till we come to the year 1724. In an unpublished letter of John Wesley's to his mother, dated Oxford, November 1st, 1724, after giving some extraordinary items of news, in closing his letter he remarks, "I should be exceedingly glad to keep [up] a correspondence with my sister Emilia, if she were willing, for I believe I have not heard from her since I was at Oxford."

Such a challenge from her brother did not long remain without a response from Emilia, who entrusted to John the transaction of some personal business, to which he gave prompt attention, and early in the year 1725 he wrote to inform his sister the result. She was then painfully exercised in both mind and circumstances; and to relieve her mind of part of the burden, she wrote to him again the following lengthy budget of family incidents, and gave him the outline history of her first love affair:—

EMILIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

To Mr. John Wesley, Commoner of Christ Church College, Oxford. By way of London.

Wroote, April 7th, 1725.

DEAR BROTHER,—Yours of March 7th I received, and thank you for your care in despatching so speedily the business I desired you to do. It is the last of that kind I shall trouble you with. No more shall I write or receive letters to and from that person. But lest you should run into a mistake and think we have quarrelled, like Sam and him, I assure you we are perfect friends; we think, wish, and judge alike, but what avails it? we are both miserable. He has not differed with my mother, but she loves him not, because she esteems him the unlucky cause of a deep melancholy in a

beloved child. For his own sake it is that I cease writing, because it is now his interest to forget me.

Whether you will be engaged before thirty or not I cannot determine; but if my advice be worth listening to, never engage your affections before your worldly affairs are in such a posture that you may marry very soon. The contrary practice has proved very pernicious to our family; and were I to live my time over again, and had the same experience I have now, were it for the best man in England, I would not wait one year. I know you are a young man, encompassed with difficulties, that has passed through many hardships already, and probably must through many more before you are easy in the world: but, believe me, if ever you come to suffer the torment of a hopeless love, all other afflictions will seem small in comparison of it. And that you may not think I speak at random, take some account of my past life, more than ever I spoke to any one; but now I write to one I dare trust, suffer me to bemoan myself a little, and to show you some little part of what I have endured.

After the fire, when I was seventeen years old, I was left alone with my mother, and lived easy for one year, having most necessaries, though few diversions, and never going abroad. Yet after working all day I read some pleasant book at night, and was contented enough; but after we were gotten into our house, and all the family were settled, in about a year's time I began to find out that we were ruined. Then came on London journeys, convocations of blessed memory, that for seven winters my father was at London, and we at home in intolerable want and affliction; then I learnt what it was to seek money for bread, seldom having any without such hardships in getting it that much abated the pleasure of it. Thus we went on, growing worse and worse; all us children in scandalous want of necessaries for years together; vast income, but no comfort or credit with it. Then I went to London with design to get into some service, failed of that, and grew acquainted with Leybourne: ever after that for three years I lived in close correspondence with him. When anything grieved me he was my comforter; when afflictions pressed hard on me he was at hand to relieve me; and what although our affairs grew no better, yet I was tolerably easy, thinking his love sufficient recompense for the loss or absence of all other worldly comforts. Then ill fate, in the shape of a near relation, laid the groundwork of my misery, and, joined with my mother's command and my own indiscretion, broke the correspondence between him and I. That dismal winter I shall ever remember: my mother was sick, confined even to her bed, my father in danger of arrests every day. I had a large family to keep, and a small sum to keep it on; expecting my mother's death every day, and my father's confinement; and yet in all this care the loss of Leybourne was heaviest. For near half a year I never slept half a night, and now, provoked at all my relations, resolved never to marry; and, wishing to be out of their sight, I began first to think of going into the world. A vacancy happening in Lincoln boarding-school, I went thither, and though I had never so much as seen one before, I fell readily into that way of life; and I was so pleased to see myself in good clothes, with money in my pocket, and respected in a strange manner by every one, that I seemed gotten into another world; and though I worked hard for my living, yet I could maintain myself with working, and I was very willing to do it. Here I lived five years, and should have done longer, but the school broke up; and my father having got Wroote living, my mother was earnest for my return. I was told what pleasant company was at Bawtry, Doncaster, etc., and that this addition to my father, with God's ordinary blessing, would make him a rich man in a few years; that they did not desire to confine me always here, but would allow me all the liberties in their power. Then I came home again, in an evil hour for me. I was well clothed, and while I wanted nothing, was easy enough.

Last spring I went to Lincoln to despatch some necessary business of my own, and it was with some difficulty, though I had money and clothes of my own, that my journey thither and stay there for four months cost my father not a groat. Thus far we went on tolerably well; but this winter, when my own necessaries began to decay and my money was most of it spent (I having maintained myself since I came home, but now could do it no longer), I found what a condition I was in—every trifling want was either not supplied, or I had more trouble to procure it than it was worth. I know not when we have had so good a year, both at Wroote and at Epworth, as this year; but instead of saving anything to clothe my sister or myself, we are just where we were. A noble crop has almost all gone, beside Epworth living, to pay some part of those infinite debts my father has run into, which are so many, as I have lately found out, that were he to save £50 a year he would not be clear in the world this seven years. So here is a fine prospect indeed of his growing rich! Not but he may be out of debt sooner if he chance to have three or four such years as this has been; but for his getting any matter to leave behind him more than is necessary for my mother's maintenance is what I see no likelihood of at present. One thing I warn you of: let not my giving you this account be any hindrance to your affairs. If you want assistance in any case, my father is as able to give it now as any time these last ten years, nor shall be ever the poorer for it. Yet in this distress we enjoy many comforts. We have plenty of good meat and drink, fuel, etc., have no duns, nor any of that tormenting care for to provide bread which we had at Epworth. In short, could I lay aside all thought of the future, and could be content without three things, money, liberty, and clothes, I might live very comfortably. While my mother lives I am inclined to stay with her; she is so very good to me, and has so little comfort in the world beside, that I think it barbarous to abandon her. As soon as she is in heaven, or perhaps sooner if I am quite tired out, I have fully fixed on a state of life, a way indeed that my parents may disapprove, but that I do not regard. Bread must be had, and I won't starve to please any or all the friends I have in the world. And now

> Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told,
> By the rash young, or the ill-natured old.

Whatever people may say of me here, I hope to meet with happiness in the other world if not in this; and you that know my hard fortune I hope will never hastily condemn me for anything I shall be driven to do by stress of fortune that is not directly sinful. As for Hetty, we have heard nothing of her these three months past. Mr. Grantham, I hear, has behaved himself very honourably towards her, but there are more gentlemen besides him in the world.

I have quite tired you now. Pray be faithful to me. Let me have one relation I can trust; never give any hint to any one of aught I write to you, and continue to love your unhappy but affectionate sister,

EMILIA WESLEY.

When Mr. Wesley obtained the rectory of Wroote in 1726, he had resided in that village some time, and had his family with him. The parsonage was a poor thatch-covered building, and the country round about was little better than a swamp, whilst the inhabitants were of a low type intellectually. Emilia was at Wroote with her parents, where she received from her sister Mehetabel a brief poetical description of the place and people, which is worth preserving. It is as follows:—

Fortune has fixed thee in a place
Debarred of wisdom, wit, and grace;
High births and virtue equally they scorn,
As asses dull, on dunghills born;
Imperious as the stones their heads are found,
Their rage and hatred steadfast as the ground.
With these unpolished wights thy youthful days
Glide slow and dull, and Nature's lamp decays:
Oh, what a lamp is hid 'midst such a sordid race!

John Wesley was for some time his father's curate at Wroote, and it was at that time intended that he should succeed his father as rector of that parish; but he declined the offer, and John Whitelamb at length was appointed. The village is not much altered, but the living, which was worth only £50 a year when Mr. Wesley had it, is said to be worth £400 a year, with a good parsonage, at the present time.

The affectionate sympathy which bound together all the members of the Wesley family was manifested in a thousand ways after the separations which so early took place with the boys. In an unpublished letter of Mary Wesley's to her brother Charles, dated January 20th, 1726, she says: "You were mistaken in thinking I took ill your desiring my sister Emilia to knit you another pair of gloves: what I meant was to my brother Jack, because he gave Emilia charge to look to my well-doing of his." How pleasantly such incidents tell of the practical and useful character of their daily life.

Samuel Wesley, in an unpublished letter of his to his brother John, dated December 10th, 1726, makes brief reference to the discomfiture of the family owing to the temptation and ensnaring of Hetty a short time previously. He says near the end of his letter, "I wish my mother and sister Emilia were heartily reconciled to Hetty. I am resolved to try what I can do, both with them and my father, upon the supposition of her being penitent."

Martha Wesley, in an unpublished letter of hers to her brother John, dated February 7th, 1727, says, near the end, "Sister Emme is gone to Lincoln again, of which I am very glad for her own sake, for she is weak, and our misfortunes daily impair her health." Such was the effect of anxiety and sympathy in the eldest daughter of the Epworth family.

What was the attraction at Lincoln at this time is not known. From that place she sent the following letter to her brother:—

EMILIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

To the Rev. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Lincoln, Old Year's Day, 1729.

DEAR BROTHER,—This is the first time in my life that I answered a letter before I read it, but Kezia having lost the letter you sent me last Saturday,

I being from home when it came, I can only guess what was in it; so if I do not answer every particular, you will, I hope, excuse me, and only blame the carelessness of Kezia.

First, then, I suppose you express a great concern for my health, because you left me much out of order, and an extraordinary impatience to hear of my recovery, for all which kindness I return you thanks, and assure you I had written to Oxford long since if sickness had not prevented, my old companion the fever having confined me to my chamber since I saw you. It left me so many illnesses behind that I have not enjoyed six hours' health together since you were at Lincoln; and had not Dr. Greathead been very careful to preserve a worthless and unfortunate life, you and I had met no more in this world. Secondly, I presume you want to be informed concerning my father's affairs at Epworth. He was here before Christmas, little to my satisfaction, by the way; he seemed very reserved to me, and I the same to him, only I inquired about your being concerned with the tithe. He renounces any suffering you to be tenant, which was all I wanted to know, for without you there is not the least temptation in Epworth to draw me thither. He is inclined to take the tithes. I frankly gave my opinion against it, but that may make him do it the sooner. He said nothing to me of my going home, and I was too stout, you may think, to ask him; but that's all one. He thought fit to speak his mind before he went out of town to a friend of his, who told his wife, and, according to old laudable custom, she told me their conference; but let them think what they please, 'tis now impossible for me to move, since I have not time to give Mrs. Taylor fair notice, and without that even Leybourne himself should not stir me from hence. I fear this last speech is not altogether true; but none else should, that's certain. And now I think I have sufficiently answered you, considering I never saw your letter; but for fear something should be omitted, I desire in your next you will let me know what really was in your last. 'Tis not impossible but you might have the goodness to see the unhappy L——, since you went from hence, and on account of a sister dearer to you than all the rest, to come to an explanation concerning those imputations laid to his charge by the malice of R. Wes. You are not ignorant of my thoughts on that subject, and how earnestly I desire a good correspondence between you two. If anything of joy can enter into a heart so lost in melancholy as his; if the deep sadness which has seized that excellent man, and has clouded the highest understanding, and changed the sweetest temper in England, could admit of any alleviation, sure I am it will be from your friendship. I hope you have been together since you were at Oxford. Sure my opinion in any indifferent matter should weigh with you more than any sister-in-law's or own sister, or anybody's except my mother's. Let then my desire, once for all, prevail with you never to break off acquaintance with him. I shall take this as the test of your love to me, and conclude with the poet,—

> Friendship, take heed; if R—n interfere
> Be sure the hour of thy destruction's near.

I hope you got well to Oxford; Sam has not writ to me since he left the country. Pray tell brother Charles, Mrs. Taylor gives her service to him, not excluding you, and wishes me to tell him that her daughter Peggy has had the toothache ever since he went away. Miss Kitty is here by me, and says he is a saucy cur, and she will turn him off because he never went to see her at Gainsborough. Mrs. Taylor desires him the next time he is here to let his eyelids fall a little lower, which, she thinks, will become him better than his staring. Pray write as soon as you can; Kez shall not be troubled with the care of your second letter. I think you are not well rewarded by my father for all you have done; he thinks you not a good son or friend. Take what care

you can of your own interest; our family are full of fine, sanguine dreams; my old belief yet remains that my father will never be worth a groat, as the saying is, and we of the female part of the family be consequently left to get our bread or starve, as we see fit. But life will be over in a few years, and then sure all sorrow will end, I hope, with me; no more shall I regret the ruin of my fortune, and those fatal accidents yet worse than that. It is not possible at a distance to know what our thoughts of death will be when it approaches near. Now indeed, to die seems not only tolerable, but desirable —that it is as Hamlet says, "A consummation devoutly to be wished." But perhaps, when I know that I have but a few hours of life remaining, dread of eternity may make me desire longer time. This, at least, I am certain of, that while life remains, if it be not your fault, I shall continue to be your most affectionate sister, EMILIA WESLEY.

Emilia had charge of Mrs. Taylor's boarding-school, which she joined during the previous year. "By this prim schoolmistress she was unkindly treated, and had the hardest possible difficulty to obtain any portion of her small salary."

On her first visit to London, staying for a time with her uncle Matthew, she formed an acquaintance with a young gentleman named Leybourne, whom she passionately loved. He was a member of the University of Oxford, and is named frequently in the various letters interchanged by the brothers and sisters. To him she refers as "the unhappy L." in the foregoing letter. For some years her attachment to him was so great that she thought "his love sufficient recompense for the loss or absence of all other worldly comforts." At the end of three years the real conduct of this young man became known to her brother Samuel, who, she observes, "laid the groundwork of my misery, and, joined with my mother's commands and my own indiscretion, broke the correspondence." Afterwards Emilia herself discovered that his affection for her was not genuine, yet she long cherished a strong regard for him.

John and Charles Wesley both visited their parents at Epworth in 1729. On their way back to Oxford they made a short stay at Lincoln to see Emilia and Kezzy, the latter being also an assistant at the school. To Mrs. Taylor's house they paid no more visits. Emilia herself gladly quitted the place at Christmas, 1730, really at the time owing to her sister's (Mrs. Ellison) dangerous illness and hourly expected death. Mrs. Ellison slowly recovered. Kezia says in a letter to John, dated January 20th, 1731: "We sent for sister Emilia to Epworth; she does not go to Lincoln any more." Further on in the same letter Kezia says: "The reason of my coming home was want of money. Brother Wesley [Samuel] sent me £5 to keep me at Lincoln; but sister Emilia kept it in part payment for what was owing to her on my account. Nor do I blame her, because she will have occasion for what little she has when she goes to Gainsborough."

The proposal to commence a boarding-school on her own

account at Gainsborough was laid before her brothers Samuel and John, who after some consideration of the matter consented to it, and gave her some assistance. This will be best explained by herself in a letter to her best-beloved brother.

EMILIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

To the Rev. John Wesley, Lincoln College, Oxford.

[February, 1731.]

DEAREST BROTHER,—Your last letter comforted and settled my mind wonderfully. Oh, continue to talk to me of the reasonableness of resignation to the Divine will, to enable me to bear cheerfully the ills of life, the lot appointed me, and never to suffer grief so far to prevail as to injure my health, or long to cloud the natural cheerfulness of my temper.

I had writ long since, but had a mind to see first how my small affairs would be settled, and now can assure you that at Lady-day I leave Lincoln certainly. You was of opinion, you may remember, that my leaving Mrs. Taylor would not only prove prejudicial to her affairs (and so far all the town agrees with you), but would be a great affliction to her. I own I thought so too, but we both were a little mistaken. She received the news of my going with an indifference I did not expect. Never was such a teacher as I may justly say I have been, so foolishly lost, so unnecessarily disobliged. Had she paid my last year's wages but the day before Martinmas, I still had stayed. Instead of that, she has received £120 within these three months, and yet never would spare one £6 or £7 for me, which I am sure no teacher will ever bear. The jest is, she fancies I never knew of any money she received; when, alas! she can never have one £5 but I know of it. I have so satisfied brother Sam. that he wishes me good success at Gainsborough, and says he can no longer oppose my resolution; which pleases me much, for I would gladly live civilly with him and friendly with you.

I have a fairer prospect at Gainsborough even than I could hope for; my greatest difficulty will be want of money at my first entrance. I shall furnish my school with canvas, worsteds, silks, etc. etc., and am much afraid of being dipped in debt at first; but God's will be done! Troubles of that kind are what I have been used to. Will you lend me the other £3, which you designed for me at Lady Day? it would help me much. You will if you can, I am sure, for so would I do by you. I am half-starved with cold, which hinders me from writing longer. Emery is no better. Mrs. Taylor and Kitty give their service. Pray send soon to me. Kez is gone home for good and all. I am knitting brother Charles a fine purse; give my love to him. —I am, dear brother, your loving sister and constant friend,

EMILIA WESLEY.

Called away from Lincoln suddenly to attend her sister when expected to die, she appears by the above letter to have again returned for a short period to Mrs. Taylor's, though from the statement of Kezia it is evident such was not then intended. She commenced her own school at Gainsborough early in the year 1731, and in a buoyant spirit she carried it on for some years. In commencing this undertaking she received assistance from her uncle Matthew Wesley, in London, which he could well afford to give.

While at Gainsborough, a medical gentleman paid her some

attention. She was more than forty years of age, and was not wholly unacquainted with the emotions of the tender passion. This gentleman belonged to the Society of Friends, and this led her brother John, to whose judgment she paid great deference, to argue the impropriety of her marrying such a person, and he entreated her not to receive his addresses. It was not a very easy matter to decide, seeing that she still had the recollection of the attachment with Leybourne, who, she had found, really did not love her. Calmly considering the claims of the Quaker, she thus wrote to her brother:—

EMILIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

February 7th, 1733.

DEAR BROTHER,—You doubtless have long expected a letter from me, but, to tell you the plain truth, in your last you sent me a lesson to learn so hard and full of difficulty that it has puzzled me almost ever since—at least, till within this last fortnight; such a thing as I scarcely knew how to put in practice. Again, it seemed mighty convenient to break off the correspondence sooner or later: and what time so proper as the present? Thus wavering and uncertain I remained one week conversing, another refusing to speak or to see him, till the week before last, when chance furnished me with sufficient matter to turn the scale, which *you* before had brought to an equality. You must understand his Whiggish principles were always more provoking to me than his being a Quaker. One morning I chanced to say at breakfast that my father was gone to Oxford. Immediately he fell foul on that University, and complimented them with several titles which I thought their enemies had more right to. We then got to Lord Clarendon and the family of the Stuarts, he decrying them, and I, with more warmth, vindicating them.

The dispute lasted hot about two hours, and we parted with mutual resentment, I believe; at least, I was thoroughly provoked at him for daring to contradict me so violently, it being, you know, my avowed doctrine that an unmarried woman can never be in the wrong in any conversation with a bachelor. Well, this provoked me, and soon after his back was up ten times worse than mine—the occasion as follows. We have here, boarding with me, one Robinson, a young saddler from London, who seems to like home better than being abroad. As the doctor is naturally the most suspicious fool breathing, he seldom comes into the house without first watching the window; and I fancy one evening he saw him leaning on my chair and talking to me, for the next morning he began a long grave harangue on the inconstancy of womankind, and, what was worse, he affirmed that our sex were so fond of variety, that no woman could or would be contented with the address and company of one man. I perceived where the shoe pinched, and answered as gravely that no man had reason to complain of a woman keeping another company except he himself had plainly offered her marriage and she had entertained him afterwards; and added that none but a fool would complain of being jilted by a woman never courted in express terms. So, scorning to vindicate my conduct, I left him to his meditations, and never have been with him in private and very little in public since, nor do I design to ever show the least regard more above common civility. So farewell George Fox and all thy tribe, for Rockwood, and Ringwood, and Jowler, and Tray!

Indeed, had I parted with him purely out of religion it might have been better, and now if he ever gets opportunity for an explanation perhaps my resolves may stagger—for why, brother, should we part? Cannot a religious man

go to heaven unless he think like you and I? The prejudices of education are very great in us all. Had my parents been Quakers, or his Church-folk, doubtless we never had differed, for sure no two in England ever had more the same manner, both of thinking and judging, than we, except where education makes the difference: and now what can I say on the whole, but only make the old common observation of the great uncertainty and trouble of human life? When I loved L—— he loved not me, though he was rogue enough to persuade me he did. Well, so much for that! Now when, after a variety of ill-fortune, I seemed settled here with an excellent physician to make up the loss of Dr. Greathead, with a companion and friend to whom I could speak freely at all times—and, must I add, too, the most passionate lover?—what ails my fortune now? Why, he is a Quaker, and my own brother, for whom I have the tenderest regard, he whom I never wilfully disobeyed or grieved, presses it on me as a strict duty to part for ever with this faithful friend, this delightful companion; and I have done it, 'tis true; but now what is there left in life worth valuing? Truly not much, and if I should comply with my mother's earnest desire—throw up my business here and go home—I do not see there would be much in it, since my Creator seems to have decreed me to a state of suffering here, and always deprives me of what I love, or embitters it to me. Who can contend with Omnipotence? No, I will strive no more; no more labour to make myself what they call easy in the world, since 'tis all striving against the stream, labour in vain, and in the strictest sense not only vanity, but vexation of spirit. I beg you will burn this, as you did the last, and write soon to, dear brother, your affectionate sister,

EMILIA WESLEY.

My love to Charles. I have much to say to brother Whitelamb, and Kez, and Halbury.

Her attachment to her first lover had scarcely abated, when she was called to part from a second, which she did with evident reluctance. This can scarcely be wondered at, considering the struggles of life she had seen and passed through. At the age of forty-two she was severed from one to whom she had looked as likely to be her protector and support in after-life.

In thus failing to secure a husband, she more diligently applied all her energies to the duties of her school, and in these she was so thoroughly absorbed as almost to forget her duty to God. Of her religious declension her brother John seems to have had a full knowledge; and feeling anxiety for her spiritual welfare, their father being dead, and their mother having found a temporary home with Emilia at Gainsborough, John wrote freely and plainly, indicating his great concern at what he conceived to be her neglect of Divine things. Shortly before her brothers sailed from England to Georgia, at the end of 1735, Emilia thus wrote to her brother in reply. The letter has not been before published:—

EMILIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

To the Rev. John Wesley, Lincoln College, Oxford.

[Gainsborough, Sunday,] August 13th, 1735.

DEAR BROTHER,—I doubt not but you think long before this that I have laid aside all regard for you, that your last letter has extinguished the great love I had for many years bore you, and, in short, that my friendship is as

much in the wane as your own has visibly been ever since I left Lincoln; and were it so truly, according to your notion of things, you should not wonder at it. Whoever is false to his Creator, who neglects for ten years together the main end of life for so considerable a part of it, can't be expected to be faithful to any friend on earth: so true is that [expression] of Tasso,—

That he who fears no God will love no friend.

Whether the case be so with me or not is unknown to any but God and my own conscience. However, I can assure you that no resentment or ill-nature, but abundance of business, which scarce leaves me so much leisure for the one thing necessary as even I desire, has prevented my answering yours. Were I not kept from church this Sunday by the fever, I don't know when I should have written.

Now what can I answer? To indicate my own piety looks vain and ridiculous: to say I am in so bad a way as you suppose me to be, would perhaps be unjust to myself and unthankful to God. To lay open the state of my soul to you, or any of our clergy, is what I have no manner of inclination to at present, and believe I never shall. Nor shall I put my conscience under the direction of mortal man, frail as myself. To my own Master I stand or fall; yea, I shall not scruple to say that all such desires in you, or any other ecclesiastic, seem to me to look very much like Church tyranny, and assuming to yourselves a dominion over your fellow-creatures which never was designed you by God. I know that your intention was good, viz., to reclaim a sinner from the error of her way; but how came you to suppose me such an one is the question? When the outward behaviour is blameless, we are all obliged by the law of charity to believe well of every one of our neighbours: wherein have I been guilty, to your knowledge, of breach of duty?

With respect to my neighbour, I may say without fear, and very truly, I am one more sinned against than sinning. I shall make some remarks on the particular faults you tax me with in yours, and then speak something of the friend that once was.

You tax me with making the world my God, the being negligent of duties public and private, the setting up my rest here, seeking for happiness in this life, etc.: all this heavy charge after having lived three days together. Whether I omitted family prayer must be known to all, whether I omitted private devotion can only be known to the Almighty and myself: therefore it is criminal in you to suppose that there was such neglect. Whether I hold the necessity of frequent communion equally with you, was a secret to our family; but now I own I do not hold it necessary to salvation, nor a means of Christian perfection. Do not mistake [me]: I only think communing every Sunday, or very frequently, lessens our veneration for that sacred ordinance, and consequently our profiting by it.

You seem to assert that we ought to fix all our thoughts, hopes, and desires on God alone. Here again I differ. That God ought to have our preference in our practical judgment, that whenever duty comes in competition with our worldly interest or pleasure this world should ever give place to the other, is my firm belief; but surely that wise and good Being who formed us, and gave us these bodies, with their several desires and tendencies, never designed to take away our liberty so far as to deny all subordinate love to the creature. No, if I can but forsake any of those *few things* I love, when duty commands, I shall think myself innocent, and enjoy a quiet conscience.

Herein you yourself speak as one that is guilty: had you not lost your dear Mrs. C——n where had your love been fixed? On heaven, I hope, principally; but a large share too had been hers: you would not have been so

spiritualised, but something of this lower world would have had its part of your heart, wise as you are; but being deprived of her, there went all hope of worldly happiness: and now the mind, which is an active principle, losing its aim here, has fixed on its Maker for happiness. This will ever be the end that all rational beings will aim at, and when disappointed of one thing will soon fix on another. I hope we both shall place our affections chiefly there, where true joys are to be found.

Thus far in reply to yours; now give me leave to expostulate with the friend.

Full well you know that even from our childhood you have been selected from all our numerous family for my intimate companion, my counsellor in difficulties, the dear partner of my joys and griefs; to you alone my heart lay open at all times, nor am I conscious of ever concealing my sentiments from your knowledge these many years, except in one only instance which has happened lately. Say, where slept your friendship, dear brother, when you could censure me so hardly for no offence? If I have since I came to Gainsborough swerved from that strictness which I practised for so many years at licentious Lincoln, if something here has gotten such hold of my heart as to draw me too strongly to this world, and to take up too much of my time, my thoughts, and affections; yet, suppose there is such an impediment in my way, as it is unknown to you, and every other, and ever will be, you can have no right to censure for secret faults. That is the privilege of Him only who is Omniscient. And here I cannot forbear speaking freely my doubts, or why has the good Author of our being given to us all such affections as we have. He cannot delight in the misery of any of His creatures: why shall it chance that through the whole course of life, whatever is liked, or say loved, shall certainly either be taken from us, or there shall such difficulties attend the enjoyment of it as cannot be surmounted by human prudence? Is it purely to afflict? or is there not some further end? Is it not to show us that happiness must not be found on this side the grave, that we must not seek for rest here?—of which you have given me too plain, too sad a demonstration in the withdrawing of that love I held so dear. Yet whatever faults I have been guilty of in respect of God, to you I have been blameless, except loving you too well has been one; and considering you are a man I do too well love, that is the very thing which has disobliged you.—I am your affectionate sister, EMILIA WESLEY.

The logic of such reasoning was quite sufficient to secure the continued regard of even philosophical John Wesley.

Having arrived at an age when opportunities for forming such friendships grew less hopeful every day, it is very likely that the one instance she refers to in the foregoing letter of not having consulted her brother was that of forming a friendship with Mr. Robert Harper, an apothecary of Epworth, whom she had long known, but who had no business. To this man she was married by her brother John shortly before he sailed to America, to which country he went with a reasonable assurance that his sister Emilia was now in a fair way of being taken care of. Alas, how vain are all merely human hopes and expectations! She had secured a husband, but he had no money and no business of a settled kind. He appears to have done something as a traveller; but all his plans seem to have been miserable failures, and, instead of being any help to his wife, he was a heavy drag upon her

resources. This generous husband, we are told by his wife, took a large portion of her school profits to help his business, and he in return for this help "thought himself very kind if once in six months he gave her ten shillings." These were the arrangements in operation during the time John and Charles Wesley were in America. John arrived in England again in February, 1738; his conversion took place in May, through fresh light brought to his mind by intercourse with some German Moravian Christians. Gratitude to those Germans led John Wesley to acknowledge his indebtedness to them; and that he might obtain further knowledge concerning their way of life, and especially in their Christian intercourse, he visited a colony of those Christians at Hernhutt, in Germany. Returning from that visit, his sister wrote to him a wailing letter, which has not been published. Only one in deep distress could write such a letter. Her mother had worse trials by far to encounter often, but she never seems to have suffered so much mental anguish as is indicated in the following letter:—

EMILIA HARPER TO HER BROTHER JOHN WESLEY.

To the Rev. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.
By way of London.

[Gainsborough,] November 24th, 1738.

DEAR BROTHER,—Yours I received, and thank you for remembering me, though your letter afforded me small consolation. For God's sake, tell me how a distressed woman, who expects daily to have the very bed taken from under her for rent, can consider the state of the Churches in Germany. I am ready to give up the ghost with grief; how is it possible in such extremity to think of anybody's concerns but my own, till this storm is blown over some way, or my head laid low in Gainsborough churchyard? We owe at Christmas two years' rent for this house; and as it was my hard hap to marry a tradesman without a trade, the burden of the day has lain upon me from the beginning. Yet still I hoped for better, and when Mr. Harper went to Derbyshire last Martlemas was twelvemonths I helped him with my summer profits, in hope that if his business was good for anything he would pay me with interest. But vain were my hopes. He just can after a very poor manner maintain himself, and sometimes, once in six months perhaps, he will give me ten shillings, and thinks himself very kind to me too. I have sold many of my clothes for bread—is not that calamity? I want many of the common necessaries of life; I am almost always sick. If this is not a state of affliction there is no such thing in the world. I have yet a bed to lie on, but Christmas will soon be here, and if Bob Harper will do nothing to raise half a year's rent I cannot get it myself, though I could somewhat towards it; and 'tis a cold time of year to be turned out-of-doors.

Sam. and Charles, God bless them, kept me safe at midsummer. My comfort is, this is the last year I have to turn over in this house, and some way perhaps, though unknown to me, God may bring me out of my troubles. That you may not think me a reprobate because I feel my afflictions, I assure you that I habitually trust in God and submit to His providence; yea, further, I always have a secret hope that I shall not be quite broken-hearted, but shall still live to see happier days.

Pray write soon. Remember the natural affection you have always shown

to your Emme, and forsake her not in the day of her distress. Love to your sister in trouble is more pleasing in the sight of God and man than preaching to a thousand persons where you have no business. If you had come to me instead of going to Germany, and laid out your money in travelling hither instead of visiting Count Zinzendorf, you would have been, I dare say, as acceptable to our common Master. Where is honest Charles? Pray give my love to him, and abundance of thanks for midsummer.

I have but an unfortunate life to lose, and am commanded by our Saviour not to fear them who can only kill the body. I know all things are possible with God, and He can even now preserve this weak, sick creature, and restore me to a state of comfort. Since in all human appearance my time draws near its end, my health is not only decayed, but destroyed; and the storm just ready to fall on me will in all likelihood take the small remains of life I have left. Hear and remember these, which may prove my dying, words. You seemed to love me from your infancy; I am sure of my side—for I know not seemings—I loved you tenderly. You married me to this man, and as soon as sorrow took hold of me you left me to it. Had you the same, nay a quarter of the love to me I have for you, long since you would have been with me; it was in your power—you, who could go to Germany, could you not reach Gainsborough? Yes, certainly; and had my soul been lost by self-murder, my damnation would have justly laid at your door.

I can write no more; but am, dear brother, while I live, your affectionate sister and real friend, EMILIA HARPER.

The intense affection this letter indicates was a marked characteristic of the members of the Wesley family. This letter is an indication of the varied cares and responsibilities which rested on John Wesley after his father's death, independently of that great evangelistic work which absorbed his whole life. His income was very small, yet with what he had he kept his mother and two or three of his sisters. It is tolerably plain that Emilia held religion with a loose hand, and when overtaken by trials and difficulties she failed to realise the mercy of God in the dispensation; and if she did not complain against God, she did it against her best earthly friend. The foregoing letter was not the worst of its kind she sent to her brother John. One of this character she sent to him early in the year 1743, to which he sent the following reply.

It must first be premised that Mrs. Harper left Gainsborough about 1739, and was in London in 1740, chiefly under her brother's care. She was present with her mother at the Foundry in July, 1742, when she expired, and was a regular attendant at the religious services at the Foundry for some years. In some of the members of the Wesley family there was a sharpness of temper, which was often additionally weighted by shafts of wit that rendered it to an opponent far from easy to bear. Even to her brother whom she loved so tenderly she could not forbear manifesting how much of it formed part of her natural disposition. John's reply is evidence that he also could be severe when occasion required.

JOHN WESLEY TO HIS SISTER EMILIA.

Newcastle, June 30th, 1743.

DEAR EMMY,—Once, I think, I told you my mind freely before: I am constrained to do so once again. You say, "From the time of my coming to London, till last Christmas, you would not do me the least kindness." Do I dream, or you? Whose house was you in for three months and upwards? By whose money was you sustained? It is a poor case that I am forced to mention these things. But "I would not take you lodgings in fifteen weeks." No, nor should I have done in fifteen years. I never once imagined that you expected *me* to do this! Shall I leave the Word of God to serve tables? You should know I have quite other things to mind: temporal things I shall regard less and less. "When I was removed, you never concerned yourself about me." That is not the fact. What my brother does, I do. Besides, I myself spoke to you abundance of times before Christmas last. "When at preaching, you would scarce speak to me." Yes, at least as much as to my sister Wright, or, indeed, as I did to any one else at those times. "I impute all your unkindness to one principle you hold, that natural affection is a great weakness, if not a sin." What is this principle I hold? That natural affection is a sin? or that adultery is a virtue? or that Mahomet was a prophet of God? and that Jesus Christ was a son of Belial? You may as well impute all these principles to me as *one*. I hold one just as much as the other. Oh, Emmy, never let that idle, senseless accusation come out of your mouth.

Do *you* hold that principle, "That we ought to be just (*i.e.*, pay our debts) before we are merciful"? If I held it, I should not give one shilling for these two years, either to you, or any other. And, indeed, I have for some time stayed my hand so that I give next to nothing, except what I give to my relations. And I am often in doubt with regard to that. Not whether natural affection be not a sin, but whether it ought to supersede common justice. You know nothing of my temporal circumstances, and the straits I am in almost continually, so that were it not for the reputation of my great riches I could not stand one week. I have now done with myself, and now have only a few words to add concerning you. You are of all creatures the most unthankful to God and man. I stand amazed at you. How little have you profited under such means of improvement! Surely whenever your eyes are opened, whenever you see your own tempers, with the advantages you have enjoyed, you will make no scruple to pronounce yourself the very chief of sinners.—Your affectionate brother, J. WESLEY.

Mrs. Harper was some years her brother John's senior, and her influence in forming the habits of his early life he never forgot. Her husband died about the time she left the country and came to London: of his death, and of the death of the child which was born to them, we have no particulars. About the time of her marriage her prospects seemed at their brightest, and to cheer them yet more her sister, Mrs. Wright, wrote and addressed to her the following complimentary lines:—

TO MY SISTER EMILIA WESLEY.

My fortunes often bid me flee
So light a thing as poetry,
But stronger inclination draws
To follow wit and nature's laws.
Virtue, form, and wit in thee
Move in perfect harmony;

For thee my tuneful voice I'll raise,
For thee compose my softest lays;
My youthful muse shall take her flight,
And crown thy beauteous head with radiant beams of light.

True wit and sprightly genius shine
In every turn, in every line;
To these, O skilful Nine, annex
The native sweetness of my sex,
And that peculiar talent let me show
Which Providence Divine doth oft bestow
On spirits that are high, with fortunes that are low.

Thy virtues and thy graces all,
How simple, free, and natural!
Thy graceful form with pleasure I survey;
It charms the eye, the heart away.
Malicious Fortune did repine
To grant her gifts to worth like thine!
To all thy outward majesty and grace,
To all the blooming features of thy face,
To all the heavenly sweetness of thy mind,
A noble, generous, equal soul is joined,
By reason polished, and by arts refined.
Thy even steady eye can see
Dame Fortune smile or frown at thee,
At every varied change can say, "It moves not me."

Fortune has fixed thee in a place
Debarred of wisdom, wit, and grace.
High births and virtue equally they scorn,
As asses dull, on dunghills born:
Impervious as the stones their heads are found,
Their rage and hatred steadfast as the ground.
With these unpolished wights, thy youthful days
Glide slow and dull, and Nature's lamp decays;
Oh, what a lamp is hid 'midst such a sordid race!

But though thy brilliant virtues are obscured,
And in a noxious, irksome den immured,
My numbers shall thy trophies rear,
And lovely as she is, my Emily appear.
Still thy transcendent praise I will rehearse,
And form this faint description into verse;
And when the poet's head lies low in clay
Thy name shall shine in worlds which never can decay.

All the charm the marriage seemed to give hope of soon vanished away; and about the year 1740, Mrs. Harper arrived in London with a favourite servant, and assisted her mother for a time at the Foundry. At a subsequent period, when West Street Chapel was taken, she went with her servant to reside at the chapel-house there, where she was sustained by her brother. Previously to her residence there, she was visited by the celebrated Epworth ghost, which first disturbed their peace in 1716. Thirty-four years after that time, Emilia, who was the first to

designate the disturber by the name of Jeffrey, wrote once more to her brother John. Her letter was in Dr. Clarke's possession, and was as follows :—

EMILIA HARPER TO HER BROTHER JOHN WESLEY.

February 16th, 1750.

DEAR BROTHER,—. . . I want most sadly to see you and talk some hours with you as in times past. Some things are too hard for me, these I want you to solve. One doctrine of yours, and of many more, viz., no happiness can be found in any or all things in this world, that, as I have sixteen years of my own experience which lie flatly against it, I want to talk with you about it. Another thing is that wonderful thing called by us Jeffrey. You won't laugh at me for being superstitious if I tell you how certainly that *something* calls on me against any extraordinary new affliction; but so little is known of the invisible world that I, at least, am not able to judge whether it be a friendly or an evil spirit. I shall be glad to know from you where you live, where you may be found. If at the Foundry, assuredly on foot or by coach I shall visit my dear brother, and enjoy the very great blessing of some hours' converse.—I am your really obliged friend and affectionate sister, EMILIA HARPER.

By a note at the back of the letter, John Wesley says, "Answered 18th," but of the nature of the answer we are left to conjecture. It is interesting to remember that just eight days before, on February 8th of that year, all London was thrown into the wildest excitement by a terrible earthquake, the particulars of which are partly given by Mr. Wesley in his Journal. The excitement reached every one, young and old, rich and poor. Religious meetings were held all night in Hyde Park, at the Foundry, and elsewhere, to allay the fright of the excited multitudes: it was long before peace was restored, owing to exciting prophecies of worse calamities impending. In the midst of these commotions the Epworth ghost again visited Mrs. Harper; this, taken in connection with the prevailing public agitation, seems to have awakened in her mind serious and anxious thoughts about the next world. She had faith in her brother's judgment, sought his advice, and had it.

All that we know beyond these facts and circumstances is that her benevolent disposition lived in unabated vigour after her incomparable memory had left her; and after passing her term of threescore years and ten, her petulant temper was much softened and subdued. Her apartments at West Street joined the chapel, to which they communicated by a gallery behind the pulpit, and by throwing open the window she could take part in the public worship of God without leaving her room. Here she finished her earthly pilgrimage about the year 1771, having reached her eightieth year; and from within the sanctuary on earth she went, like a shock of corn ready for the garner, to the Church of the firstborn in heaven.

ANNESLEY AND JEDIDIAH WESLEY.

Fourth and Fifth Children.

The entries in the church register at South Ormsby supply all the knowledge we have of these twin boys. They are as follows: "Annesley and Jedidiah, the sons of Samuel Wesley and Susanna his wife, were baptized December 3rd, 1694." Immediately after this is the entry of the death of the first-named, thus: "Annesley Wesley was buried January." The close connection of this entry with the former indicates that it was made only a few weeks after birth, and therefore it was January, 1695. Jedidiah's death is thus registered: "Jedidiah, the son of Samuel Wesley and Susanna his wife, was buried January 31st, 1695." It is more than probable, therefore, that these twin boys were taken home to heaven within two months of their birth. The anxious parents were thus called, within six years of their marriage, to part with three of their little ones in earliest infancy. Samuel and Emilia remained to cheer them in their bereavement.

SUSANNA WESLEY—MRS. ELLISON.

Third Daughter and Sixth Child.

Susanna, the second daughter so called in the Wesley family, was born at South Ormsby in 1695, and received at baptism her mother's name. Of her early life we know only what Dr. Clarke gleaned from Miss Wesley, that "she was reported to have been good-natured, very facetious, and a little romantic, but one who behaved herself with the strictest moral correctness." The only records we have directly from herself are those which relate to the Epworth ghost. Her letter on this subject to her eldest brother, written when she was just twenty-one, is very clear in its narration of facts, but does not convey the idea of high culture and intelligence which the letters of other members of the family evince. There is evidence of want of epistolary practice, which the great scarcity of her letters supports. Dr. Priestley preserved in his collection all that we know of her writings. Her letter to Samuel is dated eight weeks after the strange noises first began. The whole of this is given below, with her brother's reply to her, sent a fortnight afterwards.

Susanna Wesley to her brother Samuel.

Epworth, January 24th, 1716–17.

Dear Brother,—About the first of December a most terrible and astonishing noise was heard by a maid-servant, as at the dining-room door, which caused the upstarting of her hair, and made her ears prick forth at an unusual rate. She said it was like the groans of one expiring. These so frighted her, that for a great while she durst not go out of one room into another, after it began to be dark, without company. But, to lay aside jesting, which should not be done in serious matters, I assure you that from the first to the last of a lunar month, the groans, squeaks, tinglings, and knockings were frightful enough.

Though it is needless for me to send you any account of what we all heard, my father himself having a larger account of the matter than I am able to give, which he designs to send you, yet, in compliance with your desire, I will tell you, as briefly as I can, what I heard of it. The first night I ever heard it my sister Nancy and I were sitting in the dining-room. We heard something rush on the outside of the doors that opened into the garden; then three loud knocks, immediately after other three, and in half a minute the

same number over our heads. We inquired whether anybody had been in the garden, or in the room above us; but there was nobody. Soon after, my sister Molly and I were up after all the family were a-bed, except my sister Nancy, about some business. We heard three bouncing thumps under our feet, which soon made us throw away our work and tumble into bed; afterwards, the tingling of the latch and warming-pan; and so it took its leave that night.

Soon after the above-mentioned, we heard a noise as if a great piece of sounding metal was thrown down on the outside of our chamber. We, lying in the quietest part of the house, heard less than the rest for a pretty while; but the latter end of the night that Mr. Hoole sat up on, I lay in the nursery, where it was very violent. I then heard frequent knocks over and under the room where I lay, and at the children's bed-head, which was made of boards. It seemed to rap against it very hard and loud, so that the bed shook under them. I heard something walk by my bedside like a man in a long night-gown. The knocks were so loud, that Mr. Hoole came out of his chamber to us. It still continued. My father spoke, but nothing answered. It ended that night with my father's particular knock, very fierce.

It is now pretty quiet, only at our repeating the prayers for the king and prince, when it usually begins, especially when my father says, "Our most gracious sovereign lord," etc. This my father is angry at, and designs to say *three* instead of *two* for the royal family. We all heard the same noise, and at the same time, and as coming from the same place. To conclude this, it now makes its personal appearance; but of this more hereafter. Do not say one word of this to our folks, nor give the least hint.—I am your sincere friend and affectionate sister, SUSANNA WESLEY.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SISTER SUSANNA.

Dean's Yard, February 9th, 1716–17.

DEAR SISTER SUKEY,—Your telling me the spirit has made its personal appearance, without saying how, or to whom, or when, or how long, has excited my curiosity very much. I long mightily for a further account of every circumstance by your next letter. Do not keep me any longer in the dark. Why need you write the less because my father is to send me the whole story? Has the disturbance continued since December 28th? I understand my father did not hear it all, but a fortnight after the rest. What did he say remarkable to any of you when he did hear it? As to the devil's being an enemy to King George, were I the king myself, I should rather Old Nick should be my enemy than my friend. I do not like the noise of the nightgown sweeping along the ground, nor its knocking like my father. Write when you receive this, though nobody else should, to your loving brother, S. WESLEY.

A fortnight afterwards she inclosed a further notice to Samuel, as follows:—

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER SAMUEL.

DEAR BROTHER WESLEY,—I should further satisfy you concerning the disturbances, but it is needless, because my sisters Emilia and Hetty write so particularly about it. One thing I believe you do not know, that is, last Sunday, to my father's no small amazement, his trencher danced upon the table a pretty while, without anybody's stirring the table; when, lo! an adventurous wretch took it up, and spoiled the sport, for it remained still ever after. How glad should I be to talk with you about it. Send me some news, for we are secluded from the sight or hearing of any versal thing except Jeffrey. SUSANNA WESLEY.

After the rectory-house was consumed by fire the children were all scattered, excepting only Emilia. Mr. Matthew Wesley, the rector's brother, took Susanna and Mehetabel to reside with him in London. Their mother devoted much of the time she had previously given to education to writing letters to her absent children. To Susanna she wrote a long letter on the chief articles of the Christian faith, based upon the Apostles' Creed. The original manuscript is preserved. Dr. Clarke printed it in his "Wesley Family" (vol. ii.), where it occupies thirty-four full pages. The introduction to this valuable document is specially deserving of preservation.

SUSANNA WESLEY TO HER DAUGHTER SUSANNA.

Epworth, January 13th, 1709–10.

DEAR SUKEY,—Since our misfortunes have separated us from each other, and we can no longer enjoy the opportunities we once had of conversing together, I can no other way discharge the duty of a parent, or comply with my inclination of doing you all the good I can, but by writing.

You know very well how I love you. I love your body, and do earnestly beseech Almighty God to bless it with health, and all things necessary for its comfort and support in this world. But my tenderest regard is for your immortal soul, and for its spiritual happiness, which regard I cannot better express than by endeavouring to instil into your mind those principles of knowledge and virtue that are absolutely necessary in order to your leading a good life here, which is the only thing that can infallibly secure your happiness hereafter.

The main thing which is now to be done is to lay a good foundation, that you may act upon principles, and be always able to satisfy yourself and give a reason to others of the faith that is in you; for any one who makes a profession of religion only because it is the custom of the country in which they live, or because their parents do so, or their worldly interest is thereby secured or advanced, will never be able to stand in the day of temptation, nor shall they ever enter into the kingdom of heaven. And though perhaps you cannot at present fully comprehend all I shall say, yet keep this letter by you, and as you grow in years your reason and judgment will improve, and you will obtain a more clear understanding in all things.

You have already been instructed in some of the first principles of religion: that there is one, and but one God; that in the unity of the Godhead there are three distinct persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that this God ought to be worshipped. You have learned some prayers, your creed, and catechism, in which is briefly comprehended your duty to God, yourself, and your neighbour. But, Sukey, it is not learning these things by heart, nor your saying a few prayers morning and night, that will bring you to heaven; you must understand what you say, and you must practise what you know; and since knowledge is requisite in order to practice, I shall endeavour, after as plain a manner as I can, to instruct you in some of those fundamental points which are most necessary to be known and most easy to be understood. And I earnestly beseech the great Father of spirits to guide your mind into the way of truth.

After the exposition of the Apostles' Creed, Mrs. Wesley intimates that she will shortly write a second part of the discourse, on obedience to the laws of God. This was entitled, "A Religious

Conference," etc., and was dated 1711–12. The letter closes with the following direct personal appeal: "I cannot tell whether you have ever seriously considered the lost and miserable condition you are in by nature. If you have not, it is high time to begin to do it, and I shall earnestly beseech the Almighty to enlighten your mind, to renew and sanctify you by His Holy Spirit, that you may be His child by adoption here, and an heir of His blessed kingdom hereafter!"

This important letter shows great ability, learning, and research, and as an exposition it is entirely original.

After leaving her uncle Matthew's abode she is reported to have resided with another uncle, her mother's brother, Samuel Annesley, before he went to India. Pleased with her manners, accomplishments, and affection, her uncle Annesley promised to make some handsome provision for her, but the promise was never realised. This was to her a severe disappointment, which she felt keenly. Stung by this unkindness, as she considered it, about the year 1721 she "rashly threw herself upon a man—if a man he may be called that is little inferior to the apostate angels in wickedness, that is not only her plague, but a constant affliction to the family." Such is Mrs. Wesley's description of Richard Ellison, "a gentleman of good family, who had a respectable establishment," but who was "a coarse, vulgar, immoral man." So wrote the rector's wife of her son-in-law.

Mrs. Wesley's description is unfavourable enough, but to this must be added the account of him written by her husband. The rector of Epworth declared that "Dick Ellison" was the "wen" of his family, whose company at the parsonage was not more pleasant to him "than all his physic." His conduct to his wife is represented as harsh, coarse, and despotic, and under his unkindness "she well-nigh sank into the grave." In 1725, Martha Wesley, writing to her brother John respecting the privations and hardships of the family, says, "My brother Ellison wants all but riches." In an unpublished letter of Samuel Wesley's to his brother John, dated January 6th, 1727, he says, "I wonder at nothing in relation to Dick [Ellison], who, if I mistake him not, does not desire to have it thought he has any religion, good-nature, or good manners." Just two years later, under date of January, 1729, Kezia Wesley, writing to John, says, "There has nothing happened since you left Lincoln that has had much effect upon my mind, except Dick [Ellison]'s quarrel with his wife. There is no need of giving you a particular account of it." Exactly two years later, in an unpublished letter of Kezia's to John Wesley, we get further tidings of sorrow. She says, "I came to Epworth 20th of

November last. Tuesday after, sister Ellison sent for my mother; she was as near death as anybody could be to live —in childbed. It snowed all day; my mother took a violent cold, which turned to pleurisy." Further on she adds, "Sister Ellison is coming to live at Epworth again at Lady Day, which I am very sorry for: they will be a constant uneasiness to us. Dick is for having Wroote tithe, if my mother can possibly prevail on my father to let him have it." This was to save the rector the cost of collecting and disposing of the tithes. They did go to reside in Epworth, in March, 1731; and in June, just three months afterwards, Kezia, in another letter to John, gives as her reason for not saying anything about them, "You may be sure he that increaseth knowledge [of them] increaseth sorrow."

After these varied and painful testimonies the reader will not be surprised at the following account, given by Dr. Clarke, of Mrs. Ellison leaving her husband: "What little domestic happiness could be derived from easy circumstances was not only interrupted, but finally destroyed by a distressing accident. A fire took place in their dwelling-house, by which it and all their property were destroyed. The family alone escaped with their lives, and in consequence were all scattered among different relations. What the cause of this fire was cannot be ascertained, but from that time Mrs. Ellison would never more live with her husband! She went to London and hid herself among her four children who were established there, and had considerable helps from her brother John, the common almoner of the family. Mr. Ellison used many means to get her to return, but she utterly refused either to see him, or to have any intercourse with him. As he knew her affectionate disposition, in order to bring her down to Lincolnshire, he advertised an account of his death. When this account met her ear, she immediately set off to Lincolnshire to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains; but when she found him alive and well she returned, and no persuasion could induce her to live with him."

Other calamities overtook Mr. Ellison which completely ruined his worldly circumstances. Through the neglect of the Commissioners of Sewers, who ought to have kept the drains open, all his land was under water more than two years, and he could get no compensation. All his cows and horses, save one, died off, and he had very little left to subsist on. Deprived of his wife, children, and property, he began to reflect upon his forlorn condition, and, driven to action by necessity, in his extremity he found his way to London, and applied to the brother of his injured wife. John Wesley could not turn a deaf ear even to the appeal of one who had so grievously injured the family, and he induced the wealthy banker, Ebenezer Blackwell, to "place the name of

Richard Ellison among those who were to have a share of the money disposed of by Mr. Butterfield," declaring that "the smallest relief could never be more seasonable."

Though the separation between Mr. and Mrs. Ellison was final, he found his advantage, when he came to London, in associating with the Methodists at the Foundry, where he learned and began the practice of better conduct, became a reformed character, and ended his days in peace. The Rev. Charles Wesley, in a letter he sent to his wife, dated from Seven Dials, London, April 11th, 1760, says: "Yesterday evening I buried my brother Ellison. Sister Macdonald, whom he was always very fond of, prayed by him in his last moments. He told her he was not afraid to die, and believed God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven him. I felt a most solemn awe overwhelming me while I committed his body to the earth. He is gone to increase my father's joy in Paradise, who often said every one of his children would be saved, for God had given them all to him in answer to prayer. God grant I may not be the single exception!"

Concerning Mrs. Ellison's last days and her departure to rest we have but little information. It has been observed that she divided her time amongst her children, four of whom arrived at maturity. Her daughter Ann married, first, Mr. Pierre le Lièvre, a French Protestant refugee, who was a silk-weaver. Her husband died before her, and she married for her second husband a gentleman named Gaunt. It was in the house of Mrs. Gaunt that her mother, Mrs. Ellison, died in London. Mrs. Gaunt is thus described by Dr. Adam Clarke: "She was a fine-looking, stout woman, under the middle size, with an abundance of wit. She died in London, having been chiefly supported in her later years by the Rev. John Wesley and her son Lièvre. Mrs. Ellison died in London in the first week of December, 1764, aged sixty-nine." In a letter written by the Rev. John Wesley to his brother Charles, dated December 7th, 1764, we find the following particulars of Mrs. Ellison's death, which no previous writer has noticed: "Sister Sukey was in huge agonies for five days, and then died in full assurance of faith. Some of her last words, after she had been speechless for some time, were, 'Jesus is here! Heaven is love!'" Thus was the earthly pilgrimage ended of Susanna Wesley the younger, leaving another testimony to the answer of her father's prayers, that the Lord would give him all his children to be with him in heaven.

The names of their four children were John, Ann, Deborah, and Richard Annesley Ellison.

John Ellison lived and died at Bristol. He was an officer in the Excise or Customs, and left two daughters by his first wife:

Elizabeth Ellison, who turned out unfortunate, and to whom, Dr. Adam Clarke says, he had known J. Wesley show great kindness, often relieving her in distresses to which her imprudence had reduced her, treating her with great tenderness, and giving her advices which, had she followed, would have led her to true happiness; and Patience Ellison, who married in Bristol, was a member of a Dissenting congregation in that city, and conducted herself as a useful member of society and a genuine Christian. He also left a son, named John, by a second wife; a respectable man, in good circumstances. He is believed to have died in Bristol, in which city many of his descendants have had their residence. To whom he was married is not known, but one of his sons was named Thomas Snellgrove Ellison, who died in Bristol in 1836. He married Mercy Millard, who became his widow, surviving him twelve years. She died in the year 1848, leaving seven children, four of whom still survive. Their names are: Matilda Ellison, unmarried; Charles Wesley Ellison, unmarried; Henry Budget Ellison, who died unmarried in 1842; John Sands Ellison, married, who died in 1853; Edwin Budget Ellison, unmarried; Alfred Richard Ellison, who died unmarried in 1863; Frederick Snellgrove Ellison, married.

John S. Ellison early gave his heart to God, and his service to Methodism. He served his apprenticeship to the printing business with Mr. Nathaniel Lomas, of Bristol (brother of the Rev. John Lomas). He married about the year 1842, in St. Philip's Church, Bristol, Miss Jane Priske, sister of Mr. J. R. Priske, of Finsbury Square, London. After serving the office of local preacher with approval for some time, he was accepted by the Wesleyan Missionary Society for service in the West Indies, to which country he was sent in 1848. "He laboured for nearly four years in the St. Vincent district with zeal, diligence, and success. His piety was steady and fervent, and his attachment to Methodism strong." Such is the record concerning him in the minutes of Conference. His death was somewhat sudden. He was seized with yellow fever on his way from the district meeting held at George Town, March 24th, and he died in great peace on the Monday following, March 29th, 1853. "In his death the society lost a valuable agent, while thousands in the island mourned his early removal from them." His widow afterwards became the wife of the Rev. John Blackwell, another Wesleyan missionary in the West Indies, by whom she had several children. She survived Mr. Blackwell, and for the third time entered the marriage state, becoming the wife of Mr. Elijah Pepper, of Hanley. She died in August, 1873.

Frederick Snellgrove Ellison resides at Bristol. He married Miss Ellen Webb; they have one son, Frederick Edwin Ellison.

Ann Ellison, the second of Richard and Susanna Ellison's children, married Mr. Pierre le Lièvre, a French Protestant refugee. He left one son, Peter le Lièvre, who was educated at Kingswood School, took orders in the Church of England, and died at his living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. He was accounted a worthy, religious man, and left a family in comfortable circumstances. Two of his letters are inserted in the *Arminian Magazine* (vol. xi. p. 498, and vol. xii. p. 274). His son, the Rev. John Sturges Lièvre, was a clergyman of good character.

Deborah Ellison married a French refugee named Pierre Collett, who was the father of Mrs. Biam, and of the family of Colletts who were living in 1825. Mr. Collett was a silk-weaver of London.

Richard Annesley Ellison, the fourth child of Richard and Susanna, married Judith, the daughter of Mr. Sturley. He died at the early age of twenty-seven, leaving only two daughters, named Anna Maria and Mary Ellison, the latter of whom died unmarried. Her elder sister became the wife of Henry Voysey. They occupied the King's House in Salisbury Close, and had four children born to them. The names of their children were: Henry Wesley Voysey, born in 1791, was a surgeon in India, and died in 1826, unmarried. Mary Ellison Voysey, born in 1791, died 1867; married to the Chevalier Augustus, Count de Fauconpret, born in 1770, and died in 1842. Annesley Voysey, born in 1794, married Mary Green, born in 1785; he died in 1839, and his widow survived him till 1871. Frances Martha, born in 1798; she was married first to Robert Edlin, Esq., who died in 1841, and secondly to Mr. Bristow, who has since died. The names of her children are: Henry Robert Edlin, Vernon Edlin, Frances Maria, married to her cousin the Rev. Charles Voysey, Walter Farquhar Edlin, Mary Edlin, and Susanna Wesley Edlin.

Annesley Voysey, who died in Jamaica, in 1839, was the father of four children, whose names are: Henry Annesley Voysey, born 1824, died 1851; Rev. Richard Voysey, B.A.; Mary Voysey; and Rev. Charles Voysey, B.A., who was for seven years vicar of Healaugh, Yorkshire. They all married, and had issue.

Henry Annesley Voysey was an architect of more than ordinary ability. He married Henrietta Curtis, born in 1826. They had issue three children, namely, Annesley Wesley Voysey, born in 1848; Richard William Okes Voysey, born in 1849, lieutenant in the Royal Navy; and Henrietta Mary Ives Voysey, born in 1851. The latter is married to Giuseppe Stella, and had issue

a son and a daughter, Giuseppe Henry Annesley Stella, born 1871, and Cecile Mary Ewins Stella, born in 1872.

Charles Voysey, B.A., was born March 18th, 1828; married in June, 1852, to his cousin Frances Maria, born in November, 1830, daughter of Robert Edlin and Frances Martha Voysey. They have issue ten children, eight of whom are living, namely:—Frances Annesley Voysey, born June 19th, 1853. Mary Henrietta Annesley Voysey, born September 7th, 1855. Charles Francis Annesley Voysey, born May 28th, 1857. Margaret Annesley Voysey, born September 19th, 1858. Emily Ellison Annesley Voysey, born February 5th, 1860; died February 4th, 1861. Alice Annesley Voysey, born July 9th, 1861; died September 5th, 1861. Cicely Annesley Voysey, born August 24th, 1862. Arthur Annesley Voysey, born December 31st, 1863. Herbert Annesley Voysey, born August 7th, 1865. Ellison Annesley Voysey, born August 20th, 1867. Mr. Voysey has resided in the suburbs of London since he left Yorkshire. He preached every Sabbath day in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, for four years, and now at the Langham Hall, Great Portland Street. He exhibits much of the Wesley character in his countenance, person, and habits of life.

MARY WESLEY—MRS. WHITELAMB.

Fourth Daughter and Seventh Child.

A short time before Samuel Wesley was presented to the living of Epworth another child was added to the family circle: she was the eighth, and was named Mary. Her birth took place in the year 1696, at South Ormsby. From injury received in infancy, and probably through the carelessness of her nurse, she grew up deformed in body and short in stature. This condition exposed her to unseemly remarks from the ignorant and vulgar when she walked abroad. This trial she bore without resentment or complaint, though in one of her letters to her brother Charles she says, "I have been the ridicule of mankind and the reproach of my family."

God in His wise providence compensates those who are thus called to suffer from personal defects or infirmities, and Mary Wesley was not an exception to this rule. Dr. Clarke remarks on this point: "All written and oral testimony concurs in the statement that the face of Mary Wesley was exceedingly beautiful, and was a fair and legible index to a mind and disposition almost angelic. Her brothers John and Charles frequently spoke of her, and ever with the most tender respect; and her sister Hetty, no mean judge of character, with whom she was an especial favourite, spoke and wrote of her as one of the most exalted of human characters."

Her condition was such as to make her a constant resident at home, though during the rebuilding of the rectory-house in 1709–10 even she had to be placed out to the care of friends.

She was then fourteen years old, and had a mind naturally refined and well informed, so that as a companion she was most agreeable to those who were attached to home. The glowing terms in which her sister Hetty described her mental qualities and personal attractions (apart from the deformity) in the poetic stanzas which she wrote and published after her early death plainly indicate her great personal worth.

Amongst the numerous valuable papers left by John Wesley at his death, was a double letter of his sister Mary's, covering four quarto pages, the first and second pages being addressed to her brother Charles, then at Oxford, and the third and fourth pages to her brother John. This is the only document known to exist written by her. The writer has been privileged to make an exact copy of both letters from the original. Some of the remarks made in both of the letters go to modify somewhat the statement made by Dr. Clarke respecting the treatment she received from her brothers and other members of the family. These, however, refer only to the earlier period of their lives, when children and young people will, in the buoyancy of youth, allow their mirth to override their judgment. Whatever may have been the slights shown to her when young, there can be no question how highly her real worth was appreciated by all the family in her later years, and after her death. Both letters are dated on the same day, and that was their mother's birthday. A considerable number of the Wesley family's letters are dated January 20th, in various years.

MARY WESLEY TO HER BROTHER CHARLES.

January 20th, 1726.

DEAR BROTHER CHARLES,—'Tis a satisfaction I can scarcely hope for to be serviceable to my friends, and particularly to my relatives; nay, I should be glad if I could (next to serving my Creator, which ought to be the chief end of all my actions) spend my whole life in doing good to my fellow-creatures. You were very much mistaken in thinking I took ill your desiring my sister Emily to knit you another pair of gloves, or so much as intimated any such thing to you. What I meant was to my brother Jack, because he gave her charge to look to my well-doing of his; but I desire you no more to mention your obligation to me for the gloves, for by your being pleased with and acceptation of them I am fully paid.

Dear brother, I beg you not to let the present straits you labour under to narrow your mind, or render you morose or churlish in your converse with your acquaintance, but rather resign yourself and all your affairs to Him who best knows what is fittest for you, and will never fail to provide for whoever sincerely trusts in Him. Every state of life has its temptations, and, with submission to your better judgment, [I] shall name two or three. Poverty inclines us to discontent and repining at God's providence; affluence to luxury and forgetfulness of God. The first I take to be much the safest, and though it may not suit with your inclination so well as the other, yet I think, would you take the pains to look back, you might easily find, as all good Christians do, that, instead of murmuring at your present state, you have a great deal of reason to thank God for denying your desires. I think I may say I have lived in a state of affliction ever since I was born, being the ridicule of mankind and the reproach of my family, and I dare not think God deals hardly with me; and though He has set His mark upon me, I still hope my punishment will not be greater than I am able to bear; nay, since I am sensible God is no respecter of persons, I must, and shall be, happier in the next life than if I had enjoyed all the advantages of this. My unhappy sister W[right] was at Wroote the week after you left us, where she stayed two or three days, and returned again to L[ondon] without seeing my father. Here

I must stop unless I end my letter; for when I think of her misfortunes I may say with Edgar, "Oh, fortune!" It would be a needless repetition to tell you the reason of my writing no oftener, for you very well know it is not for sparing pains, for I can never take too much to oblige a friend. If ever it please God to let me see more fortunate days, I promise you shall have no cause to blame me for any piece; which that you and I may see is the sincere wish of your loving sister, MARY WESLEY.

P.S.—Johnny Romley now inherits your and my office.

MARY WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

January 20th, 1726.

DEAR BROTHER JACK,—Though I have not the good hap to be one of your favourite sisters, yet I know you won't grudge the postage now and then, which, if it can't be afforded, I desire that you will let me know, that I may trouble you no farther. I am sensible nothing I can say will add either to your pleasure or profit, and that you are of the same mind is evidently shown by not writing when an opportunity offered; but why should I wonder at any indifference shown to such a despicable person as myself, seeing I am conscious there is nothing in my composition that merits esteem? Were I indeed like Edwin—

> Edwin, I ween, a gentle youth,
> Endowed with virtue, sense, and truth,
> Though badly shaped he be—

I might be so vain as to hope to be taken notice of; but as I can only sympathise with his body, it would be injustice for me to desire an equal share of respect with one adorned with all the beauties of mind. I should be glad to find that miracle of nature, a friend which not all the disadvantages I labour under would hinder from taking the pains to cultivate and improve my mind; but since God has cut me off from the pleasurable parts of life, and rendered me incapable of attracting the love of my relations, I must use my utmost endeavour to secure an eternal happiness, and He who is no respecter of persons will require no more than He has given. You may now think that I am uncharitable in blaming my relations for want of affection, and I should readily agree with you had I not convincing reasons to the contrary; one of which, and I think an undeniable one, is this, that I have always been the jest of the family—and it is not I alone who make this observation, for then it might very well be attributed to my suspicion—but here I will leave it, and tell you some news.

Mary Owran was married to-day, and we only wanted your company to make us completely merry; for who can be sad where you are? Please get Miss Betsy to buy me some silk to knit you another pair of gloves, and I don't doubt you will doubly like the colour for the buyer's sake.

My sister Hetty's child is dead and your godson grows a lovely boy, and will, I hope, talk to you when he sees you, which I should be glad to do now, were it possible, though I can never expect so much happiness as to converse freely with you, especially while the more ingenious part of our family continue with us. In the mean time, I design to take the freedom of writing if it will be acceptable; and if my letters were as pleasing to you as yours are to me, I am sure you would never neglect giving so much satisfaction to your loving sister, MARY WESLEY.

Please seal my brother's letter before you give it him. [Which was not done.]

Had not John Wesley preserved these documents there would not have existed any writing to indicate her existence. Dr.

Clarke said that nothing of her writing had been found when he published his notice of her life.

With the information these letters supply we can better understand the trying position this patient but afflicted daughter occupied during her whole earthly pilgrimage. The Christian submission of her will is distinctly marked; and whilst bowing to the Divine dispensation, she yet shows an heroic confidence in God. Her thoughts are words of wisdom expressed in proverbs, which is somewhat characteristic of the style of her sister Hetty and her brothers. The possession of two such letters tends to awaken a desire for more from the same pen, and to increase the feeling of regret that the desire cannot be satisfied. How pleasantly she refers to her little service in making her brother John a pair of gloves contrasts finely with the opening sentence of her letter to Charles, in which she expresses a desire to spend her whole life in doing good.

Just one year after, Mary wrote to Charles, on the 20th of January, 1727. Charles writing to his brother John, then his father's curate at Epworth, playfully though not unkindly speaks of Mary thus: "A patient Grizzle like Moll." One year later again, but dated January 6th, 1728, Samuel, writing to John at Epworth, thus remembers his sister: "My love to sister Molly, and tell her she may direct to Aunt Ann Annesley, at Shore House, in Hackney."

At the time these letters were written there lived at the rectory-house at Epworth a tall thin young man, who soon fully appreciated the value and interest which attached to Mary Wesley. His name was John Whitelamb, and some account of his early life will be found at pp. 137, 138 of this work. The rector of Epworth took young Whitelamb into his own house, that he might transcribe for him in a good plain hand for the printer his "Dissertations on the Book of Job;" and "to draw maps and figures for it as well as he could by the light of nature."

Mr. Wesley set a high value on the services thus rendered to him, more because it was the best help he could then obtain than for its real excellence. During the intervals of his literary occupation at the rectory, Mr. Wesley gave him such instruction in divinity as qualified him, when he had done what the rector required of him, to go to Oxford, where the rector's family paid all the costs of his progress through the University, and obtained for him deacon's orders. John Wesley, writing to his father, describes his new pupil as "a valuable person, of uncommon brightness, learning, piety, and industry; and as possessing a very happy memory, especially for languages, and a judgment and intelligence not inferior."

While residing in the rector's family, Mary Wesley was the

household drudge, and she thoughtfully attended to his natural wants. The kindness was reciprocated. As soon as Mr. Whitelamb got through his studies at Oxford he was appointed by the rector to be his curate at Epworth, in place of Charles Wesley, who held that position for a short time, but who desired to return to Oxford. "Poor starveling Johnny Whitelamb," as he is described by Mrs. Wesley, had to undergo many hardships and privations. So low was his purse, that he could not furnish himself with clothes, or procure a gown when he was ordained. Writing to his brother Samuel at that time, John Wesley says, "John Whitelamb wants a gown much. I am not rich enough to buy him one at present. If you are willing, my twenty shillings shall go towards that. I will add ten more to make up the price of a new one." This was probably the first *Wesley*-an collection.

Not long after his return from Oxford, Mr. Whitelamb proposed to marry Mary Wesley. He was accepted as a suitor, and in January, 1734, they were married, "with the high approbation of all the family."

The rector having given his daughter without any dowry to a curate without any income, he felt the urgent necessity of doing something more for them than permitting them to marry. The only help he could afford was to give up part of his own duty and income. He generously resigned the rectory of Wroote, and urged the Lord Chancellor, in whom the presentation was vested, to transfer the living to John Whitelamb. His lordship yielded to the request, and in February, 1734, the appointment was inserted in the official gazette. The place was so low and so damp, that but for the engineering works of the Dutch a century before, the whole country round would have been a swamp. Whilst Samuel Wesley was rector there, he could not go from Wroote to Epworth, some six miles, otherwise than in a large boat. It was this abundance of water that led the rector to remark so playfully, when giving up the rectory of Wroote to the newly married pair: "Though I can give but little more with her, yet I would gladly give them a little glebe land at Wroote, where I am sure they will not *want springs of water*. They love the place; I can get no one else to reside at it."

The living of Wroote was valued at £50 a year; Mary's father generously promised them an annual gift of £20 more, which he could ill afford. In good heart and hope they took possession of the parsonage, with a fair prospect of a life of useful toil among their rustic flock.

Alas, how transitory are all earthly joys! The marriage of Mary Wesley gave promise of the closest attachment, and much greater mutual love than fell to the lot of any one of her sisters. They had been long in affectionate intercourse with each other,

but their united happiness was of very brief duration. Within one year the bond of union was severed, and the grave received all that was mortal of herself and her only offspring: in giving birth to her first child she forfeited her own life. In the register of burials, still preserved, and carefully written on parchment, is the following entry: "1734, November 1st, Mrs. Whitelamb, wife of Mr. Whitelamb," with the signature of "John Whitelamb, rector." Her child was buried with her, probably in the same coffin.

There was great lamentation at Mary's departure. Her three brothers honoured her memory, and expressed their grief at her loss. Charles, writing to Samuel, says, "When you write again we should be much obliged to you for your elegy upon sister Molly. My brother [John] preaches her funeral sermon at Wroote when he gets thither, and will still leave matter enough for a copy of verses. I should be glad to follow him either way, but cannot say which I shall be soonest qualified for." The funeral sermon was preached, but the elegy does not seem to have been preserved. Her sister Hetty, who felt so much sympathy in common with suffering Mary, wrote some very touching, and even elegant lines to her memory, which, though they have not been engraven on stone, deserve to be preserved entire.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARY WHITELAMB.

If highest worth, in beauty's bloom,
Exempted mortals from the tomb,
We had not round this sacred bier
Mourned the sweet babe and mother here,
Where innocence from harm is blest,
And the meek sufferer is at rest!
Fierce pangs she bore without complaint,
Till heaven relieved the finish'd saint.
If savage bosoms felt her woe,
Who lived and died without a foe,
How should I mourn, or how commend,
My tenderest, dearest, firmest friend?
Most pious, meek, resign'd, and chaste,
With every social virtue graced!
If, reader, thou wouldst prove and know
The ease she found not here below;
Her bright example points the way
To perfect bliss and endless day.

When Mr. Matthew Wesley visited Epworth in 1731 he seems to have noticed the little deformed daughter, and when he made his will in 1735 he entered two separate £100 to the name of Mary Wesley. She was dead when the bequest was made, a fact which does not seem to have been known to her uncle, as her name remained in the will when her uncle died in 1737.

John Whitelamb's grief for his wife's death was so distressing

that he determined to haste away from the scenes which so constantly reminded him of her. He offered himself to accompany his brothers Wesley the year following to Georgia, but the offer does not seem to have been accepted. He afterwards settled down in his parish, and remained the rector of his native village more than thirty years.

No stone marks the spot where Mrs. Whitelamb was interred, but a brass plate fastened to the south wall inside the church of that date (which has since been pulled down) bore the following inscription: "Near this place lieth the remains of Samuel Smyth, son of Barnett and Frances Smyth, late rector of Panton, Lincolnshire: departed October 4th, 1765, aged fifty-five. Also Mary Whitelamb, wife of the late rector of Wroote." This indicates that she was buried within the church.

The Rev. J. P. Lockwood, who visited the village in 1844, and examined the parish register, says that the original church was replaced by a modern brick edifice in 1796, and the humble parsonage has as its successor a commodious and elegant mansion; and the value of the living is greatly increased.

In addition to the epitaph just given, Mrs. Wright further preserved her sister's memory in an elegy, which was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* 1736 (vol. vi. p. 740). One scarcely knows which most to admire, the genius, skill, and fidelity of the poet, or the treasures of mind, the graces of character, and beauty of person (apart from the deformity) of the subject herself. Few females have ever been more gifted and more happy in describing personal characteristics, and fewer still have had so perfect a model to describe. In some of the lines there is evident allusion to her own hard lot, and especially in one comprehensive touching line:—

Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love.

But the reader shall judge of the entire elegy.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MARY WHITELAMB.

If blissful spirits condescend to know
And hover round what once they loved below,
Maria, gentlest excellence! attend
To her who glories to have called thee friend!
Remote in merit, though allied in blood,
Unworthy I, and thou divinely good!
Accept, blest shade, from me these artless lays,
Who never could unjustly blame or praise.
How thy economy and sense outweighed
The finest wit in utmost pomp displayed
Let others sing, while I attempt to paint
The godlike virtues of the friend and saint.
With business and devotion never cloyed,
No moment of thy life passed unemployed;

Well-natured mirth, matured discretion joined,
Constant attendants of the virtuous mind.
From earliest dawn of youth, in thee well known,
The saint sublime and finished Christian shone:
Yet would not grace one grain of pride allow,
Or cry, "Stand off, I'm holier than thou."
A worth so singular since time began,
But One surpassed, and He was more than man.
When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,
And friend and kindred heightened my distress,
And with relentless efforts made me prove
Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love;
My soft Maria could alone dissent,
O'erlooked the fatal vow, and mourned the punishment!
Condoled the ill admitting no relief,
With such infinitude of pitying grief
That all who could not their demerit see
Mistook her wond'rous love for worth in me;
No toil, reproach, or sickness could divide
The tender mourner from her Stella's side;
My fierce inquietude, and maddening care,
Skilful to soothe, or resolute to share!
Ah me! that heaven has from this bosom tore
My angel-friend, to meet on earth no more;
That this indulgent spirit soars away,
Leaves but a still insentient mass of clay;
Ere Stella could discharge the smallest part
Of all she owed to such immense desert;
Or could repay with aught but feeble praise
The sole companion of her joyless days!
Nor was thy form unfair, though Heaven confined
To scanty limits thy exalted mind:
Witness thy brow serene, benignant, clear,
That none could doubt transcendent truth dwelt there.
Witness the taintless whiteness of thy skin,
Pure emblem of the purer soul within—
That soul which, tender, unassuming, mild,
Through jetty eyes with tranquil sweetness smiled.
But ah! could fancy paint, or language speak,
The roseate beauties of thy lip or cheek,
Where nature's pencil, leaving art no room,
Touched to a miracle the vernal bloom.
Lost though thou art, in Stella's deathless line
Thy face immortal as thy fame shall shine.
To soundest prudence (life's unerring guide),
To love sincere, religion without pride;
To friendship perfect in a female mind,
Which I nor hope nor wish on earth to find;
To mirth (the balm of care) from lightness free,
Unblemished faith, unwearied industry;
To every charm and grace combined in you,
Sister and friend—a long and last adieu!

After the death of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, in 1735, and the consequent removal of all the family from Epworth, John White-

lamb lost his faith in God, and lost his religion for many years, though he continued to hold the living and preach a lifeless gospel. Dr. Clarke says of him, that he fell into doubts concerning the truth of Divine revelation, and at last became a deist. John Wesley, in the *Arminian Magazine*, 1778 (vol. i.), says of him: "For some years he did not believe the Christian revelation." Owing to this strange perversion of his mind, all the Wesley family neglected to write to him for some years, a punishment he deserved, and which he keenly felt. When John Wesley visited Epworth on June 6th, 1742, he went to Mr. Romley, who was then curate of the parish, and offered to assist him on the Sunday in either preaching or reading the prayers; but the service was refused, and Mr. Romley went into the pulpit and preached a sermon against enthusiasm. A friend of Mr. Wesley's announced to the congregation, as they left the church, that Mr. Wesley would preach in the evening in the churchyard, when the largest congregation ever gathered in Epworth assembled to hear him preach, standing on the foot of his father's tomb. The scene of that service has been preserved in engravings, which are numerous and popular. The event has become one of almost national importance. Amongst that audience was the rector of Wroote, who, five days afterwards, wrote to Mr. Wesley the following letter:—

JOHN WHITELAMB TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW JOHN WESLEY.

June 11th, 1742.

DEAR BROTHER,—I saw you at Epworth on Tuesday evening. Fain would I have spoken to you, but that I am quite at a loss to know how to address or behave [to you].

Your way of thinking is so extraordinary that your presence creates an awe, as if you were an inhabitant of another world. God grant you and your followers may always have entire liberty of conscience. Will not you allow others the same?

Indeed I cannot think as you do, any more than I can help honouring and loving you. Dear sir, will you credit me? I retain the highest veneration and affection for you. The sight of you moves me strangely. My heart overflows with gratitude; I feel in a higher degree all that tenderness and yearning of bowels with which I am affected towards every branch of Mr. Wesley's family. I cannot refrain from tears when I reflect, this is the man who at Oxford was more than a father to me; this is he whom I have heard expound, or dispute publicly, or preach at St. Mary's, with such applause; and—oh, that I should ever add—whom I have lately heard preach at Epworth, on his father's tombstone!

I am quite forgot. None of the family ever honour me with a line. Have I been ungrateful? I appeal to sister Patty, I appeal to Mr. Ellison, whether I have or no. I have been passionate, fickle, a fool; but I hope I shall never be ungrateful.

Dear sir, is it in my power to serve or oblige you any way? Glad I should be that you would make use of me. God open all our eyes and lead us into truth, wherever it be!

JOHN WHITELAMB.

Want of sincerity and integrity in his religious views entirely alienated the Wesleys from him. He is thought, however, to have recovered the favour of God, and to have died in the faith of Christ. The Rev. J. P. Lockwood was introduced in 1844 to an aged female at Wroote who was a scholar in Mr. Whitelamb's school, and who joined in one of the festive parochial processions which were common in those days. She remembered Mr. Whitelamb well, and described him as of retiring habits and fond of solitude. She was also present when he was seized, one Sunday morning when on his way to church, with that serious illness which soon afterwards ended his life. His funeral was attended by a large number of clergymen. His parishioners held him in high esteem. One of them, Francis Wood, Esq., had erected in the churchyard a small stone to mark the spot of his interment. In the burial register is the following entry: "1769, July 29th, John Whitelamb, rector;" signed, "John Cleator, rector."

MEHETABEL WESLEY—MRS. WRIGHT.

Fifth Daughter and Eighth Child.

Each of the members of the Wesley family was distinguished by one or more features of excellence, but in the person of Hetty, as she was familiarly called, nearly all the graces and gifts of her brothers and sisters were combined in her personal appearance, accomplishments, and mental endowments. She was the first of the Wesleys born in the Epworth rectory, though she was the eighth child of the family. She commenced her earthly pilgrimage during the autumn of the year 1697, but in which month cannot now be ascertained. In infancy she gave evidence of the germs of that genius which afterwards developed into powers and capabilities far above her years. From her devoted parents her mind received that careful culture which amply rewarded their efforts.

She was the first of their children who was subject from the commencement of her education to that systematic course of training which Mrs. Wesley commenced in the year 1702. Book-learning was not attempted till the child had reached her fifth year, and this Hetty did in 1702. What her progress under her mother's tuition was we have no evidence to show; but that may be inferred from the recorded fact that, under her father's instruction, "at the early age of eight years, she had made such proficiency in classical knowledge that she could read the Greek Testament."

Nor were her mental faculties only attended to. From childhood "she was gay and sprightly, full of mirth, good-humour, and keen wit," which in one so young often resulted in sportive inadvertencies that offended against the rules of the household. Her fancy, wit, and genius outran her judgment, and caused her parents both anxiety and trouble. Overlooking these juvenile peccadilloes from time to time, after solemn admonitions, she took as much pleasure in joining her father in his literary pursuits as her father had in witnessing the maturity of her mental powers. As an amanuensis, and in other ways, she

greatly aided her father, and he was justly proud of his youthful daughter's assistance.

Possessed of handsome features, graceful form, and winning manners, she attracted the attention of not a few of the better-educated portion of her father's parishioners, and early in life attempts were made to win her affections and secure her hand. These suitors were of the thoughtless and giddy class chiefly, young men who delighted in the smartness of her repartee as much as in the charms of her affable manners and her beauty. They were not young men who were likely to make married life happy, hence parental refusals had again and again to be borne by the sprightly daughter. It was in reference to one of these disruptions that she wrote a short poetic letter to her mother, a copy of which, in her father's handwriting, was found amongst John Wesley's papers, which he had endorsed at the back, "Hetty's letter to her mother."

Dear mother, you were once in the ew'n,
As by us cakes is plainly shown,
Who else had ne'er come after.
Pray speak a word in time of need,
And with my sour-looked father plead
For your distressèd daughter!

When the rectory-house was burnt down in 1709, Hetty was twelve years old. It was on her bed, shortly before midnight, that part of the burning thatch fell from the top of the room and awoke her from her sleep. Soon afterwards her father entered the room and awoke the maid and the other children, hastening them downstairs, where they seem to have remained some time, not knowing what to do in their excitement and alarm. Harry, the servant-man, found Hetty and Martha in the parlour on the ground-floor: he broke the window and lifted them out into the garden, with only their night-clothes on, and so they escaped with little more than their lives.

Mrs. Hurst, mother of a family still living in Epworth, died a few years ago at an advanced age, and she took pleasure in relating anecdotes of the Wesleys, which she had heard from her mother. One of these had reference to the burning of the rectory, and it may account for Hetty and Martha being left unprotected. During the fire it was observed that one of the maid-servants at the rectory seemed specially careful concerning her own box and clothes, altogether neglecting the welfare of the family, and so she placed all articles belonging to herself in what she supposed to be a safe spot. She was not long, however, before she had reason to regret her selfishness, for shortly afterwards the wind changed and drove the flames towards the spot referred to, and all that she had placed there was burned.

But there was another servant (the nurse who fled with Charles) who faithfully attended to the family, and took no notice of her own goods; but when the fire was over it was ascertained that her clothes, etc., were all safe and uninjured.

Before noticing Hetty Wesley's love-affairs, it is needful to allude to her connection with the fire and the unnatural noises at the rectory. Of the burning down of the rectory, Mrs. Wesley says the fire "was discovered by some sparks falling from the roof upon a bed where Hetty, one of the children, lay, and burnt her feet." She was then in her twelfth year. "She immediately ran to her mother's chamber, and called her, but she was not heard." At the same moment Mr. Wesley was alarmed by a cry of fire from the street, little imagining that it was his own house which caused the alarm.

Hetty Wesley was nineteen years old when, in December, 1716, and January, 1717, the noises were heard. She appears to have been more seriously and for a longer period affected by the disturber, whatever it was, than any other member of the family. From the accounts sent from Epworth to Samuel at Westminster, he says, in his reply to his sister Emilia, February 12th, 1717: "My sister Hetty, I find, was more particularly troubled. Let me know all. Did anything appear to her?" In reply to Samuel, Emilia says, "No sooner was I got upstairs and undressing for bed, than I heard a noise among many bottles that stand under the best stairs, like the throwing of a great stone among them, which had broke them all to pieces. This made me hasten to bed; but my sister Hetty, who sits always to wait on my father going to bed, was still sitting on the lowest step on the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back, when soon after there came down the stairs behind her something like a man, in a loose nightgown trailing after him, which made her fly rather than run to me in the nursery."

On March 27th, 1717, Susanna, writing to her brother Samuel, observes, "My sisters Emilia and Hetty write so particularly about the disturbances, it is needless for me to write further." Hetty's account has not been preserved. Susanna, in a subsequent letter to Samuel, says, "about a fortnight after the first noises, hearing it was most violent in the nursery, I resolved to lie there. Late at night strong knocks were given on the garret stairs: the latch of the door jarred, and seemed to move to and fro. Presently the knocking began on the floor, about a yard within the room. It then came gradually to sister Hetty's bed, who trembled strongly in her sleep. It beat three loud strokes at a time on the bed's head. My father then came in."

In the year 1720, three years after the disturbance had at that time ceased, John Wesley, when on a visit to Epworth, drew up

a connected narrative of the noises, from an examination of all the persons who had heard them. That portion of the account which relates to Hetty is as follows :—

A night or two after, my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly (who was twenty years of age), was waiting as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs, and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, "You know I believe none of these things; pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick." She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened downstairs to the hall, where the noise was, but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her.

Visiting the Rev. Mr. Hoole, vicar of Haxey (an eminently pious and sensible man), John Wesley obtained from him this account of what he heard of the noises, so far as they relate to Hetty. Spending all night with Mr. Wesley's family, he records :—

We then heard a knocking over our heads, and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said, "Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself." We went upstairs; he with much hope, and I, to say the truth, with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room; when we were there, it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood) in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I catched him by the arm, and said, "Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it, but you give it power to hurt you." He then went close to the place, and said sternly, "Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children, that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me, in my study, that am a man!" Instantly it knocked his knock, which he always used at the gate (1—2-3-4-5-6—7), as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night.

Hetty was too light-hearted to permit these exciting events to disturb her peace after they had once ceased.

Little more than a year afterwards, she came of age, and the restraints which had hitherto been placed upon her volatile disposition she considered were modified, if not removed. Whilst, however, she remained under the paternal roof she must yield to parental authority the obedience due thereto. This often crossed her own wishes and desires, but it was a wise discipline for her.

Amongst several young men who tried to win her affections, and who were rejected suitors, there came, about the early part of the year 1725, one who was a solicitor in more senses than one. He is reputed to have been clever in his profession, and belonged to a respectable family; but the frivolity of his character appears to have set the mind of the rector against him, so that after he had entwined himself into Hetty's affections, he resolved to oppose his purposes and his daughter's wishes. In the year 1725, when Hetty was twenty-seven years of age, she would not sever herself from the man whom her father called "an unprincipled lawyer." She refused to give him up, although not inclined to marry without her parents' consent, yet continued to receive his addresses, and to accompany him in his evening's walks. Wearied of the continued opposition of the rector, the young lawyer at length resolved upon a desperate experiment, and using forced restraint, kept her away from home all night. She returned home next morning with a sad heart, from the sorrowful experience she had learned. Her father's anger was furious, but her mother's sympathy prevented her from being at once turned out of home. Mrs. Wesley, unable to prevail with her husband, wrote the sad story to her son John for his advice. That letter we have seen and read, but it has been destroyed. John Wesley's abridgment of his mother's letter is in the writer's possession. Hetty, seeing that the issue would ultimately be her exclusion from home, made a rash vow to marry the first man that might offer to accept her hand. Knowing how decided was the rector's opposition to her remaining at home, only one of her sisters, Mary, ventured to try and prevail upon her to break her vow. Regardless of the varied trials which beset her path daily, Hetty still was attached to the young lawyer, but the rector interfered to prevent their marriage.

From several unpublished letters further information is obtained. In a long letter of John Wesley's to his brother Samuel, dated Lincoln College, December 6th, 1726, he informs his brother of his visit to Epworth and Wroote in the previous summer, and that with the consent of both his parents he preached a sermon in Wroote church on Sunday, August 28th, on the subject of "universal charity, or the charity due to wicked persons." The outspoken character of that sermon displeased the rector, who wrote his feeling of displeasure concerning it to his son Samuel. To Charles also, who was visiting his parents with John, the rector complained in words which he repeated to John, and which John wrote to Samuel, as follows:—

"My father last night was talking to me of John's disrespect to him; he said he had him at open defiance. I was surprised,

and asked him how or when ? He said, 'Every day you [Charles] hear how he [John] contradicts me, and takes your sister's [Hetty's] part before my face: nay, he disputes with me.' . . . . The next day, 29th August," continues John Wesley, "I went to Epworth, and returned from thence on Thursday, September 1st. In the evening my brother desired me to take a walk, and told me what I have above recited. We supped and walked about a quarter of an hour in the garden, from whence I ran in to find my father, and met him by himself in the hall, and told him, not without tears, that I learned from my brother I had offended him, both in speaking often in contradiction to him, and by not offering myself to write for him; but I now promised to do whatever he pleased. He kissed me, and I believe cried too; told me he believed I was always good at bottom (those were his words), and would employ me the next day."

Just before closing the letter, John Wesley adds the following paragraph, which states the case plainly:—

"My sister Hetty's behaviour has, for aught I have heard, been innocent enough since her marriage: most of my disputes on charity with my father were on her account, he being inconceivably exasperated against her. 'Tis likely enough he would not see her when at Wroote; he has disowned her long ago. He never spoke of her in my hearing but with the utmost detestation: both he and my mother and several of my sisters were persuaded her penitence was all feigned. One great reason for my writing the above-mentioned sermon was to endeavour, as far as in me lay, to convince them that even on supposition that she was impenitent, some tenderness was due to her still, which my mother, when I read it to her, was so well aware of, that she told me as soon as I had read it, 'You writ this sermon for Hetty;' the rest was brought in for the sake of the last paragraph."

This letter states that Hetty was married. The circumstances which led her to select William Wright for her husband are unknown. Dr. Clarke states the case in these words: "Mr. Wright was a plumber and glazier, of probably respectable connections, who was at the time residing at Lincoln, and who offered, and was recommended by parental authority; and as her parents saw that her mind was strongly attached to the man who had injured her, in order to prevent the possibility of a union in that quarter, her father urged her to marry Wright. He was only a journeyman when he married her, but he afterwards removed to London and set up in business by the money which she received from her uncle Matthew. She found him to be a man utterly unsuited to her in mind, education, manners,

etc., and in consequence expressed her strong disapprobation, and earnestly begged that parental authority might not be used to adopt a measure that promised no comfort to her. Her father appears to have been inexorable. She was deeply bound by her filial duty and her vow."

The ill-fated marriage took place during the year 1725. Never perhaps in the course of the world's history were two persons, united in marriage, more unsuited to each other. He was illiterate, coarse, vulgar, and unkind; of loose habits, given to drink, but not quite destitute of feelings which belong to a husband, though they only occasionally appeared. She became a mother about the end of December, 1725, or early in January, 1726. On January 20th, 1726, her sister Mary, writing to John Wesley, says in closing her letter, "My sister Hetty's child is dead." This was the first of her children. She appears to have remained in Lincolnshire till this period, and for some months afterwards.

Charles Wesley was finishing his preparatory studies at Westminster, and before the end of 1726 he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford. Soon after his arrival there he wrote, on his mother's birthday, January 20th, to his brother, and announced his sister Hetty's arrival in London, and his visits to her in her humble abode, sending her address, that John might write to her. John was then acting as his father's curate at Epworth. Charles thus refers to his sister: "Poor s [ister] Hetty! It grieves me almost to think how exceeding kindly she treated me, who am seldom so happy as to meet with bare humanity from others. 'Tis a shocking comparison; 'twas but a week before I left London that I knew she was at it. Little of that time you may be sure did I lose, being with her almost continually; I could almost envy myself the doat of pleasure I had crowded within that small space. In a little neat room she has hired did the good-natured, ingenuous, contented creature watch, and I talk over a few short days, which we both wished had been longer. As yet, she lives pretty well, having but herself and honest W. W [right] to keep, though I fancy there's another a-coming. B [rother Samuel] and s [ister] are very kind to her, and I hope will continue so, for I have cautioned her never to contradict my [sister], whom she knows. The other person you'll hear something of when you come here, which I would advise you to do next summer, if you would have me survive next winter. I'd like to have forgot my s [ister Wright] begs you'd write to her, at Mr. Wakeden's, in Crown Court, Dean's Street, near Soho Square."

These scraps of intelligence from unpublished letters throw much light upon the hitherto mysterious career of that truly accomplished woman.

It is pleasing to notice that Samuel, the eldest brother, did not disown, but rather assisted and sympathised with his erring sister. On Charles leaving his house for Oxford, and hearing of Hetty's arrival in London, he also wrote to John at Epworth. That he knew all the details relating to his sister is indicated by this extract from his letter. Writing from Westminster under date of January 6th, 1727, he says: "Miserable is the story [of Hetty] at the best, and still more so than you relate it. No person in this world has, or can have, without a miracle, so thorough a knowledge of it as myself—I think I may positively say without a miracle, for I should look upon it as little less for any one in our family now to be what I once was, an equal favourite to both parts. I am very sorry it was ever known. One thing I am sure we ought to have a care of, that is, not to lay the cause of our misfortunes upon any person's fault so much as our own. I could say much, but I dare not write; and, indeed, *cui bono?*"

Charles Wesley was correct in his conjecture that his sister was near her confinement. But previously to that event taking place she appears to have left her humble habitation in Soho, and gone down to Louth, where it is believed she met with her husband, and where his parents are thought to have resided. In an unpublished letter written by Martha Wesley to her brother John, dated Epworth, February 7th, 1727, she says, in closing that document: "My father has been at Louth, to see sister Wright, who by good providence was brought to bed two days before he got thither, which perhaps might prevent his saying what he otherwise might have said to her; for none that deserves the name of a man would say anything to grieve a woman in a condition where grief is often present death to them. . . . Sister Hetty's child is dead." This was the second of her children; its birth and death are both announced in the same letter.

Recovering from that painful illness and bereavement, it is some relief to observe that the rector's asperity was subdued, if not totally suppressed; and as soon afterwards as health permitted Hetty again returned to London.

Hetty had been the victim of a designing and worldly man. The rector's resentment was harsh and protracted, and yielded but a little at a time. During the year 1729, Hetty found occasion to write to her father—a letter submissive and dutiful, but not free from some sparks of wit in self-defence, which seem to have been received unfavourably by the rector. In reply, she opens her mind fully in the following letter, with the accompanying poetic address to her husband. Perhaps no other journeyman plumber was ever so complimented in elegant rhyme:—

MEHETABEL WRIGHT TO HER FATHER.

[London,] July 3rd, 1729.

HONOURED SIR,—Though I was glad, on any terms, of the favour of a line from you, yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph which you are pleased to say was meant for the flower of my letter, but which was in reality the only thing I disliked in it before it went. I wish it had not gone, since I perceive it gave you some uneasiness.

But since what I said occasioned some queries, which I should be glad to speak freely about, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as to think like you in everything; I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive to you, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though I can't help saying you only accuse me of being too much so: especially these late years past I have been pretty free from that scandal.

You ask me what hurt matrimony has done me, and whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now. Home questions indeed! and I once more beg of you not to be offended at the least I can say to them, if I say anything.

I had not always such notions of wedlock as now, but thought that where there was a mutual affection and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person, either earthly or heavenly wisdom, and anything to keep love warm between a young couple, there was a possibility of happiness in a married state; but where all, or most of these, were wanting, I ever thought people could not marry without sinning against God and themselves.

I could say much more, but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours.

You are so good to my spouse and me as to say you shall always think yourself obliged to him for his civilities to me. I hope he will always continue to use me better than I merit from him in one respect.

I think exactly the same of my marriage as I did before it happened; but though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all, yet since it is past, and matrimonial grievances are usually irreparable, I hope you will condescend to be so far of my opinion as to own that, since upon some accounts I am happier than I deserve, it is best to say little of things quite past remedy, and endeavour, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

You say you will answer this if you like it. Now though I am sorry to occasion your writing in the pain I am sensible you do, yet I must desire you to answer it whether you like it or not, since if you are displeased I would willingly know it; and the only thing that could make me impatient to endure your displeasure is your thinking I deserve it.

Though I cannot justify my late indiscreet letter, which made me say so much in this, yet I need not remind you that I am not more than human, and if the calamities of life (of which, perhaps, I have my share) sometimes wring a complaint from me, I need tell no one that though I bear I must feel them. And if you cannot forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never more to offend you by saying too much; which (with begging your blessing) is all from your most obedient daughter,

MEHET. WRIGHT.

Here we see the impelling cause of this ill-fated match; and in the following lines the powerful operating cause of her continual chagrin and wretchedness.

ADDRESS TO HER HUSBAND.

The ardent lover cannot find
A coldness in his fair unkind,
But blaming what he cannot hate,
He mildly chides the dear ingrate;
And though despairing of relief,
In soft complaining vents his grief.
Then what should hinder but that I,
Impatient of my wrongs, may try,
By saddest, softest strains, to move
My wedded, latest, dearest love
To throw his cold neglect aside,
And cheer once more his injured bride?
O thou, whom sacred rites design'd
My guide and husband ever kind,
My sovereign master, best of friends,
On whom my earthly bliss depends,
If e'er thou didst in Hetty see
Aught fair, or good, or dear to thee,
If gentle speech can ever move
The cold remains of former love,
Turn thee at last, my bosom ease,
Or tell me why I cease to please.
Is it because revolving years,
Heart-breaking sighs and fruitless tears,
Have quite deprived this form of mine
Of all that once thou fanciedst fine?
Ah, no! what once allured thy sight
Is still in its meridian height.
These eyes their usual lustre show,
When uneclipsed by flowing woe;
Old age and wrinkles in this face
As yet could never find a place.
A youthful grace informs these lines
Where still the purple current shines,
Unless, by thy ungentle art,
It flies to aid my wretched heart;
Nor does this slighted bosom show
The thousand hours it spends in woe.
Or, is it that oppress'd with care,
I stun with loud complaints thine ear,
And make thy home, for quiet meant,
The seat of noise and discontent?
Ah, no! those ears were ever free
From matrimonial melody;
For though thine absence I lament,
When half the lonely night is spent,
Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Concealed my cares, and curbed my sighs,
In spite of grief, to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee.
Had I not practised every art
T' oblige, divert, and cheer thy heart,

To make me pleasing in thine eyes,
And turn thy house to paradise;
I had not asked, "Why dost thou shun
These faithful arms, and eager run
To some obscure, unclean retreat,
With fiends incarnate glad to meet,
The vile companions of thy mirth,
The scum and refuse of the earth;
Who, when inspired by beer, can grin
At witless oaths and jests obscene,
Till the most learned of the throng
Begins a tale of ten hours long;
While thou, in raptures, with stretched jaws,
Crownest each joke with loud applause?"
Deprived of freedom, health, and ease,
And rivalled by such things as these,
This latest effort will I try,
Or to regain thy heart, or die.
Soft as I am, I'll make thee see
I will not brook contempt from thee.
Then quit the shuffling doubtful sense,
Nor hold me longer in suspense;
Unkind, ungrateful, as thou art,
Say, must I ne'er regain thy heart?
Must all attempts to please thee prove
Unable to regain thy love?
If so, by truth itself I swear,
This sad reverse I cannot bear;
No rest, no pleasure will I see,
My whole of bliss is lost with thee.
I'll give all thoughts of patience o'er
(A gift I never lost before);
Indulge at once my rage and grief,
Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,
And call that wretch my mortal foe
Who tries to mitigate my woe;
Till life, on terms severe as these,
Shall, ebbing, leave my heart at ease;
To thee thy liberty restore
To laugh when Hetty is no more.

The untutored mind of her husband could not and did not perceive the force of the appeals these lines contain. He did not love his home, but preferred the public-house and its companions to the company of a wife who would have made him the happiest man on earth had he but have bent his sensual disposition and appetites to realise what blessings can be concentrated in home.

That we may obtain a glimpse of the man himself, from one of the home scenes which should move a father's heart, we must go back one year. Hetty had given birth to her third child: like the two previous ones, it survived its birth but three days. Thus within the space of three years she had given birth to three children, and she had witnessed them all wither and die like a

flower in an hour. With her refined and sensitive mind, it will not be matter of surprise if her own motherly feelings were deeply moved by these repeated bereavements. The birth and death of this third child was announced to Mrs. Wright's favourite brother by her husband in a note, of which the following is a literal copy, and the letter was accompanied by a short poem, taken down from the dictation of the suffering mother by her husband. The writer has had the privilege of making a copy from the original of both these documents. The letter is given with all its errors.

WILLIAM WRIGHT TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW JOHN WESLEY.

To the Revd. Mr. John Wesley, Fellow in Christ Church College, Oxon.

DEAR BRO: This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopefull way of Doing well but the Dear child Died—the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne to me and my wife She Joyns With me In Love to your Selfe and Bro: Charles

From Your Loveing Bro:

to Comnd—WM. WRIGHT.

PS. Ive sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let me hear from one or both of you as Soon as you think Conveniant.

The inimitable pathos of the "verses," so called, scarcely lose their highly-polished numbers in the rude handwriting of the father. In the following reprint the misspelt words are corrected. There is a solemn sublimity in the sorrowful strains of this wail from a mother's heart:—

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER DYING INFANT.

Tender softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rend thy unresisting heart;
Ere the long-enduring swoon
Weigh thy precious eyelids down;
Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thy own!
  Fairest eyes! whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ere your orbs extinguished be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!
  Drooping sweetness! verdant flower,
Blooming, withering in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest mortal pains,
Hear a suppliant! let me be
Partner in thy destiny:
That whene'er the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud;

When deadly damps, impending now,
Shall hover round thy destined brow,
Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the blossom blast the tree!

September, 1728.

To argue from the closing line that she was tired of her suffering condition on earth is not an unnatural inference, which is rather supported when we consider the extent and variety of her trials, privations, and bereavements. From another unpublished letter of the family we learn that the child died on the third day after its birth, September 28th, 1728. John Wesley carefully preserved the original letter and poem, and the latter he printed, excepting the last six lines, in the *Arminian Magazine* (vol. i. p. 187). Both the letter and poem, in the original manuscript, are still preserved.

It was about this period of her life that Mrs. Wright wrote another piece in verse, which is descriptive of her forlorn and destitute condition, so far as regards any home comforts. They are entitled,—

WRITTEN WHEN IN DEEP ANGUISH OF SPIRIT.

Oppressed with utmost weight of woe,
Debarred of freedom, health and rest;
What human eloquence can show
The inward anguish of my breast!

The finest periods of discourse
(Rhetoric in all her pompous dress
Unmoving) lose their pointed force
When griefs are swelled beyond redress.

Attempt not then with speeches smooth
My raging conflicts to control;
Nor softest sounds again can soothe
The wild disorder of my soul.

Such efforts, vain to end my fears
And long-lost happiness restore,
May make me melt in fruitless tears,
But charm my tortured soul no more.

Enable me to bear my lot,
O Thou who only can redress:
Eternal God! forsake me not
In this extreme of my distress.

Regard Thy humble suppliant's suit;
Nor let me long in anguish pine,
Dismayed, abandoned, destitute
Of all support, but only Thine.

Nor health, nor life, I ask of Thee;
Nor languid nature to restore:
Say but, "A speedy period be
To these thy griefs"—I ask no more.

For a time we entirely lose sight of both Mr. and Mrs. Wright; and considering the depravity in the life of the former, and the suffering condition of the latter, it is some relief to survivors to think that so much which is really painful is for ever concealed.

Mrs. Wright was an occasional visitor at the house of her uncle Matthew, who dwelt in Johnson's Court, on the north side of Fleet Street. In 1731, when he went to Epworth on a visit to his brother and family, Mrs. Wesley, in her account sent to John of that visit, says she thinks his offer to take Martha Wesley to live with him in London "a generous offer, because he had done so much for Sukey and Hetty." What he had done at that time cannot now be known. What he did for her after his death is recorded in his will. During the same year, 1731, she wrote a somewhat eccentric letter to her brother John, which seems to refer to the presence of another child in the family, which she familiarly designates "the long male infant." The letter is curious, and, with the address for post, is as follows:—

MEHETABEL WRIGHT TO HER BROTHER JOHN WESLEY.

To the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxon.

September 15th, 1731.

MY FRIEND AND BROTHER,—Forasmuch as it seemeth good unto me to say something about the long male infant thou wast pleased to comfort our eyes withal, let me ask thee whether thou thinkest it lawful to send from under thy protection a plant of so fine a growth for thy fair sisters to rejoice at? What aileth thee, O man, to expose to female view a sight that perhaps our latest moment can scarce eradicate? If I may follow the example of better writers, and use a contradiction in terms, so visible a nothingness no countenance ever disclosed before. But to the rueful length of legs, to say nothing of back, etc.; for, as Sosia said, the best that can be said of some things is to say nothing at all. But if such mighty matters might be said or conceived concerning length, what shall we say (for description's sake) concerning breadth? Why, verily, nothing neither, since nothing can come of nothing. Not to insinuate neither that this goodly flower is without a stalk, for I heard a sage matron affirm he was all stalk, and you forgot not to sprinkle him daily, lest his want of growing might be laid to you. But to what height aspire I, since 'tis as impossible to reach my subject with my pen as hand! Were I to stretch out both according to my utmost ability, I might possibly not hit the seat of his wit, which supposing as much out of sight were he here as at a mile distance. I conclude with kind and tender remembrances to my brother in the flesh.—Thy affectionate friend and sister,

MEHET. WRIGHT.

I am pretty well, as also is the husband of my bosom. Adieu.

In the year 1734, Mrs. Wright was called to endure another privation. The death of her attached sister Mary greatly affected her, and one evidence she gave of the deep sympathy which existed between them is the poetical epitaph which she wrote on her sister Mary's death, which has already been given.

That she retained the affectionate regard of her uncle Matthew, regardless of her uncouth and wayward husband, was amply demonstrated by the very handsome manner in which he enters her name and that of her daughter in his will, which was preserved in Doctor's Commons (now Somerset House), and from a copy of which, obtained by Dr. J. Sykes, of Doncaster, the following extract is made: "I do give to my niece Mehetabel Wright two hundred pounds, to be paid into her own hands at what time and in what manner my executors shall deem most proper to serve her. To my niece Amelia Wright [I give] one hundred pounds." The will is dated February 8th, 1735, about two months before his brother Samuel, the rector of Epworth, died, nearly two and a third years previous to his own death.

Regardless of the sorrows of her home, and the unkind treatment of her husband, she was still esteemed and prized by some who walked in the higher circles of literature. Hence we find that in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1736 (p. 155), there is an account of her mind and person by a writer who calls himself Sylvius, which is by no means exaggerated.

TO MRS. W——T,

ON READING HER MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

Fain would my grateful muse a trophy raise
Devoted to Granvilla's lasting praise.
But from what topic shall her task begin?
From outward charms, or richer stores within?
'Twere difficult with portrait just to trace
The blooming beauties of her lovely face;
The roseate bloom that blushes on her cheek;
Her eyes, whence rays of pointed lightning break;
Each brow the bow of Cupid, whence her darts
With certain archery strike unguarded hearts;
Her lips, that with a rubied tincture glow,
Soft as the soothing sounds which from them flow.
But oh! what words, what numbers, shall I find
T' express the boundless treasures of her mind,
Where wit and judgment spread their copious mines,
And every grace and every virtue shines!
Oh, nymph! when you assume the muse's lyre,
What thoughts you quicken, and what joys inspire!
Pale melancholy wears a cheerful mien;
Grief smiles, and raging passions grow serene.
If themes sublime, of import grand, you try,
You lift the attentive spirit to the sky;
Or change the strain, and sportive subjects choose,
Our softening souls obey the powerful muse.
Yet 'tis, Granvilla, not thy smallest praise,
That no indecent thought profanes thy lays.
Like thy own breast, thy style from taint is free;
Censure may pry, but can no blemish see.

No longer let thy muse the press decline;
Publish her lays, and prove her race divine.
Long has thy tuneful sire been known to fame;
On him Maria smiled, a royal name.
Thy brother's works, received with rapture, tell
That on the son the father's spirit fell:
To these the daughter's equal flame subjoin,
Then boast, O muses, the unrivalled line!

SYLVIUS.

On these lines to Mrs. Wright (who is here called Granvilla) being sent to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the same author composed the following prize epigram:—

Allowed by bright Granvilla to peruse
The sprightly labours of her charming muse;
Enraptured by her wit's inspiring rays,
I chanted ready numbers to her praise.
She, pleased, my unpremeditated lines
To the recording magazine consigns:
But would you be to best advantage known,
Print not my verses, fairest, but your own.

This epigram has very fine point in it, but Mrs. Wright could never be prevailed on to collect and give her poems to the public. It is said that she gave several to a beloved sister, probably Mary (Mrs. Whitelamb). Many have been published in different collections. Her niece, the late Miss Wesley, furnished Dr. A. Clarke with several. Some may be found in the *Poetical Register*, the *Christian Magazine*, the *Arminian Magazine*, and in different Lives of her brothers John and Charles Wesley.

Most of her poems were written under strong mental depression, and before she found the consolations of religion.

In the year 1737 she was called to endure a further trial in the severe illness of her sincerely beloved friend and uncle Matthew, whose residence was only about a mile from her own in Soho. That illness was the last of several from which he recovered, and in commemoration of that recovery Mrs. Wright wrote a poem, which was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in April of that year.

The restored health was of but short duration. He died early in the month of June in the same year, but during his last illness he was kindly and carefully watched over by his attached niece Hetty, and whilst he was peacefully resting his head on her bosom, his spirit fled to Paradise. He was interred from Johnson's Court, and his body was deposited in the old vault of the parish church of St. Dunstan, near Temple Bar.

Having an only son in India, who it is believed never returned to England, he left the chief portion of his property to be divided amongst his sister Elizabeth Dyer, his brother Timothy's

children, and four of the daughters of his brother Samuel—Mrs. Lambert, Mary Wesley, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Wright's portion was £200, and to Amelia Wright, who is believed to have been her daughter, he left £100. Whatever were the claims of the several recipients of his bequests, Mrs. Wright gave evidence of her attachment by perpetuating his name and worth in immortal verse; which, being preserved in the magazines of the day, is testimony of the estimation in which both the writer and her subject were held at the time. Mrs. Wright's lines on the death of her uncle are printed in the account of his life. They are written in the purest spirit of poetry, friendship, and feeling, and appeared first in the *Christian Magazine* (vol. iii. p. 284), signed Clio.

The next notice we get of the family is an extract from the Journal of the Rev. Charles Wesley, who, under date of November, 1738, makes the following painful record: "This evening my brothers Lambert and Wright visited me. The latter has corrupted the former, after all the pains I have taken with him, and brought him back to drinking. I was full, yet could not speak; prayed for meekness, and then set before him the things he had done in the devil's name toward reconverting a soul to him. He left us abruptly. I encouraged poor John Lambert to turn again unto God." Charles Wesley was then lodging with one John Bray, a brazier, in Little Britain. This visit was a year before the first Methodist Society was formed at the Foundry. Neither of the men were much benefited by the interview at that time.

About that period Mrs. Wesley, Hetty's widowed mother, came to London, and it is a reasonable inference that they often met to sympathise with each other in their varied trials. In July, 1742, Mrs. Wesley died at the Foundry. It was remarkable that all her five living daughters, Emilia, Susanna, Hetty, Anne, and Martha were present with their mother when she died; and they, joined by their brother John, sang a psalm of praise to God as soon as her spirit was released from the body. That was a solemn requiem; there is no record to indicate what psalm it was they sung. Poor Hetty having been parted from her children, her father, her uncle, and now her endeared mother, felt bereaved indeed. This shock does not seem to have awakened her muse; her own health was giving way, and the sorrows she endured at home were not friendly aids to the cultivation of the muse. But one good result followed the death of her mother, in conjunction with the preaching of her brother John at the Foundry, which she attended as often as was convenient. This will be best shown by her own letter, dated from Stanmore, near Edgeware, Middlesex, in the year 1743.

MEHETABEL WRIGHT TO HER BROTHER JOHN WESLEY.

Stanmore, 1743.

DEAR BROTHER,—Some years ago I told my brother Charles I could not be of his way of thinking then, but that if ever I was I would as freely own it.

After I was convinced of sin and of your opinions, as far as I had examined your principles, I still forbore declaring my sentiments as openly as I had an inclination to do, fearing I should relapse into my former state. When I was delivered from this fear, and had a blessed hope that He who had begun would finish His work, I never confessed so powerfully as I ought how entirely I was of your mind, because I was taxed with insincerity and hypocrisy whenever I opened my mouth in favour of religion, or owned how great things God had done for me.

This discouraged me utterly, and prevented me from making my change so public as my folly and vanity had formerly been. But now my health is gone I cannot be easy without declaring that I have long desired to know one thing, Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and this desire prevails above all others.

And though I am cut off from all human help or ministry, I am not without assistance; though I have no spiritual friend, nor ever had one yet, except perhaps once in a year or two, when I have seen one of my brothers or some other religious person by stealth, yet (no thanks to me) I am enabled to seek Him still, and to be satisfied with nothing else than God, in whose presence I affirm this truth. I dare not desire health, only patience, resignation, and the spirit of an healthful mind, I have been so long weak that I know not how long my trial may last, but I have a firm persuasion and blessed hope (though no full assurance) that in the country I am going to I shall not sing "Hallelujah!" and "Holy, holy, holy!" without company, as I have done in this. Dear brother, I am unable to speak or write on these things; I only speak my plain thoughts as they occur. Adieu! if you have time from better business to send a line to Stanmore, so great a comfort would be as welcome as it is wanted.—Your loving sister, MEHET. WRIGHT.

Returning to London, still with impaired health, "the restraints imposed upon her religious liberty by her husband were removed; she became a Methodist, and no longer needed to seek religious communion by stealth. Her brothers were more frequent visitors at her house, and she was strengthened and comforted in her weakness and sorrow."

Failing health continuing, her brothers kindly arranged for her to visit Bristol, and try what benefit she could obtain from the hot wells. The Methodist Society in Bristol was but then in its infancy, but the Wesleys had plenty of friends there to take care of their sister, who was placed under the kind protection of Mrs. Vigor. Whilst in that city she was treated with great affection and respect, and received much spiritual profit. She remained several months, and her health was improved thereby, but not sufficiently to encourage any hope of undertaking to discharge the duties of her own home. In the autumn of 1745 she again returned to London, and soon afterwards addressed to her brother Charles a letter which is beautifully illustrative of her gentle and tender spirit, now humbled and subdued by affliction.

Mehetabel Wright to her brother Charles Wesley.

London: Frith Street, October 4th, 1745.

Dearest Brother,—I received both your kind letters, and thank you for them, but am surprised you have heard no account of my better health, though I could not write myself, since many have seen me who I know correspond with you, and some of them are gone to Bath and Bristol lately, especially sister Naylor and Mrs. Wiggington. Indeed, I continue exceeding weak, keeping my bed except when I rise to have it made, and it is almost incredible what a skeleton I am grown, so that my bones are ready to come through my skin. But, through mercy, the fever that immediately threatens me (with a violent cough and some fatal symptoms) is gone off, and I am more likely to recover than ever; nay, if I could once get my strength I should not make a doubt of it. This ease of body and great calm of mind I firmly believe is owing to the prayer of faith. I think this support the more extraordinary, because I have no sense of God's presence, ever since I took my bed; and you know what we are when left to ourselves under great pain and apprehensions of death. Yet, though I am yet in desertion, and the enemy is very busy, I enjoy so great a measure of quietness and thankfulness as is really above nature. Hallelujah! Whether or no the bitterness of death is past, I am perfectly easy and resigned, having given up this, with dear Will's spiritual welfare and all other things, to the sovereign Physician of souls and bodies.

Dearest brother, no selfish consideration can ever make me wish your stay in this most dangerous, diabolical world; yet we must always say, "Thy will be done;" and I am pleased still to think God will permit us to meet again, though I cannot say I desire life a minute longer, even upon these terms. Willy gives his love, and would be unfeignedly glad to see you. Pray join in prayer with me still that he may persevere. Molly too gives her duty and desires your prayers; neither of their souls prosper as I could wish them. Strange that though we know sanctification is a gradual work, we want our neighbours to go faster than we can ourselves; but poor Willy only waits for the first gift. I have not one fear for those who are truly in earnest.

If the nation is run stark mad in politics, though never a jot the wiser or holier, no wonder that the person you mentioned in your last is brimful of them, though she keeps within bounds, and does not talk treason, whatever she may think. I am glad the believers I know seem to run into no extreme about the present affairs, either of losing the one thing needful, by taking too much, or praying too little. The Lord give us a right judgment in all things.

My prayers, love, and best wishes attend all dear friends at Bristol, from whom I have received innumerable obligations: but, above all, Mrs. Vigor and her family, who showed unwearied love in serving and humouring me; with my never-to-be-forgotten friend and sister in spirit, Sally Perrin, who, if possible, showed more kindness in the latter end than beginning. Give my particular love and humble service to Dr. Middleton; poor Nancy Perrot, my companion in misery; Mrs. Burdock and Miss, who were most wonderfully civil to me; and Mr. and Mrs. Wigginton; with Stephen and Betty Maxfield; poor sister Spear and Mrs. Williams, who spared no pains to serve me; and Sally Coltson, Sukey Peck, and Mrs. Halfpenny, with her daughter, who have all been very loving and obliging; and may our best Master reward their labour of love a thousandfold. It has been one of my heaviest crosses that I have been unable to write to them all; but if ever I recover I despair not of doing it yet, if acceptable from a novice. You think, perhaps, I may write to them as well as you; but, dear Charles, I write now in bed, and you cannot believe what it costs me. I trust to remember and bless you many times yet before I die; wishing we may have another happy meeting

first, if it is best. So, with prayers for the universal Church, ministers, assistants, and all mankind, I take leave to subscribe myself your most obliged and loving sister, MEHET. WRIGHT.

The exhausted physical condition of the poor sufferer is plainly indicated in the above letter, but she survived nearly five years longer, without recovering her health. Under the excitement which the successive earthquakes produced in London in January and February, 1750, Mrs. Wright was called to endure her last sorrows on earth. To one who visited her not long before her departure she said, "I have ardently wished for death, because, you know, we Methodists always die in a transport of joy." The remaining notices of her earthly pilgrimage are extracted from the journal of her brother Charles :—

"1750, March 5th. I prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul; a bruised reed, which the Lord will not break.

"March 14th. I found my sister Wright very near the haven; and again on Sunday, the 18th: yet still in darkness, doubts, and fears, against hope believing in hope.

"March 21st. At four I called on my brother Wright, a few minutes after her [my sister's] spirit was set at liberty. I had sweet fellowship with her in explaining at the chapel those solemn words, 'Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.' All present seemed partakers both of my sorrow and my joy.

"March 26th. I followed her to her quiet grave, and wept with them that weep."

It is of small moment where that quiet grave is. It might have been in St. James's Churchyard, Piccadilly; or in the old Paddington grave-yard in Marylebone Lane; or possibly in Bunhill Fields. For fifty-three years she endured hardships and privations such as seldom fall to the lot of one so gifted and so kind. Her released happy spirit would have a blessed welcome in the better land, whither so many endeared friends had preceded her.

Several years before her death, and before she was made a partaker of saving grace by faith in Jesus, she wrote her own epitaph; and although it has been printed from her own manuscript, yet it has not been carved on stone, to decay, but it survives more permanently than it would have done if carved in marble.

EPITAPH ON MYSELF.

Destined while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain:
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.

Without complaint she learned to bear
A living death, a long despair;
Till hard oppressed by adverse fate,
O'ercharged, she sunk beneath its weight;
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteemed, so long desired.
The painful mortal conflict's o'er;
A broken heart can bleed no more!

Happily for her, she lived to realise brighter hopes than those embodied in these lines. Her brother John Wesley has left on record this opinion respecting his sister Hetty: "It is but justice to observe that she was at rest before she went hence, being for some years a witness of that rest which remains, even here, for the people of God."

Dr. Clarke collected and printed ten of Mrs. Wright's poetical pieces. Several of them are in these pages. Two others may be here given as fitly closing the earthly career of a tender and loving mother and an accomplished author. Nor were these the only features of her character worth recording. Dr. Clarke knew one gentleman who had a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Wright in her later years, and whom he thus describes: "She was an elegant woman, with great refinement of manners; and had the traces of beauty in her countenance, with the appearance of being broken-hearted."

TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILDREN.

Though sorer sorrows than their birth
Your children's death has given;
Mourn not that others bear for earth,
While you have peopled heaven!

If now so painful 'tis to part,
Oh, think that, when you meet,
Well-bought with shortly-fleeting smart
Is never-ending sweet!

What if those little angels, nigh
To assist your latest pain,
Should hover round you when you die,
And leave you not again!

Say, shall you then regret your woes,
Or mourn your teeming years?
One moment will reward your throes,
And overpay your tears.

Redoubled thanks will fill your song;
Transported while you view
The inclining, happy, infant throng,
That owe their bliss to you!

So moves the common star, though bright
With simple lustre crowned;
The planet shines with guards of light
Attending it around.

A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

While sickness rends this tenement of clay,
The approaching change with pleasure I survey;
O'erjoyed to reach the goal, with eager pace,
Ere my slow life has measured half its race.
No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,
The hard constraint of seeming much at ease;
Wearing an outward smile, a look serene,
While piercing racks and tortures work within.
Yet let me not, ungrateful to my God,
Record the evil, and forget the good:
For both I humble adoration pay,
And bless the Power who gives and takes away.
Long shall my faithful memory retain
And oft recall each interval of pain.
Nay, to high heaven for greater gifts I bend:
Health I've enjoyed, and I had once a friend.
Our labour sweet, if labour it might seem
Allowed the sportive and instructive scene.
Yet here no lewd or useless wit was found;
We poised the wavering sail with ballast sound.
Learning here placed her richer stores in view,
Or, winged with love, the minutes gaily flew.
Nay, yet sublimer joy our bosoms proved,
Divine benevolence, by Heaven beloved:
Wan meagre forms, torn from impending death,
Exulting blest us with reviving breath;
The shivering wretch we clothed, the mourner cheered,
And sickness ceased to groan when we appeared;
Unasked, our care assists with tender art
Their bodies, nor neglects the immortal part.
Sometimes in shades unpierced by Cynthia's beam,
Whose lustre glimmered on the dimpled stream,
We wandered innocent through sylvan scenes,
Or tripped like fairies o'er the level greens.
From fragrant herbage decked with pearly dews,
And flow'rets of a thousand different hues,
By wafting gales the mingling odours fly
And round our heads in whispering breezes sigh:
Whole nature seems to heighten and improve
The holier hours of innocence and love.
Youth, wit, good-nature, candour, sense, combined
To serve, delight, and civilise mankind;
In wisdom's love we every heart engage,
And triumph to restore the Golden Age!
Nor close the blissful scene, exhausted muse,
The latest blissful scene that thou shalt choose;
Satiate with life, what joys for me remain,
Save one dear wish, to balance every pain—
To bow my head, with grief and toil opprest,
Till borne by angel bands to everlasting rest?

She refers with exquisite feeling to her sister Mary, in some of the lines on the previous page.

The death of this accomplished woman made a salutary impression on the mind of her husband. Three days after her funeral, Charles Wesley, in a letter to his wife, says, "Last Monday I followed our happy sister to her grave. Her husband is inconsolable, not knowing Jesus Christ. I was much affected by his saying, with tears, he hoped I should not forsake him now that my sister was dead."

He lived some years afterwards, and married a second time, but the family connection was broken. It was, however, once renewed just before he died.

Concerning the last hours of William Wright, Charles Wesley has left the following record in one of his letters: "He is struck down by the dead-palsy; longed above all things for my coming; rejoiced and wept to see me. His stubborn heart was much softened by the approach of death. Now he is a poor sinner indeed, full of horror and self-condemnation, yet not without hope of mercy. I prayed again with my poor penitent, and left him a little more easy and composed. Shortly after, a messenger called me, between one and two, to my brother. He told me he was dying; that his feet were dead already; was perfectly sensible; told me before his wife how he had settled his affairs, not enough to her advantage I think; expressed a hope and earnest desire for one, one only thing—for the voice of a trumpet to warn all mankind not to walk in the paths wherein he had walked; made me witness of his reconciliation with his wife; and said he expected to die at four or five. I spoke comfortably to him of Jesus, our Atonement, our Peace, our Hope; prayed with much freedom, as we did last night in the Society; saw no symptoms of immediate death, yet could not lessen his apprehension of it. I preached at five in the morning to a numerous congregation, and prayed with confidence for a Christless, dying sinner."

His death followed almost immediately afterwards. Thus closed one of the most remarkable episodes of human life: an angel wearied and worried out of her life; and her husband, dolt and drunkard, saved in answer to the prayers of the Wesleys, just as it were by the skin of his teeth. His memory would long ago have perished had he not been the husband of the beautiful, accomplished, devoted, and affectionate Hetty Wesley.

JOHN AND BENJAMIN WESLEY.

Tenth and Eleventh Children.

There is a tradition still preserved among the Wesley descendants that in the Epworth family there were two boys born after Hetty, and before the founder of Methodism, and that their names were respectively John and Benjamin. Both dying soon after birth, no further information concerning them is attainable. It is further reported that by desire of Mrs. Wesley the son next born after them had the two names of John Benjamin given to him at the time of his baptism. The parish register being destroyed, no other evidence can now be obtained. The rector of Epworth more than once affirms that his wife brought him one child every year, and that they had nineteen in family; the birth of John in 1699, and Benjamin in 1700, must come in here, to precede the advent of the founder of Methodism.

TWIN CHILDREN—A BOY AND A GIRL.

Twelfth and Thirteenth Children.

In a letter written by the rector of Epworth (printed on page 81), dated May 18th, 1701, he says to the Archbishop of York that Mrs. Wesley, the night before, "brought me a *few* children: there are but two yet, a boy and a girl." They died so soon afterwards that they are not otherwise named in any records of the family. They were doubtless living the day after birth, or their father would have noticed their death to the archbishop. The rector's letter fixes both the day and year of their birth. These were the twelfth and thirteenth children. Twins had been born to them once before.

ANNE WESLEY — MRS. LAMBERT.

Seventh Daughter and Fourteenth Child.

Concerning Anne Wesley there are fewer facts left on record to guide the biographer than of any other member of the family who arrived at mature years. She was born at Epworth during the year 1702. It was soon after her birth, and before her brother John was born, that Mrs. Wesley commenced that systematic course of education which has made her memorable as one of the most successful teachers of children of whom we have any knowledge. In the year 1707, the day she was five years old, she was taken into school, and joined her sisters Emilia, Susanna, Mary, and Hetty, Samuel having gone to the Westminster School three years before. Mrs. Wesley's daily class of pupils for a year consisted of her five daughters only.

When the rectory-house was consumed in 1709, Anne Wesley was only seven years old. She was one of those whom the rector saved by taking them out by the garden door, and lifting them over the wall to a place of safety, even before he saw Mrs. Wesley rescued.

At the time the noises were heard in the rectory, early in 1717, Anne was in her fifteenth year. On the 10th of September of that year she wrote to her brother John, by his desire, an account of what she knew of the disturbances. Her letter has not been preserved, but John Wesley made his own summary of what she wrote to him. This is printed in Priestley's "Original Letters" (p. 161). As it contains some particulars relating to herself not found elsewhere, the account is here printed.

Anne Wesley to her brother John.

[Epworth, September 10th, 1717.]

The first noise my sister Nancy heard was in the best chamber, with my sisters Molly and Sukey, soon after my father had ordered her to blow a horn in the garrets, where it was knocking violently. She was terribly afraid,

being obliged to go in the dark; and kneeling down on the stairs, desired that, as she acted not to please herself, it might have no power over her. As soon as she came into the room the noise ceased, nor did it begin again till near ten; but then, and for a good while, it made much greater and more frequent noises than it had done before. When she afterwards came into the chamber in the daytime, it commonly walked after her from room to room. It followed her from one side of the bed to the other, and back again as often as she went back. Whatever she did which made any sort of noise, the same thing seemed to be done just behind her.

When five or six were set in the nursery together, a cradle would seem to be strongly rocked in the room over, though no cradle had ever been there. One night she was sitting on the press bed, playing at cards with some of my sisters, when my sisters Molly, Hetty, Patty, and Kezzy were in the room, and Robert Brown. The bed on which my sister Nancy sat was lifted up with her on it. She leapt down, and said surely old Jeffrey would not run away with her. They persuaded her to sit down again, which she had scarce done when it was again lifted up several times successively a considerable height, upon which she left her seat, and would not be prevailed upon to sit there any more.

Whenever they began to mention Mr. S. [quære, Samuel Annesley] it presently began to knock, and continued to do so till they changed the discourse. All the time my sister Sukey was writing her last letter to him, it made a very great noise all round the room: the night after she set out for London it knocked till morning with scarce any intermission.

No previous writer has noticed these particulars relating especially to Anne Wesley. It was a bold command of her father's to send a girl not fifteen, in the dark, into a large room to blow a horn to try to frighten away a supernatural disturber. Though she did stay on the stairs to offer a prayer for protection, yet she was a courageous girl to do what she did. This was further confirmed when the bed was lifted under her, and she tried if it would be repeated.

If the "Mr. S." named above should refer to her uncle, Samuel Annesley, then the noises may have arisen from the untimely and unreported death of that uncle in India, which opinion was held by Mrs. Wesley. It is remarkable that the noises should be continued whilst "Mr. S." was the subject of conversation, and that they should cease when other subjects were talked about.

After a lapse of seven years we come upon the next notice of Anne Wesley. Martha, writing to her brother John, under date of September 10th, 1724, says: "Sister Nancy, I believe, will marry John Lambert: perhaps you may not have forgot him since you saw him at Wroote."

As intimated by Martha Wesley, the marriage between Anne Wesley and John Lambert took place shortly afterwards, though probably not till the year 1725. Her brother Samuel sent her some congratulatory verses on the occasion, which are printed in his volume of poems. The following is a copy:—

TO MY SISTER LAMBERT, ON HER MARRIAGE.

No fiction fine shall guide my hand,
  But artless truth the verse supply;
Which all with ease may understand,
  But none be able to deny.

Nor, sister, take the care amiss
  Which I, in giving rules, employ
To point the likeliest way to bliss,
  To cause, as well as wish, you joy.

Let love your reason never blind,
  To dream of paradise below;
For sorrows must attend mankind,
  And pain, and weariness, and woe!

Though still, from mutual love, relief
  In all conditions may be found:
It cures at once the common grief,
  And softens the severest wound.

Through diligence, and well-earned gain,
  In growing plenty may you live;
And each in piety obtain
  Repose that riches cannot give!

If children e'er should bless the bed,
  Oh, rather let them infants die,
Than live to grieve the hoary head,
  And make the aged father sigh!

Still duteous, let them ne'er conspire
  To make their parents disagree;
No son be rival to his sire,
  No daughter more beloved than thee!

Let them be humble, pious, wise,
  Nor higher station wish to know;
Since only those deserve to rise,
  Who live contented to be low.

Firm let the husband's empire stand,
  With easy but unquestioned sway;
May he have kindness to command,
  And thou the bravery to obey!

Long may He give thee comfort, long
  As the frail knot of life shall hold!
More than a father when thou'rt young,
  More than a son when waxing old.

The greatest earthly pleasure try,
  Allowed by Providence Divine;
Be he a husband blest as I,
  And thou a wife as good as mine!

There is much good sense, piety, and suitable advice in these verses: the closing lines give an additional testimony to the domestic happiness of Samuel Wesley, their author.

The above are the only particulars which have hitherto been known of this branch of the Wesley family. From unpublished letters, and from Charles Wesley's Journal, we gather some additional information which is satisfactory as far as it goes.

From a long letter written by John Wesley to his brother Samuel, dated Lincoln College, December 6th, 1726, we obtain some valuable facts relating to his lengthened visit to Epworth during the autumn; and concerning his sister Anne he records the following: "On Thursday of the following week [September 22nd] I dined at my sister Lambert's, and was her son's godfather. I was detained there by fresh company coming in till the evening." The last paragraph but one in the letter is the following: "My sister L[ambert] behaved herself unexceptionably while we were in the country; that she had lately altered her conduct, which indeed is highly improbable, I did not hear till now."

It is interesting to know that Mrs. Lambert became a mother, and had a son, and that her brother John Wesley was sponsor for him at his baptism, which event took place in September, 1726. That son was named John, after his father; he was living nine years afterwards, which fact we learn from the will of Matthew Wesley, who bequeathed to him a very handsome legacy for a boy under ten years of age. The clause in the will reads thus: "To my nephew John Lambert, jun., [I give] one hundred pounds." There is reason to conclude that he was the only child of his parents, and that he died before he came of age, so that branch of the family became extinct.

In an unpublished letter sent by Martha Wesley to her brother John, dated February 7th, 1727, she observes: "When you sent the parcel to my sister Lambert, and wrote to her and not to me, I was much worse grieved than before." Further on in the same letter she adds: "I have read the plays you sent sister Lambert several times, for 'tis a great pleasure to me to read a good play, though I have the same fate in that as in most other things I like, I have them very seldom."

After residing some years at Epworth, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert came to London, where they became acquainted with Matthew Wesley, her father's brother. The family removed to Hatfield, where in all probability they finished their earthly pilgrimage, renewing their acquaintance with London by occasional visits, which were not often attended by good results.

In the summer of 1737, soon after his return from America, Charles Wesley twice visited Hatfield to see his sister. Under

date of August 17th, 1737, he writes: "After spending some time at Hatfield, I set out with my brother Lambert for London. At Epping, he went back full of good resolutions." Intemperance was his besetting sin. In another extract from the same Journal, we read: "November, 1738.—This evening my brothers Lambert and Wright visited me. The latter has corrupted the former, after all the pains I have taken with him, and brought him back to drinking. I was full, yet could not speak; prayed for meekness, and then set before Wright the things he had done in the devil's name toward reconverting a soul to him. He left us abruptly. I encouraged poor John Lambert to turn again unto God."

John Lambert, the husband of Anne Wesley, was a land surveyor, well known at Epworth; he was a well-educated, intelligent, and well-read man, who prospered in business, and lived with his family in comfort. The harmony of their married life is said to have been uninterrupted: but when they departed this life, or where, there is no evidence to show; nor is there any further information respecting their son John beyond the mention of him in his uncle Matthew's will. Dr. Clarke records one feature of Mr. Lambert's character which deserves a record here. "He was particularly careful to collect the early pamphlet publications of his father-in-law, Samuel Wesley. From that collection, which had formerly been his property, in each of which he had written his name, and illustrated them with notes," the doctor derived some useful information. But for that collection, some of Mr. Wesley's publications would never have been seen by Dr. Clarke, nor any record made of them. These scarce tracts were for many years the property of the late Rev. James Everett.

In the Journal of Charles Wesley, there is another mention of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, under date of July, 1738. Several criminals had been condemned to death for murder. After they were sentenced, Charles Wesley and a few of his evangelistic friends frequently visited the poor felons in Newgate. It is a long and strangely instructive account Charles Wesley gives of their execution. All the criminals received the conscious pardon of sin, and died very happy. Mr. Wesley thus closes the record: "That hour under the gallows was the most blessed hour of my life." He then proceeds to say: "At Mr. Bray's, in Little Britain, we renewed our triumph. I found my brother and sister Lambert there, and preached to them the gospel of forgiveness, which they received without opposition."

Will any one doubt, after the gospel was thus faithfully and lovingly preached to them, that they did not receive and live by it. In another unpublished letter of the family, occurs the

clause, "John Lambert has little religion." And his brother-in-law Wright was a grievous hindrance to him; but concerning Mrs. Lambert, we believe in the rector's prayer being answered, "The Lord will give me at the last all my children, to meet in heaven."

Mrs. Lambert was with her dear mother in July, 1742, when she died at the Foundry, and she attended her funeral in Bunhill Fields. This is the last known record in which the name of Anne Wesley is found. She was then forty years of age.

Some time before her marriage, when the family was living at Wroote, Mr. Lambert visited the rector there, and the marriage of Anne probably took place at that village. Samuel Wesley, the eldest brother, during their residence in that desolate place, wrote and sent to his sister Hetty "a Heroic Poem," in which he made both pleasant and ludicrous allusions to his sisters and their domestic duties at the humble rectory of "Wroote," which is the title of his poem. In it he makes mention of his sister Anne, in the following stanzas :—

The spacious glebe around the house
Affords full pasture to the cows,
Whence largely milky nectar flows,
O sweet and cleanly dairy!
Unless or Moll, or Anne, or you,
Your duty should neglect to do,
And then 'ware haunches black and blue
By pinching of a fairy.

. . . . . .

Observe the warm, well-littered sty,
Where sows and pigs and porkets lie;
Nancy or you the draff supply;
They swill and care not whither.

. . . but not so glad
As you to wait upon your dad!
Oh, 'tis exceeding pretty!
Methinks I see you striving all
Who first shall answer to his call,
Or lusty Anne, or feeble Moll,
Sage Pat, or sober Hetty.

JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

Founder of Methodism.

Around the name of John Wesley clusters the greater part of the interest which in the eyes of the world in general attaches to the whole family. It is chiefly because the system of Methodism, in the order of Divine Providence, was originated and carried on by him during his long life that the fame of the family has been extended, till it has reached the uttermost parts of the earth. His biographers have been numerous: apart from various minor publications devoted to his life, work, and character, thirteen separate memoirs of his life have been read, that all the leading facts of his career may be gathered up, and concentrated in the briefest possible form, chiefly for reference and as a ready guide to other biographies.*

Mr. Wesley's journals have been examined throughout, some portions by the original manuscript, from which hitherto only extracts have been published. More than one hundred original autograph—and mostly unpublished—letters have been read for additional information. From these several sources many new facts have been obtained respecting John Wesley, which may on a future occasion be embodied in a Life of the Founder of Methodism.

Epworth, in Lincolnshire, is said to be the place of his birth, and the time is reported to have been June 17th, 1703. The

*1.	John Wesley's Life, by John Hampson. 3 vols.	..	1791
2.	John Wesley's Life, by Dr. Coke and Henry Moore. 1 vol.	..	1792
3.	John Wesley's Life, by Dr. John Whitehead. 2 vols.	..	1793–96
4.	John Wesley's Life, by Dr. Whitehead, enlarged by John Jones. 2 vols.		1806
5.	John Wesley's Life, by Dr. Robert Southey. 2 vols.	..	1820
6.	John Wesley's Life, by Henry Moore. 2 vols.	..	1824
7.	John Wesley's Life, by a Local Preacher, Leeds. 1 vol.	..	1825
8.	John Wesley's Life, by Richard Watson. 1 vol.	..	1831
9.	John Wesley's Life, by William Jones, London. 1 vol.	..	1833
10.	John Wesley's Life, by Southey, with notes by Coleridge. 1 vol.	..	1856
11.	John Wesley's Life, by Luke Tyerman. 3 vols.	..	1861
12.	John Wesley's Life, by Eliza Wedgwood. 1 vol.	..	1866
13.	John Wesley's Life, by Edith Waddy. 1 vol.	..	1873

day was changed to June 28th when the New Style was introduced. Owing to the burning of the parish registers, in 1709, no record exists to prove either the date of his birth or baptism. Previous to his being ordained deacon in 1725, and priest in 1728, it was required by the Bishop of Oxford that a certificate of his age be produced. From a letter of his father's, we learn that such a document was sent by him to Oxford in 1725, and another in 1728 : the latter certificate is as follows :—

Epworth, August 23rd, 1728.

John Wesley, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, was twenty-five years old the 17th of June last, having been baptized a few hours after his birth by me, SAMUEL WESLEY, Rector of Epworth.

It will be observed that his father does not mention either the place or time of his birth, but only his age last birthday.

There is a tradition still preserved in the family that he was baptized by the name of John Benjamin, after two of his brothers who died in infancy a few years previously. The second name was never used by the family, and he was the only child out of the nineteen who had two Christian names given at baptism. The desire of his mother was gratified by so naming him; and by mutual consent he was known at home as John, though during the whole of his early years he was called by his parents and his brothers and sisters, either Jack or Jacky.

Shortly before John Wesley was born, his mother commenced that systematic course of instruction which has made her memorable as a most successful educator of the young. In 1708, when just five years old, John commenced his educational career under his mother's direction ; and, with his father's assistance, qualified himself for admission into the Charterhouse School, London. In 1709—February 9th—the rectory-house at Epworth was entirely burnt down, and by the interposition of Divine Providence, at the age of nearly six, John was rescued from immediate death by one man leaping on the shoulders of others, and lifting him out of his bedroom window, only a few minutes before the burning roof fell in. This remarkable deliverance is commemorated on two or three of his portraits, and in a large painting by the late Mr. Parker, of Newcastle. The artist in the latter instance has by mistake placed Epworth Church on the right of the rectory-house : it should have been on the left, to be correct. Many times during his long life Mr. Wesley referred to his narrow escape from death by quoting the Scripture passage, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning ?"

It is remarkable how many times during his long life Mr. Wesley was delivered from peril and death, and in so many

different ways. These may be noticed in the order of time. His escape from the burning rectory in 1709 induced his mother to pay special attention to his mental and religious training. This fact she records in her "Private Meditations," under date of May 17th, 1711, with the heading, "Son John." The effect of this special attention induced so much seriousness in the boy, that he was admitted by his father to partake of the Lord's Supper in Epworth Church, in 1711, at the age of only eight years.

1712. In the month of April he had the smallpox, with four of his sisters. Writing of him to his father, then in London, his mother says, "Jack bore his disease bravely, like a man, and indeed a Christian, without any complaint."

1714. He was removed to the Charterhouse School in London, where he soon attained proficiency in classical and other learning. There are some interesting anecdotes recorded of his stay at that school, characteristic of his disposition to organise, instruct, and direct, which will well suit another occasion.

1719. At the age of sixteen, his brother Samuel assisted him in his classical studies; and writing home to his father, who wished to know how to dispose of his son Charles, Samuel says: "My brother Jack gives you no manner of discouragement for breeding your third son a scholar." In a subsequent letter, he says, "Jack is with me, a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can."

1720. John was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, where, at the age of seventeen, he commenced that career of usefulness and learning which terminated only with his life. At that time he was a youth gay and sprightly, with a turn for wit and humour.

1724. He was anxious to visit London, to meet his mother and his uncle Samuel Annesley. The latter, though expected, never came, and was never again heard of.

1725. On Sunday, September 19th, after most careful and prayerful preparation, he was ordained deacon by Dr. John Potter, Bishop of Oxford, being twenty-two years old.

1726, March 17th. His success in study, his excellent scholarship, and his efficiency as a teacher, recommended him for election to his first University distinction, and on that day he was chosen Fellow of Lincoln College, to the great delight of his parents and friends.

1726. On November 7th, before he took his M.A. degree, and when little more than twenty-three years old, he was chosen Greek Lecturer and Moderator of the Classes, a singular mark of confidence and esteem.

1727. In January, just before taking his degree of M.A., he

drew up a scheme of studies which for some years guided his mental path.

1727. On February 15th he took his degree of Master of Arts.

1727. In August, being in deacon's orders, he became his father's curate, taking charge chiefly of the parish of Wroote, with occasional visits to Epworth.

1728. During the summer he returned to Oxford, and on Sunday, September 22nd, he was ordained priest by Bishop Potter, and returned to Lincolnshire.

1729. June 16th, he again visited Oxford, and on November 22nd he settled himself there and began to take pupils, the remuneration from which greatly assisted him in the work he had in hand.

1729. In November, John and Charles Wesley, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Kirkman commenced that systematic course of religious life which induced other young Oxonians to designate them "Methodists." This was the first origin of the Society so called.

1730. The Wesleys began to visit the prisoners in the castle, and the sick poor in Oxford, a duty and privilege which they continued in London, Bristol, and elsewhere, nearly sixty years.

1731. The severe studies and discipline the brothers Wesley imposed upon themselves induced illness in John, which his mother attributed mainly to his wearing his hair flowing over his shoulders in natural curls. This practice he defended, and continued to wear his hair in that manner for many years afterwards. All his early portraits show his long flowing natural hair in curls.

1732, January 5th. The rector of Epworth, whilst on a visit to London, ran down to Oxford, to learn from personal inquiry "what his sons were doing." Writing to Mrs. Wesley at the above date, he says he was "well paid both for the expense and labour, by the shining piety of our two sons."

1732. John Wesley walked to Epworth twice during this year. The second time was to meet his brother Samuel and his sisters at a family gathering, just previous to going to reside permanently at Tiverton. This was the last time the family met together. In 1735 that ever memorable household was finally broken up.

1732. John Wesley visited London, and formed some friendships which years afterwards were of much service to him in his evangelistic work.

1733, September 21st. John Wesley commenced the habit of reading on horseback, which he continued with immense personal advantage about half a century.

1733. In his private diary, Mr. Wesley records that he walked

about 1,050 miles within the year, and preached constantly on the Lord's day.

1735, April. Mr. Wesley was at Epworth when his father died. Speaking with him just before he died, the father said, "The inward witness, son, the inward witness, that is the proof, the strongest proof of Christianity." Shortly afterwards he said to John, "God does chasten me with pain, but I thank Him for all, I bless Him for all, I love Him for all." John Wesley adds that at that time he did not understand what his father meant by the inward witness.

1735. Refusing the rectory of Epworth, even at his father's entreaty, John Wesley and his brother Charles, accompanied by endeared friends, sailed on a mission to Georgia, in America, with five hundred and seventy emigrants, on October 14th. They arrived in that country on Friday, February 6th, 1736, under the direction of General James Oglethorpe. Heavy disappointments and trials so frequently assailed both the brothers that they returned to England to undertake a greater work. A parcel of original papers and letters relating to their stay in and departure from America was lately offered to the writer. They have not been used by any of Mr. Wesley's biographers.

1738. January 22nd, John Wesley sailed from America, and arrived in England February 17th. Soon afterwards he visited his mother and sister Martha, who were residing at Salisbury. Mr. Wesley reported the chief of his trials to have been that he was not permitted to go out among the Indians as a missionary. His recorded reflections on the day he landed in England, read thus: ". . . . during the two years and almost four months since I left my native country to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learned myself in the mean time? Why that I, who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God." The great change was near.

1738. March 4th, he met Peter Böhler, the German evangelist, who taught and advised him to "preach faith till you have it, and then, because you have it, you will preach faith." On April 1st, feeling himself fettered by forms of prayer, he began to pray extempore.

1738, May 24th. The most memorable day in the life of John Wesley. On that day he realised what the new birth was. At a meeting in a court in Aldersgate Street, in the evening, he says, "I felt my heart strangely warmed." The Divine fire then enkindled has never since ceased to burn. For more than half a century it glowed in his bosom on earth, and since his pilgrimage below ended it has been burning with ever increasing brightness before the altar of God in heaven. Who shall

enumerate the redeemed souls whose welcome to heaven is indirectly owing to John Wesley's conversion?

Full of his new and joyous experience, and desirous of seeing for himself how those Christians lived who practically exemplified what it is to be justified by faith in Jesus, and to enjoy the abiding witness of the Spirit of their adoption, John Wesley hastened in June to Germany, where, in several places, amongst the Moravians, he witnessed what practical Christianity was. He returned to London on September 17th, a wiser and better man. Soon afterwards he received a letter of remonstrance from his sister Emilia, who was passing through heavy trials, wondering why he could not go to see and relieve her in her necessities, instead of spending his time and money in Germany. How little did either of them then foresee what great blessings to the Church and the world were likely to result from the Christian experience John Wesley was thus gathering.

1739. The year was commenced by Mr. Wesley and several other clergymen, with some sixty Moravian brethren, holding a love-feast in the Fetter Lane Chapel. The service was continued all night. About three in the morning, whilst the whole company were engaged in continuous fervent prayer, the power of God descended so mightily upon them, that some cried out for exceeding joy, whilst others fell to the ground, overcome with the Divine presence.

1739. April 2nd. Mr. Wesley preached for the first time out-of-doors, at Bristol. On May 12th he laid the foundation-stone of the first Methodist chapel, in the Broadmead and Horse Fair, at Bristol. This event moved society more than a little, and about three weeks afterwards, Mr. Wesley, on June 5th, was met by the notorious Beau Nash, perhaps the most proud and insolent man in England. He challenged Mr. Wesley's authority for such excess of religious energy; but good John Wesley, supported by one of the female members of his Society, far outmatched the insolent wit and ceremonialist. (See Wesley's Journal, June 5th; and Watson's "Life of Wesley," p. 83.)

1739. June 14th. Mr. Wesley preached for Mr. Whitefield, on Blackheath, to 14,000 people: on the 17th he preached to 7,000 on Moorfields. During the same month he wrote to his brother Charles an account of his ordinary and extraordinary call to preach the gospel everywhere. In August he had a long and animated conversation with the Bishop of Bristol on this subject, which Dr. Whitehead reports in full. On September 3rd his mother received the witness of the Spirit to her adoption; and on the 9th she accompanied her son to Kennington Common, and heard him preach to 20,000 people. At the end of November, and during December, the United Societies were formed in London.

1740. The details of the formation of the first Methodist Society in London, and the opening of the Foundry for Divine worship, will be found in the "History of City Road Chapel," published in 1872. In February, Mr. Wesley shows in his Journal that the Methodists were not Dissenters. On July 23rd the Foundry was first used for a religious service.

1741. In February, Mr. Wesley records some remarkable answers to prayer which he received. In March he had an interview with Mr. Whitefield, and after much plain conversation, they agreed to separate, as they preached different gospels, or differed in their views of the gospel.

1742. On February 15th, at Bristol, class-meetings were organised, and the rule was made for the members to assist the work of God by contributing "a penny a week and a shilling a quarter." In March, classes were originated in London. On April 9th the first watchnight service was held at the Foundry. In June, Mr. Wesley being refused permission to preach in Epworth Church, of which he might have been the rector had he chosen, he stood on his father's tomb, and preached to a large and delighted audience, amongst whom were some endeared friends and relations. Several times afterwards he preached standing on his father's tomb. The scene has been made memorable by numerous engravings, though not very accurate ones. In July, he witnessed the peaceful death of his mother, at the Foundry, in London, on the 23rd; and on Sunday, August 1st, he buried all that was mortal of his best earthly friend in Bunhill Fields, and preached by the open grave to an innumerable company, on "the dead, small and great, who shall stand before God."

The first authentic portrait of him now known is that by Williams, published in folio, in 1742, when Methodism was only two years old: a fine copy of that portrait is now before the writer. No words could accurately convey to the reader those pleasant sensations which a careful study of the engraving affords, representing as it does an exact portraiture of the founder of Methodism when he first commenced the work. Mr. Wesley thought so highly of that portrait that he had it engraved ten years afterwards as the frontispiece to his "Notes on the New Testament." The engraver was John Downs, one of his lay-preachers.

1743. On May 29, West Street Chapel, Seven Dials, was taken, and became the centre of Methodist influence for the west of London for nearly half a century. There his sister Emilia died in peace in 1750. In October of that year Mr. Wesley endured and wonderfully escaped from the horrors of the Wednesbury riots.

1744. Mr. Wesley commenced defending "the people called Methodists" from the attacks of ignorant newspaper writers, himself using the same medium.

1745. During this year another great change took place in Mr. Wesley's views and opinions. He read through carefully Lord King's "Account of Primitive Christianity," and that work convinced him that there was as much validity in Presbyterian Orders as in those of the Church of England or Rome. From that time all his High Church opinions were abandoned, and thenceforth he neither wrote nor published opinions which previously he had thought of vital importance, but which now and to the end of his life he opposed in every possible way. Believing himself to be as fully qualified as any bishop to ordain others to the office and work of the ministry, at a later period he ordained nearly a dozen of his preachers to administer the Sacrament, and to do all such other religious duties as are usually considered to pertain to ministers duly ordained. All Mr. Wesley's High Church opinions vanished before Lord King's facts and arguments, and ever afterwards he was as firm a Presbyterian as he had previously been an Episcopalian.

1746. The Moravians, hearing that his views were changed in some matters respecting the Established Church, tried to win over Mr. Wesley to their community. His reply to them is in these words: "I must insist on the right of private judgment. I cannot yield either implicit faith or obedience to any man, or number of men, under heaven." In December, he wrote at Lewisham, in less than a week, his "Lessons for Children."

1747. March 4. During the week Mr. Wesley read over with some young men instructions in rhetoric and ethics, believing that a young man of tolerable understanding may learn in six months more of solid philosophy than is commonly learned at Oxford in four years. Thus early in his public life did he seek to increase and extend the mental usefulness of the members of his Societies. During this year Mr. Wesley opened his public commission at Manchester by an outdoor service at Salford Cross.

1748. Visiting Epworth once more, Mr. Hay, the rector, gave Mr. Wesley the Sacrament in the old church. Methodism was making its way, and the work of God was so far progressing that "Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness are no more seen in the streets; cursing and swearing are rarely heard; wickedness hides its head already." After the evening service in the church, Mr. Wesley preached at the market-cross to almost the whole town. On August 16th, Mr. Wesley rode fifty miles, and preached four sermons out-of-doors—a fair day's work.

1749. During Lent, Mr. Wesley gathered around him seven-

teen of his lay-helpers at Kingswood, and read to them lectures on useful subjects every day, as he had previously done to his pupils at Oxford. He also gathered the children of his four schools to a weekly meeting, at which he gave them suitable and valuable instruction. So great was his desire to improve and instruct the young, that in his Journal, under different dates, there are more than a dozen entries of his efforts in this respect on their behalf. Here were the germs of the Methodist Schools and Theological Institutions of the present day.

1750. On February 9th, whilst holding a watchnight service at the Foundry, "about eleven o'clock," Mr. Wesley writes: "It came into my mind that this was the very day and hour in which, forty years ago, I was taken out of the flames [at Epworth]. I stopped, and gave a short account of that wonderful providence: the voice of prayer and praise with thanksgiving went up on high, and great was our rejoicing before the Lord." Such an allusion was made use of by Mr. Wesley to confirm the faith of his hearers, and to allay the commotion in their minds arising from the earthquake in London, the second shock of which was felt over all London the day previous to the watchnight service. During the same month Mr. Wesley was forbidden to visit the prisoners in Newgate, lest he should make the inmates *bad;* and he was denied admission to Bedlam, lest he should drive the inmates *mad*. This treatment in London was followed in May by the mob-and-mayor riots in Cork, but God took care of His servant. On June 15th he rode ninety miles in Ireland on one day.

1751. The subject of marriage had occupied John Wesley's serious attention on three or four occasions. When, through the interference of his brother Charles, he was deprived of Grace Murray, whom he had intended to marry, he determined not to ask his brother's advice again on that question, but early in 1751 he alarmed Charles by telling him "he was resolved to marry." Having formed an acquaintance with Mrs. Vazeille, a widow lady of ample fortune, he stated his intention to his friend the Rev. Vincent Perronet, who encouraged him in his purpose. Strangely enough, Mr. Wesley met the single young men at the Foundry, by invitation, just at that time, and advised those of them who could to "remain single for the kingdom of heaven's sake." On Sunday, February 10th, walking over London Bridge, Mr. Wesley slipped on the ice and fell, spraining his ankle. A surgeon bound up his leg, and he preached in West Street Chapel, hoping to preach in the evening at the Foundry; but the pain was so severe, he was carried to Mrs. Vazeille's residence in Threadneedle Street. Here he rested seven days, chiefly in writing a Hebrew Grammar. On Sunday, February 17th, he was carried to the

Foundry, and preached kneeling. Either on the Monday or Tuesday following he was married to Mrs. Vazeille, a lady seven years younger than himself. Mr. Wesley was forty-eight, his bride forty-one years old. On the day of his marriage, and the day following, he preached in London on his knees, being still unable to stand. A fortnight afterwards he was not able to walk, but started on his journey to Bristol.

Mr. Wesley was not happy in his choice of a wife. They lived together nearly twenty years, but not harmoniously. They carried on a protracted correspondence, the writer having seen and read many of their letters, most of which were friendly enough, and prove that Mrs. Wesley was a good business woman, and assisted in managing the book affairs at the Foundry. On January 23rd, 1771, she left the Foundry during his absence from London, and she never afterwards returned, on which event Mr. Wesley remarks, "Non eam reliqui: non dimisi: non revocabo." She left him, was not dismissed, and was not recalled. She lived more than ten years afterwards, and died at Camberwell, October 8th, 1781, and was buried in the churchyard of that parish on Friday, October 12th. Mr. Wesley returned to London just in time to be informed that Mrs. Wesley had been interred that afternoon at Camberwell. She left two children by her former husband, to whom Mr. Wesley showed marked kindness during his lifetime, and did not forget them in his will. The descendants of both these daughters were honourably connected with Methodism: the mother of Dr. W. W. Stamp, being one of them, and Mrs. Sundius, late of Stoke Newington, another. Many of Mrs. Wesley's letters to her husband are still preserved. For forty years a stone marked the place of her interment, but owing to public improvements that portion of the churchyard was many years ago taken to widen the highway, so that Mrs. Wesley's grave and stone have both disappeared. In consequence of this marriage, Charles Wesley withdrew from some of the active duties at the Foundry, which he had previously attended to with advantage to both himself and the people.

1752. Mr. Wesley took his accustomed journeys during the course of the year. With the close of the year he finished the preparation of his "Christian Library," a work which extended to fifty volumes, and on the printing of which he lost above £200. Mr. Wesley had serious trouble with his brother Charles and other clerical friends concerning separating from the Church. Finding himself entangled in this controversy, he at length cast aside the peril he saw before him, by saying, "Church or no Church, I must save souls."

1753. Illness, and that of a serious kind, overtook Mr. Wesley.

He resisted it as long as he could; but on November 26th, Dr. Fothergill ordered his immediate removal into the country, for fresh air, gentle exercise, and as much rest and freedom from care as possible. Retiring to Mr. Blackwell's, at Lewisham, he was not without apprehension that the end of his pilgrimage might be near, and to save needless panegyric he wrote for his tomb, in case it was required, the following epitaph:—

Here Lieth
THE BODY OF JOHN WESLEY.
A brand plucked out of the burning.
Who died of a consumption, in the fifty-first year
of his age,
Not leaving after his debts are paid
Ten pounds behind him:
Praying,
God be merciful to me an unprofitable sinner.

1754. On January 1st, Mr. Wesley returned to London unwell; on the 2nd he set out for Bristol, to try the hot wells. On the 4th, not being able to preach, he began writing his "Notes on the New Testament." They are chiefly condensed, with fine judgment and good taste, from Bengel, whose theological writings were in great favour with him. Perhaps Mr. Wesley would have preferred his accustomed travel and preaching; God saw otherwise. The enforced rest of his residence at the hot wells resulted in the production of those valuable Notes on Holy Scripture, which have doubtless done much more good to students of the Bible than would his preaching tours during that period, valuable though they were. The Notes were published in 1755; the preface is dated from the hot wells, January 4th, 1754. He also made an entirely new translation of the text of the New Testament, itself a work of no ordinary importance at that time. He returned to London in April.

1755. The first covenant service was held in London, in the French Church in Spitalfields. On August 6th, Mr. Wesley explained to the Society the nature of the service proposed. On the Friday following a fast was kept, and on the Monday the covenant service. The terms of the covenant proposed, Mr. Wesley read "in the words of that blessed man Richard Alleine: all the people stood up, in token of assent, to the number of about eighteen hundred." It was a hallowed service, the fruit of which Mr. Wesley said would remain for ever.

1756. Began with national agitation, which to Mr. Wesley was increased by the waywardness of two or three of his preachers. A great national fast was held on February 6th, and Charles Wesley wrote and published some special hymns for the occasion.

1757. In the early part of this year Mr. Wesley was again

seriously indisposed, and unable at times to preach. To meet the emergencies which arose in consequence, God answered his prayers in a remarkable manner on several occasions. In May, he preached to a large audience on the top of a mountain at Heptonstal, and in June he tried his utmost skill to break the prejudices of the Scotch against his outdoor preaching.

1758. In March, Mr. Wesley rode ninety miles in one day. In June he attended the learned and sanctified Thomas Walsh on his deathbed, wondering why a man possessed of gifts and graces of such high excellence should be snatched away so early. During this same month he preached to a colony of Germans in Ireland, known as the Palatinates. Soon afterwards part of them emigrated to America, and from amongst them originated the first Methodist Society in New York, with Barbara Heck as the directing spirit, and Philip Embury as the first preacher. From that little spark, see how great a fire is kindled on that vast continent! Mr. Wesley's consumptive symptoms again returned, but they were turned aside by Divine Providence. In December he had a painful contention with James Wheatley, one of his preachers at Norwich, and with his congregation. Rather than have strife, he let both preacher and people leave him, and he soon raised another Society in that city which was more true to Methodism.

1759. In June, Mr. Wesley preached at Sunderland against smuggling, which he had done before, and expelled non-complying members. In October he sought to relieve the sufferings of the French prisoners near Bristol. In November, he preached in Mr. Berridge's church at Everton, after which he records in his Journal his views on visions and trances, observing that God sometimes reveals His will to man by such means.

1760. Mr. Wesley began to give his thoughtful and serious attention to the doctrine of holiness, or sanctification, or Christian perfection. Previously, during his public ministry, he had inquired carefully into the lives and experience of those members in his Societies who professed to enjoy that great blessing, without finding anything to object to or oppose. In 1749, he selected some stanzas from the two volumes in his brother's "Psalms and Hymns," published in that year, which clearly embodied that deep Christian experience, and he gave particular prominence to them by publishing them in a pamphlet, and by quoting them in his sermons. In May, 1741, he met with one who enjoyed that experience, and he mentioned the case to his friend and instructor, Peter Böhler, who assured him that such experience was not attainable on this side heaven. That bold and dangerous statement seems to have in some way created so much caution in Mr. Wesley's mind, that he took great pains to

investigate the cases of such happy experience: sometimes he advised and instructed those who were thus blessed, but he never opposed or discredited their testimony. Indeed it was to a large extent the preaching and attaining to the experience of perfect love that made much of the success of the ministry of the early Methodist preachers. In proportion as the doctrine of holiness of heart and life has been faithfully preached and enforced, in such proportion has been the success of the gospel in not only winning souls for Christ, but in retaining them in His service, and extending their usefulness in the world.

A few notices of Mr. Wesley's remarks on this subject from his journals and letters during the last thirty years of his life, will place his views clearly before the reader.

On August 2nd, 1759, he talked with five men and six women at Rotherham who believed that they were saved from sin. This he believed, and he adds respecting them that "they rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks. I believe they feel nothing but love now; what they will do I leave to God."

At Leeds, March 12th, 1760, he called together as many as he could from the neighbouring towns, who believed they were saved from sin. He spent nearly the whole day in examining them one by one. Concerning the greatest part of them he found: first, that they feel no inward sin, and, to the best of their knowledge, commit no outward sin; second, they see and love God every moment, and pray, rejoice, and give thanks evermore; third, that they have constantly as clear a witness from God of sanctification as they have of justification. "In this I do and will rejoice."

In a letter dated May, 1763, he protests against "absolute or infallible perfection; or sinless perfection, such as enables a person to fulfil the whole law, and so needs not the merits of Christ." In another letter, dated May, 1765, he gives a summary of the manner in which the doctrine of Christian perfection was originated in his mind, and grew so that he continued to preach it. He sums up his own convictions in the words he used in 1738, as expressive of what he believed of the doctrine:—

> Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
> May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
> Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
> My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
> Strange flames far from my heart remove;
> My every act, thought, word, be Love.

In June, 1769, in another letter, he writes: "By Christian perfection I mean, first, loving God with all our heart; second, a heart and life all devoted to God; third, regaining the whole

image of God; fourth, having all the mind that was in Christ; fifth, walking uniformly as Christ walked." In 1770, he remarks further: "Perfect love and Christian liberty are the same thing. These two expressions are equally proper, being equally Scriptural. Most surely I insist on holiness in the creature, on good tempers, and sin destroyed. Holiness is the love of God and man, or the mind which was in Christ. Christ does not give light to the soul separate from, but in and with Himself." In 1776 he puts the matter in another form: "Entire sanctification, or Christian perfection, is neither more nor less than pure love; love expelling sin, and governing both the heart and life of a child of God. The refiner's fire purges out all that is contrary to love, and that many times by a pleasing smart." These are extracts of Mr. Wesley's belief concerning this doctrine. In addition to these he mentions not a few examples of persons whose lives were a constant testimony to the truth of the doctrine.

On Sunday, July 11th, 1779, Mr. Wesley preached at Overthorpe, and adds: "Good Alice Shadford was not there. She was long a mother in Israel, a burning and a shining light, an unexceptional instance of perfect love. After spending near a hundred years on earth she was transplanted to Paradise." This is one extreme of life. Take another from the opposite extreme. Travelling near Limerick, Ireland, Mr. Wesley records, under date of May 18th, 1785: "Learning that a little girl sat up all night, and then walked two miles to see me, I took her up into the chaise, and was surprised to find her continually rejoicing in God. The person with whom the preachers lodge informed me that she had been two years possessed of the pure love of God." If these are isolated instances, there are many to add to them, some of which will be found in the biographical sketches in the "History of City Road Chapel." There are many like the following. The day after Mr. Wesley entered on his eightieth year, he records: "I went on to Leeds, June 29th, and after preaching, met the Select Society, consisting of about sixty members, most of whom can testify that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" In 1760, as is shown on a previous page, he found this experience filling with peace and joy the members of his Societies. In 1782, the holy fire was still burning on the altar of their hearts, and destroying all the roots and seeds of sin. After the lapse of a century, Leeds is not without living witnesses of the power of Divine grace to cleanse the heart from all sin. Happily, faith in and experience of this doctrine is spreading in many parts of Great Britain, in some foreign mission stations, and extensively in the United States of America.

1761. An example of Mr. Wesley's readiness and willingness to work for Christ he records under date of May 4th. Walking in the quadrangle, to see the hall of King's College, in Old Aberdeen, he saw a company of ladies and gentlemen, who seemed to be conversing together. At length one of the gentlemen said to Mr. Wesley, "We came last night to the College Close, but could not hear you, and should be extremely obliged if you will give us a short discourse here." Without delay, Mr. Wesley preached a short sermon to them from "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself."

1762. Visiting Ireland in July, Mr. Wesley records: "I found three or four and forty in Dublin who seemed to enjoy the pure love of God. At least forty of these had been set at liberty within four months. Some others who had received the same blessing had removed to other parts. A larger number had found remission of sins." In September he was in the west of England, where he writes: "September 15th.—The more I converse with the believers in Cornwall, the more I am convinced that they have sustained great loss for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian perfection clearly and strongly enforced. I see, wherever this is not done, believers grow dead and cold. This can be prevented by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of being perfected in love.

1764. Under date of July 7th, Mr. Wesley, on arriving at Manchester, writes: "I preached in the evening with difficulty, my voice being weak. I had preached three times a day for ten days, and many of the times out-of-doors." Seeing some of the members in prosperous circumstances, he writes: "I gave all our brethren a solemn warning not to love the world nor the things of the world. This is one way whereby Satan will surely try to overthrow the work of God. Riches swiftly increase on many Methodists: if they set their hearts upon them, the life of God vanishes away." This warning cry he raised repeatedly in Bristol, London, and other large Societies, seeing how many who became rich either misappropriated their wealth or departed from Christ.

1765. Visiting Ireland in the summer, at Derry a friend put into Mr. Wesley's hands a copy of the conversation his grandfather John Wesley had with the Bishop of Bristol nearly a century before, and which he had not before seen. He inserts it in his Journal. Reaching Dublin in July, after holding the Conference, he yielded to the earnest desire of a friend, and sat to Mr. Hunter for his portrait. He sat from ten till half-past one, in which time the face was completed, and was "a most striking likeness."

On October 28th, 1765, Mr. Wesley writes: "I breakfasted

with Mr. Whitefield, who seemed to be an old, old man, being fairly worn out in his Master's service, though he has hardly seen fifty years. Yet it pleases God that I, who am now in my sixty-third year, find no disorder, no weakness, no decay, no difference from what I was at five and twenty, only that I have fewer teeth, and more grey hairs."

1766. In February, Mr. Wesley dined with Mr. Welsh, the father of the Society for Reformation of Manners, on behalf of which both John Wesley and his father preached and collected money. That valuable Society was extinguished through a wicked perjurer.

1767. In August, Mr. Wesley travelled one hundred and ten miles in one day: on the road he read the "History of Palmyra" and Norden's "Travels in Egypt and Abyssinia."

1767. Reaching Birmingham on March 19th, Mr. Wesley, after preaching, "was pleased to see George Bridgins, a venerable monument of antiquity, aged one hundred and six years, who walked to the preaching, and retains his senses and understanding. What a dream will even a life of a hundred years appear to him the moment he awakes in eternity!" Hearing that his wife was ill of fever, Mr. Wesley travelled post-haste to London, reached the Foundry by one o'clock in the morning, August 14th. Finding the fever was turned, and the danger over, he waited an hour to rest, then, at two in the morning, he started for Bristol, arriving there in the afternoon.

1769. In January, Mr. Wesley writes in his Journal an account of Lydia Vandome, who died on the 27th, of whom he says: "Such a living and dying witness of the perfect love of God, which she enjoyed for eight and twenty years, one would think sufficient to silence all the doubts and objections of reasonable and candid men." On February 6th he met with a venerable woman in London nearly ninety years old, retaining her health, senses, understanding, and memory. She remembered his grandfather Dr. Annesley in the previous century, and, with her father, had dined with the doctor every Thursday for some years. She remembered often seeing him in his study at the top of the house, with the window open, without any fire, winter or summer.

1770. In March, Mr. Wesley records his experience, extending over thirty years, that by riding with a slack rein only two instances occurred of his horse falling or stumbling. He rode, reading, with the reins loose on his horse's neck, and in that way he had ridden on horseback more than 100,000 miles, reading constantly by day. In September he preached in Gwennap Pit to 20,000 persons. On a subsequent occasion he had at the same place 22,000 persons. In October, by desire

of the Bristol Society, John and Charles Wesley agreed to administer the Lord's Supper in that city every other Sunday. In November, by desire of Mr. Whitefield's friends, Mr. Wesley preached at Tottenham Court Road Chapel, and at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, a funeral sermon for that prince of preachers. During the same year Mr. Wesley prepared and published what is known as the "Large Minutes."

1771. January 23rd, Mrs. Wesley left her husband, and never returned. She was an erratic, passionate woman, with impaired judgment, and her going away was a great help to the life-work of her husband. In May, he records meeting with a family so intelligent and so lovingly united, that he had seen nothing like it since he left his father's house. In the summer of the same year he had that fierce controversy with Lady Huntingdon and her followers, which led to a more decided separation between the Calvinists and the Arminians. Numerous pamphlets were written on both sides, and Mr. Fletcher wrote and published his "Checks to Antinomianism," in defence of Mr. Wesley and his doctrines. In December, Charles Wesley prevailed on his brother John to sit once more for his portrait, on which occasion John wrote: "This melancholy employment always reminds me of that natural reflection,—

> Behold, what frailty we in man may see!
> His shadow is less given to change than he."

1772. In February, Mr. Wesley read a book by an honest Quaker against slavery, which he described as "the sum of all villanies." In April, the city of Perth, in a most honourable manner, presented to Mr. Wesley the freedom of that city.

1773. In London, after the covenant service was held, Mr. Wesley began reading over his letters and papers. One letter was written by his great-grandfather Bartholomew Wesley, in 1619, to her he was to marry in a few days. There were some letters written by himself and his brothers when at school and at college to their parents, which his mother had taken to the Foundry, and left there when she died. "These," says Mr. Wesley, "abundantly testify what was our aim from our youth up." They had probably not before been opened since his mother's death. Some of the letters then read by Mr. Wesley are still preserved.

1774. In January, Mr. Wesley sat to have his effigy taken in wax, to be exhibited in Mrs. Wright's Museum in New York, with that of Mr. G. Whitefield. On June 20th, Mr. Wesley, in the north of England, visited Mrs. Smith, one of Mrs. Wesley's daughters, who was married, and resided at Newcastle. Mr. Wesley, Mr. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and their two daugh-

ters Mary and Jane, were in a carriage, when the horses took fright and galloped off furiously. In a few minutes they passed safely through what seemed to be nearly a dozen hair-breadth escapes of instant death. It is a marvellous record, but one of many in which God interfered mercifully to save Mr. Wesley's life. Under date of November 5th, Mr. Wesley records the happy and remarkable death of John Downs, of whose extraordinary genius he gives, amongst others, the following account: "Thirty years ago [1744], while I was shaving, J. Downs was whittling the top of a stick. I inquired what he was doing, and he answered, 'I am taking your face, which I intend to engrave on a copper-plate.'" Accordingly, without any instruction, he first made himself tools, and then engraved the plate. The second picture which he engraved was that which was prefixed to the "Notes on the New Testament." This was a copy of the first portrait known of Mr. Wesley, published in 1742.

1775. The only incident in Mr. Wesley's life during this year, of more than ordinary interest, is one of severe illness. During a tour in Ireland he slept out-of-doors, with his face to the ground, in Mr. Lark's orchard, Cockhill, in the hot weather; which he says he had been accustomed to do for forty years without ever being injured by it. He was slow to admit that old age had arrived; he was now seventy-two, and thought by struggling against the first symptoms of the fever by reading, preaching, journeying, and diversion, to throw off the effects. He was this time disappointed; the fever increased upon him, under the influence of which he was insensible for some days; but prayer was made for him, the dangerous symptoms passed away, and he recovered with extraordinary rapidity, and resumed his labours. He was at Derry-Aghy, near Lisburn, when the illness set in worst, and his attached friend, Joseph Bradford, was with him, and attended to his wants. Joseph Bradford's faithful services were ever appreciated by Mr. Wesley. During the same year Mr. Wesley published his "Calm Address to the American Colonies," then at war with England. His friends wondered why he sent out that tract. In reply, he said he did it, "not to get money, nor preferment, nor to please any man living, nor to inflame any; but to contribute my mite to try and put out the flame which rages all over the land."

In 1776 an order was issued by the Government to all persons suspected to have silver plate on which duty was not paid. His Majesty's Commissioners of Excise sent one of these orders to Mr. Wesley, requiring an immediate return of all the silver plate he had. Mr. Wesley replied at once; and on the back of the original order he wrote a copy of his reply. It is dated May, 1776, and is as follows:—

SIR,—I have two silver teaspoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread.—I am, sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

Good Health

On June 28th of this year, Mr. Wesley writes: "I am seventy-three years old, and far abler to preach than I was at twenty-three. What natural means has God used to produce so wonderful an effect? First, continual exercise and change of air, by travelling above four thousand miles in a year; second, rising at four every morning; third, the ability to sleep at will; fourth, the never losing a night's sleep in my life; fifth, two violent fevers and two deep consumptions (these were rough medicines, but they caused my flesh to come again as the flesh of a little child); lastly, evenness of temper. I feel and grieve, but, by the grace of God, I fret at nothing. God doeth this in answer to many prayers."

At the Conference, the last day, August 9th, was "observed with fasting and prayer for our own nation, and for our brethren in America." Mr. Wesley had on other occasions shown his deep interest in the American Methodists by sending them £50 to help them when they began, and by sending them from England two suitable men, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pillmoor, to help them in their work. On August 13th, Mr. Wesley first met with Dr. Coke, "late Gentleman Commoner of Jesus College, Oxford, who came twenty miles on purpose" to meet Mr. Wesley. A union then began which never will end.

Mr. Wesley's views of class-meetings are thus plainly expressed in a letter to the preacher at Newcastle, dated September, 1776: "Our rule is to meet in class once a week, not once in two or three. I will give tickets to none in February, when I see you, but those that have done this. Go you and do likewise. Promises to meet are now out of date: those that have not met seven times in the quarter, exclude. Warn them that next quarter you will exclude all that have not met twelve times, unless lawfully hindered."

1777. Mr. Wesley writes to a friend, and says: "Though I am always in haste I am never in a hurry. I never undertake more work than I can go through with calmness of spirit. I travel four or five thousand miles in a year, chiefly reading, yet I find time to visit the sick and the poor; and I must do it if I believe in the Bible: these are the marks by which the Great Shepherd of Israel will know His sheep." On April 1st the foundation stone was laid of the new chapel in the City Road, of which ample details will be found in the History and Associations of that edifice. In November, Mr. Wesley issued the prospectus of the *Arminian Magazine*, which was commenced in the following

January, and which has been continued, monthly, without any intermission, for more than ninety-eight years. It is the oldest magazine with uninterrupted continuance now in existence, and is a valuable storehouse of riches for the mind, and godly examples for the life.

1778. On November 1st, City Road Chapel was opened, and soon afterwards the house in the chapel yard was built for and occupied by Mr. Wesley, and in which he died some thirteen years afterwards. On November 4th, Mr. Wesley, for five miles, out-walked the stage-coach, whilst travelling in Kent, though he was in his seventy-fifth year. On December 20th he buried all that was mortal of his friend, Silas Told (once the Foundry schoolmaster), the prison visitor, and evangelist.

1779. On August 8th, the last service was held in the Foundry, after which it fell into decay. The last remnant of it was pulled down a few years ago. In November, Mr. Wesley tried to allay the strife at Bath which had arisen between Mr. Smythe, an Irish clergyman, and Mr. McNab: a painful business.

1780. Two occurrences in this year require to be noticed. Some friends had written to Mr. Wesley, desiring him to select a young man of piety, wisdom, and understanding, and send him out to America, ordained by one of the English bishops. Having a personal knowledge of Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, Mr. Wesley asked this favour of him, and was refused. Thereupon, on August 10th, he wrote a long letter to the bishop, pointing out to him the great evil he had done to spiritual religion in America by that refusal. Before finishing his letter, Mr. Wesley thus plainly writes his mind: "Your lordship did not see good to ordain [the pious young man I recommended], but your lordship did see good to ordain and send into America other persons who knew something of Greek and Latin, but knew no more of saving souls than of catching whales. In this respect I mourn for poor America." Driven by stern necessity, Mr. Wesley, aided by two of his own curates, who were ordained clergymen, himself ordained and set apart Dr. Coke to go to America and undertake the duties which the people asked to have performed. Out of this action arose the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, with its staff of Presbyterian ordained bishops, its universities, colleges, and schools, and with an extended agency for spreading the gospel, which is far outstripping the Episcopalian ordained clergy, in the value and extent of its spiritual labours. If Bishop Lowth was both blind and deaf to the call of Divine Providence to help in that work, John Wesley both heard and saw the call of God; and he acted with decision and energy, though he did not wish to grieve the English Church by using the word

"bishop," so he desired the Americans to use the word "superintendent." This they did for a time, but by common consent they adopted the former, and ordained bishops are now doing in America as effectively the good work in the Methodist Church as the Episcopalian ordained bishops are in England. Which ordination is most valid? By their fruits let both be judged righteously.

The second event of importance in that year was the publishing of the collection of "Hymns for the People called Methodists." This volume, so carefully and judiciously prepared, has continued to be used by the United Societies in England and on the mission-stations for ninety-five years. Eternity only can reveal the extent of the blessings which that book has conferred on the people of God. The copyright of the book having been permitted to lapse quite recently, the good old book, with its thousands of precious memories, is now being replaced by another, more extended in its scope, and more varied in its contents, to suit the requirements of the present time. A large amount of interesting and instructive information respecting this work will be found in a popular volume, entitled, "The Methodist Hymn-book and its Associations," of which several thousand copies were sold in a short time, and it has been reprinted.

1781. The elasticity of Mr. Wesley's body and mind he again mentions under date of June 28th: "This day I enter into my seventy-ninth year, and by the grace of God feel no more of the infirmities of age than I did at twenty-nine. I preached at Crowle and Epworth on the 29th. I have now preached thrice a day for seven days following, but it is just the same as if it had been but once." His letters show that just at that time his mind and pen were both occupied with thoughts on the Ministry of Angels.

1782. On May 11th and 12th, Mr. Wesley was again at Epworth. His attachment to the place where he was born was most natural and proper. His delight on this visit scarce knew any bounds, for a great revival had broken out there, which for interest or importance had not been exceeded either in Bristol, Leeds, or London. To fan the holy flame, Mr. Wesley remained there over Sunday, residing, as was his wont, with William Hutton, mercer and grocer, a man in good repute in the town. He held outdoor services in the market-place, at which nearly the whole town, and a multitude from the country, were present. He describes the assembly as a "huge congregation, and the Lord was in the midst of them during the preaching. The love-feast which followed exceeded all. I never knew such a one here before. As soon as one had done speaking another began. Several of them were children, but they spake with the wisdom

of the aged, though with the fire of youth." The next day he preached at Thorne to the largest congregation he had ever seen there. "The flame of Epworth had spread hither also: in seven weeks fifty persons have found peace with God." Thus was the servant of God honoured even in his own native town and county.

In the preceding year, 1781, Mr. Wesley sat again for his likeness. At Burslem, in Staffordshire, he found a young man, named Enoch Wood, possessed of great natural skill in modelling from the life. Pleased with his ability, Mr. Wesley gave him five hourly sittings at different times. On the last occasion Joseph Bradford was with him, and adjusted on his head his best wig. Soon as the promised hour had expired, Mr. Wesley, who had been reading all the time, rose and stood behind the artist, to examine his work. "It is too gloomy for me," said Mr. Wesley. "The fault is yours, sir." "How? how?" said Mr. Wesley, promptly. "Why, sir, you would always sit reading. If you will give me your eye for five minutes I can correct that fault." "You shall have it." With watch in hand the five minutes were given; then, taking his place again behind the artist, he said, approvingly, "If you touch it again, you'll mar it." Mr. Wood, some years afterwards, showed to Dr. Adam Clarke a copy of this bust. Every wrinkle, dimple, and vein of the face and forehead are marked with minute accuracy. The doctor was so pleased with the fidelity of the likeness of his friend, that he obtained the loan of the original mould from Mr. Wood, and had a bust cast in solid brass, so as to preserve from destruction so exact a representation of the good and great man to future generations. The bronze bust was lent by Dr. Clarke to the sculptor who chiselled the marble statue of John Wesley now in the entrance hall of Richmond College, and from it the face and head of Mr. Wesley were obtained. The unique and original bronze bust of Mr. Wesley is in possession of the writer. It should be in some public institution. A very fine lithographic engraving from this bust, one of the finest specimens of the art, was published some years ago, the drawing for which was finished by Enoch Wood himself in advanced life. It is a valuable and correct portrait of Mr. Wesley at the age of eighty. The engraving has long been scarce.

1783. Part of the months of June and July Mr. Wesley passed most pleasantly in Holland, having been invited to that country by Mr. Ferguson, a friend of his who had removed thither from the City Road Society in London. In 1786 he again visited that country, the former visit having made him many friends in all classes of society, who desired to renew their acquaintance with the venerable preacher. In November he

paid a visit to his friend Mr. Perronet, of Shoreham. On that occasion he makes this remark: "In the year 1769 I weighed one hundred and twenty-two pounds: in the year 1783 I weighed not a pound more nor a pound less. I doubt if another such instance is to be found in Great Britain."

1784. On February 28th, Mr. Wesley enrolled his Deed of Declaration, by which the legal continuance of Methodism and the Methodist Conference is secured in perpetuity. The deed is printed in detail in Whitehead's "Life of Wesley" (vol. ii.), under date. It was further confirmed at the Conference of 1785. Several preachers whose names were not included in the hundred named in the deed, as the first legal hundred, tried to divide the Societies on the question, but instead of that they divided themselves from Methodism. Travelling in Scotland on May 10th, Mr. Wesley walked twelve miles, at the age of eighty-two, without any sense of fatigue. In September of this year, Mr. Wesley wrote the letter to the American Methodists which determined them in electing to become an Episcopal Church with bishops and deacons—Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury being their first bishops. This was finally determined by the Conference held at Baltimore, in January, 1785. During the same week in which Mr. Wesley wrote that important letter to America, he makes this interesting entry in his Journal: "Sunday, September 12th.—I hastened to Kingswood, and preached under the shade of that double row of trees which I planted about forty years ago. The sun shone as hot as it used to do in Georgia, but his rays could not pierce our canopy: in the mean time the Lord shone upon many souls, and refreshed them that were weary." Though an old man of fourscore years, his preaching had lost none of its power or attraction. The following interesting record is gratifying evidence: "Tuesday, June 8th.—At Stockton-on-Tees I found an uncommon work of God among the children. I preached at noon from 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.' As soon as I came down from the desk I was inclosed by a body of children from six to fourteen, who fell upon their knees until they were all kneeling; so I kneeled down myself and began to pray for them. The fire kindled and ran from heart to heart till few, if any, were unaffected. Is not this a new thing in the earth? God begins His work in children."

1785. Two of Mr. Wesley's most endeared friends entered into rest this year. On May 9th, he records: "On this day that venerable and holy man, the Rev. V. Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, entered into the joy of his Lord, in the ninety-second year of his age." Charles Wesley, speaking of him at that time, calls him "our archbishop." Mr. Perronet attended the Methodist preaching to the end of his days, and all his family were members of

the Methodist Society. On August 14th, the Rev John Fletcher, of Madeley, died, aged fifty-six. Soon as Mr. Wesley returned from his long summer journey, he preached a funeral sermon for him in City Road Chapel, on November 6th. No two men apart from his own family were more useful to or beloved by Mr. Wesley than these two eminently holy ministers.

1786. In June, Mr. Wesley preached three times and travelled seventy-six miles in one day, at the age of eighty-three. In July, at the Conference, he recommended his Societies to use the abridged Common Prayer Book, which he had published a short time previously. In December, Mr. Wesley makes this entry in his Journal: "Thursday, December 7th.—All the time to the end of the week I spent in transcribing the [names of the members of the] Society; a dull but necessary work, which I have taken upon myself for near these fifty years." He began the work in 1742, so that it was only forty-four years. It shows the interest he took in the work of God to transcribe the names of the members in the London Society annually for nearly half a century. What an interesting record would that have been had it been preserved.

1787. At Bolton, in July, Mr. Wesley was delighted with the eight hundred poor children taught in the Sunday-schools there. "One hundred of them who are taught singing form the choir, and the harmony of their voices was such as could not be equalled in the King's Chapel." In April, 1788, he heard them sing again, and remarks of it: "The spirit with which they all sing so suits the melody that I defy any to exceed it, except the singing of angels in our Father's house." In the same year Mr. Wesley met that good man John Howard, the philanthropist, "I think one of the greatest men in Europe." They held each other in mutually high esteem. Just before Mr. Howard left London on his last journey he called at Mr. Wesley's house with his last published report, hoping to take a farewell of his friend, but he was from home. Their next meeting was in heaven, and not very long afterwards.

1788. At the Conference Mr. Wesley had a long conversation respecting the Church, and the relation of Methodism thereto. He shows that in all the points in which they varied from the Church they had done it out of necessity, not from choice, slowly and warily, point by point. "We did none of these things, out-door preaching, extempore prayer, forming societies, holding conferences, and employing lay preachers, till we were convinced we could no longer omit them." From that Conference he issued the first address to the Societies. This annual address now forms an important feature in the Conference proceedings. His brother Charles died during that year.

1789. On January 25th, one Mrs. Tollemaque persuaded Mr. Wesley to sit once more for his portrait, concerning which he writes: "Mr. Romney is a painter indeed: he struck off an exact likeness at once, and did more in one hour than Sir Joshua did in ten." This portrait has been both engraved and photographed. The Rev. George Stringer Rowe was the last reported owner of the original painting. On January 9th, Mr. Wesley completed his will, and added a codicil, to give a few legacies, "to be paid as soon as may be;" but when he died there was not left money enough to pay those legacies. Sunday, March 21st, he called a day of rest, because he had to preach only twice. On October 8th he records: "My sight is so decayed that I cannot well read by candlelight, but I can write as well as ever."

1790. On January 1st, Mr. Wesley writes: "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim, my right hand shakes; but I can preach, and write still." On February 14th, West Street Chapel was filled with little children, to whom he preached once more. During the year he makes various entries in his journals and letters to indicate how much he feels his natural force abated. During this year the general minutes from 1744 to 1789 were published. On March 16th he wrote his last sermon. On October 7th he preached at Winchelsea, for the last time in the open air. On October 24th he made the last entry in his Journal, with some affecting reflections.

1791. Mr. Wesley commenced this year visiting places in and near London, preaching as usual, and meeting the Society afterwards, exhorting them to love as brethren, fear God, and honour the king. His latest services he usually concluded by having the following verse sung:—

> Oh, that without a lingering groan
> I may the welcome word receive;
> My body with my charge lay down,
> And cease at once to work and live.

He then prepared for his usual journey through Ireland, and sent his carriage and horses to Bristol, to await his coming there. The end, however, was drawing near. The following is the summary of his duties for the last fortnight of his life:—

February 17th. Preached at Lambeth; returned unwell.

Friday, February 18th. Preached at Chelsea, but he had to stop, and apologise to the people.

Saturday, February 19th. Dined at Islington, and asked Mr. Brackenbury to take the evening service at City Road.

Sunday, February 20th. Unwell; had two sermons read to him at home.

Monday, February 21st. Dined at Twickenham with Miss Wesley and Miss Ritchie.

Tuesday, February 22nd. Dined with Mr. Horton at Islington; preached at City Road in the evening for the last time.

Wednesday, February 23rd. Visited Leatherhead with Mr. Rogers; preached in the dining-room of the house in which he dined. This was his last sermon.

Thursday, February 24th. Spent the day at Balham with Mr. George Wolff, and wrote his famous letter to Mr. Wilberforce against slavery.

Friday, February 25th. Mrs. Wolff drove Mr. Wesley to his house in the City Road.

Saturday, February 26th, was spent chiefly in sleep.

Sunday, February 27th. Changed for the worse: Miss Ritchie and Mr. Bradford constantly in attendance. The latter wrote to a few of the preachers in London the following laconic letter, dated from City Road: "Mr. Wesley is very ill; pray, pray, pray." Prayers were indeed made that day for him.

Monday, February 28th, his weakness increased. He said during the day, "There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus."

Tuesday, March 1st. He sang two verses; then tried to write, but could not. Miss Ritchie asked to write for him. He replied: "God is with us." He then sang the verse commencing, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath." Later in the day he repeated twice, "The best of all is, God is with us." In the course of that day, and during the night following, he gave expression to nearly a score short sentences indicating his reliance on God and his great peace of mind.

Wednesday, March 2nd. A few minutes before ten o'clock in the morning he faintly said, "Farewell, farewell!" and without a sigh or groan, whilst Joseph Bradford was repeating the words, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," etc., the spirit was released, and he calmly fell on sleep, as peacefully as an infant slumbers. Eight endeared friends were standing round his bed when he expired, who, immediately the spirit was gone, united in singing the hymn commencing,—

> Waiting to receive thy spirit,
> Lo, the Saviour stands above.

Just as he expired his nephew Samuel Wesley was knocking at the door for admission: he entered the house whilst the hymn of release was being sung.

His body lay in state one day in the chapel at City Road; his face had a sweet smile upon it, which thousands noticed and admired. He was interred in the ground behind the chapel, at

five in the morning of March 9th, by torchlight. A vast crowd gathered on the occasion; it was a solemn service. At ten the same morning Dr. Whitehead preached a funeral sermon for him. He was in his eighty-eighth year.

In 1828 his coffin was found to be decayed; so the body was enclosed in a strong oak case, with his portrait framed on the lid, and then placed in a stone sarcophagus, there to await the resurrection of the just. Ample details of his life, work, death, and funeral will be found in the "History of City Road Chapel."

The life-work of John Wesley was to preach the gospel; to unite in fellowship all who had a desire to flee from the wrath to come; to find a sphere of usefulness for every member in his Societies, and to have them always at work; and to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land. A few figures will exhibit a portion of the results of his labours, and those of his followers. The first statistics were made up in 1767; those of 1790 show the number of Methodists at the time of his death.

Methodists.		Circuits.	Preachers.	Members.
In England in	1767 ...	41 ...	104 ...	25,911
In England in	1770 ...	50 ...	123 ...	29,406
In the World in	1780 ...	84 ...	213 ...	52,334
In the World in	1790 ...	240 ...	541 ...	134,549
In Great Britain in	1875 ...	659 ...	1,353 ...	358,062
In North America in	1874 ...	14,989 ...	23,551 ...	1,563,521

Taking a summary of totals as presented in 1875 by the Conferences of Great Britain, France, Canada, and Australia; North and South America, and the five branch Churches of Methodism, we obtain the following, the hearers only being taken as double the number of members:—

Total Sunday-scholars	3,675,637
Total Members in Society	3,704,193
Total Hearers only	7,408,386
Adherents of Methodism in 1875	14,788,216

What hath God wrought! (Num. xxiii. 23.) Well might Mr. Wesley exclaim, when dying, "*The best of all is, God is with us.*"

SON—SMOTHERED BY HIS NURSE.

Sixteenth Child.

Every available source has been applied to for information to complete the list of the Wesleys of Epworth. The following particulars respecting one child will be new to nearly all readers. About the eighth day of May, 1705, Mrs. Wesley gave birth to a son, who has been omitted from the family record by previous biographers. All that we know respecting this child is contained in the rector's letter to the Archbishop of York, in which he gives details of the election at Epworth in May, 1705. The letter is dated June 7th, 1705, and proceeds as follows:—

"I went to Lincoln on Tuesday night, May 29th, and the election began on Wednesday, 30th. A great part of the night our Isle people kept drumming, shouting, and firing of pistols and guns under the window where my wife lay, who had been brought to bed not three weeks before. I had put the child to nurse over against my own house; the noise kept his nurse waking till one or two in the morning. Then they left off, and the nurse being heavy to sleep, overlaid the child. She waked, and finding it dead, ran over with it to my house almost distracted, and calling my servants, threw it into their arms. They, as wise as she, ran up with it to my wife, and before she was well awake, threw it cold and dead into hers. She composed herself as well as she could, and that day got it buried."

Such is the brief history of the sixteenth child of the Wesleys of Epworth. The interment, it would appear, took place during the absence of the rector at Lincoln, so that the dead child, taken home in the early morning, was buried in the evening, the mother only having to superintend the melancholy business, with probably not one of her neighbours to show her any sympathy, which the excitement of the election might in part excuse; yet they had but little regard for the good rector and his family.

MARTHA WESLEY—MRS. HALL.

Eighth Daughter and Seventeenth Child.

Martha Wesley inherited all the excellencies, social, moral, and spiritual, which appertained to the family of which she was such an honoured member. Neither the month nor the year of her birth are with certainty known. She died in July, 1791, about four months after her brother John, and her body was laid by his side in the same grave. On the tablet over the grave she is said to be in her eighty-fifth year, which leaves a margin between the autumn of 1706 and the spring of 1707 as the period of her birth. Although her life was one of such heavy and protracted trial, yet, excepting only her brother John, she lived longer than any others of the family, as is shown in the table on page 65. She was the last survivor of the Epworth Wesleys.

When the old rectory was burnt in 1709 she was only in her third year, and for a year following she was under the care of friends, but where is not recorded. Considering the tender age of Charles and Martha, then the two youngest children, it seems reasonable to conclude that they were with friends at Epworth, near their parents.

Her sisters used to say that Martha was her mother's favourite, and Charles, who was about a year younger than Martha, expressed his "wonder that so wise a woman as his mother could give way to such a partiality, or did not better conceal it." Charles was too young to form a correct opinion on the matter. This seems confirmed by the explanation of the whole matter left on record by Martha herself, who said: "What my sisters call partiality was what they might all have enjoyed if they had wished it, which was permission to sit in my mother's chamber when disengaged, to listen to her conversation with others, and to her remarks on things and books out of school-hours."

In 1712, when five years old, she was admitted to the discipline of her mother's school, where she had the companionship of her five elder sisters. For two years her brother John, and four years

her brother Charles, were also associated with them. During the year 1712, John and four of the five sisters had the smallpox; whether Martha was the one who escaped the disease is not recorded, but judging from her feebleness in early life she was probably one of the four. Her attachment to her brother John was very great, and it is recorded that "from her earliest infancy, when a helpless child in the arms, afflicted and moaning with pain, the sight of this beloved brother immediately calmed and cheered her, causing her to forget her suffering."

John Wesley and his sister Martha embodied so much gravity, sobriety, and wisdom in their life and deportment, that even in childhood they were grave, if not always wise. This strong characteristic in Martha is indicated in the following incident. One day entering the nursery when all the children, excepting Patty, were in high glee and frolic, the mother said, but not as a rebuke, "You will all be more serious one day." Martha, looking at her mother, said, "Shall I be more serious, ma'am?" "No!" emphatically replied their mother.

When the noises were disturbing the inmates of the rectory-house in 1716, Martha was a child of ten years, and in all the accounts written of them, the name of Patty (as Martha was usually called) occurs only twice. Emilia, in the long account she wrote of them to her brother Samuel, February 11th, 1716–17, says: "One time little Kezzy [six years old], pretending to scare Patty [ten years old], as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it [the ghost] answered with three knocks, just in the same place." Anne, in her account to John, dated September 10th, says, "One night she was sitting on the press-bed playing at cards with some of my sisters, when my sisters Molly, Hetty, Patty, and Kezzy were in the room, and Robert Brown. The bed on which my sister Nancy sat was lifted up, with her on it. She leapt down, and said surely old Jeffrey would not run away with her."

The dispersion of the children on account of the burning of the rectory led to Susanna and Mehetabel being sent for to London. Afterwards, in 1720, when about fourteen years old, Patty also was sent there, and uncomplainingly she gave up the pleasant associations of home, and her attachment to her mother, to reside with her father's brother Matthew. Surrounded by religious advantages and ordinances at home, she found herself in bondage in her uncle's family, where it is said there were none of a religious turn. Her uncle did not oppose any obstacles to the gratification of her religious feelings, so that she often attended the services at St. Paul's Cathedral, and at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, near to which her uncle resided; yet otherwise she was there, far from home and its benign

influences, without help in sacred things. Occasionally she visited her brother Samuel at Westminster. She returned to Epworth in about three years, though her stay was not long there. In the summer of 1724 she sent the following note to her attached brother :—

MARTHA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

September 10th, 1724.

DEAR BROTHER,—I would not have you think I have forgot you because I have not writ to you, for I can assure you it was not out of any want of love to you, but because I was unwilling to put you to the charge of paying the postage of a letter from me; for I shall never forget one kindness you did me when at Wroote, and I should be very glad to see you again, but I doubt I must not hope to enjoy that satisfaction a great while yet. Sister Hetty is at Kelstein, and sends us word she lives very well. Sister Nancy, I believe, will marry John Lambert: perhaps you may not have forgotten him since you saw him at Wroote. I should be very glad if you would give yourself the trouble of writing a long letter to me, which would exceedingly oblige your sincere friend and affectionate sister, MARTHA WESLEY.

Not wishful for her to remain at home unoccupied, her father made arrangements, soon after the above note was written, that she should act as companion to Mrs. Grantham, a lady residing at Kelstein, at which place Mehetabel was a teacher, and probably in the same family. Her removal from home was the more urgently desired because of an attachment which had been formed between Mr. Romley, a teacher at Wroote, where Mr. Wesley was residing, and Martha. She was eighteen years of age, had finished her education, had extended her knowledge of life and the world by a residence in London, and now her first love affair was to be broken off by sending her away from the object of her attachment. How much she felt this separation, and how entirely she confided all the secrets and desires of her heart to her brother John, will be best shown by the following original letter, which none of her previous biographers have seen :—

MARTHA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

To the Rev. John Wesley, Commoner of Christ Church, Oxford.

March 7th, 1725.

DEAR BROTHER JACK, — I had answered your very obliging letter long before now, only your particular inquiry into Romley's affair put me upon so melancholy a task that you cannot wonder that I so long deferred the performance. You know that my father forbade him his house upon account of the old song when you were at Wroote, since which time I have never seen Romley. He wrote me several times since, and we held a secret correspondence together for a little time before I came to Kelstein. I desire you would not be inquisitive how the intrigue broke off; the bare mention of it is much, much more than I can bear. My father came to Kelstein Christmas twelvemonth, and proffered me to wait on Mrs. Grantham. She accepted it, and my father promised Mr. Grantham that I should come hither before I knew a word of it. When I did know, it was in vain for me to endeavour to per-

suade my parents not to send me: they were resolutely bent upon my journey, so I came, very much against my consent, and had far rather have gone to my grave. Dear Jack, I think I may write freely to you, for I have such an opinion of your generosity and good-nature, that I hope you will neither upbraid me with my weakness yourself, nor betray me to those who will—I mean our family. Though I am sensible of the great folly of complaining where the grievance admits of no remedy, yet I find that misery and complaint are almost inseparable in our sex, and I have often concealed my uneasiness to the hazard of sense and life for want of some friend to condole and advise with me. I am in a great measure careless what becomes of me. Home I would not go were I reduced to beggary; and here I will never stay, where they tell me that they should never have desired my company only my father proffered me, and they did not well know how to refuse me. And Mr. Grantham desires me to provide for myself against May-day, so I intend to try my fortune in London, and am resolved not to marry yet till I can forget Romley or see him again. Could I live without thinking, or had anything to divert my thoughts from what I don't care to think of, I might yet be easy; but here I have no company but my fellow-servants. And sometimes those that I care less for, viz., my lovers, a set of mortals who universally own me the most unaccountable woman that ever they knew. I am condemned to constant solitude, and have not been out of the town once since I came into it.

I thank you for the books you sent me, but do not care to read the "Fair Penitent," though I admire it vastly. The poem you desire I cannot find, and cannot write it again, because I have forgotten it and almost everything else; so I can't desire the young lady's poetry you mentioned, though you seemed to think it good, a thing almost miraculous in a woman.

Do not think your letters can possibly be tedious to me, were they ever so long. You know I used to love long letters, nor am I changed in that particular. Pray write as long as ever you can get time, and when I am weary with reading I will tell you so.

Is Mr. Langhorn at Oxford yet?

Forgive my unmerciful scrawling, and think how much I value your letters when I write now in as great pain as I can bear, to oblige you, and entice you to write again as soon as possible, to yours,

MARTHA WESLEY.

This letter plainly indicates how heavily the trials of life sat upon her spirit even at that early period, and yet she complained as little as possible. She left Kelstein in the summer, and however strongly she desired to go to London again, in preference to returning home, which she said she would not do even though she were reduced to beggary, yet such was her fate. She was not nineteen years old, so was not free from parental restraint; and not having adequate means for the journey to London, was obliged to return to her parents at Wroote, from which place she pours out the burden of her complaints in a confiding letter to her attached brother:—

MARTHA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

[Wroote, September, 1725.]

DEAR BROTHER,—I believe it is above half a year since I wrote to you, and yet, though it is so long since, you never were so good as to write to me

again; and you have written several times since to my sisters, but have perfectly neglected your loving sister Martha, as if you had not known there was such a person in the world, at which I pretended to be so angry that I resolved I would never write to you more. If I had but kept my resolution you would have been well freed from much impertinence; yet my anger soon gave way to my love, as it always does whenever I chance to be angry with you. But you only confirm me in the truth of an observation I long since made, which is, that if ever I love any person very well, and desire to be loved by them in return—as, to be sure, whoever loves desires to be loved—I always meet with unkind returns. Not that I ever was so happy as to have it in my power to express my love to you in anything but words; and what do they signify when one cannot possibly demonstrate them to be sincere? though certainly "love is a present for a mighty king," and that is all I have to offer you, and it is what I wish you would accept. I shall be exceedingly glad if you get the Fellowship you stand for, which if you do I shall hope that one of the family besides my brother [Samuel] will be well provided for. I believe you very well deserve to be happy, and I sincerely wish you may be so both in this life and the next. For my own particular I have long looked upon myself to be what the world calls ruined—that is, I believe there will never be any provision made for me, but when my father dies I shall have my choice of three things, starving, going to a common service, or marrying meanly, as my sisters have done; none of which I like, though I do think it possible for a woman to be happy with a man that is not a gentleman, for he whose mind is virtuous is alone of noble kind. Yet where a man has neither religion, birth, riches, nor good-nature, I can't see what a woman can expect but misery. My brother Ellison wants all but riches; my brother Lambert, I hope, has a little religion; poor brother Wright has abundance of good-nature, and I hope is religious, and yet sister Hetty is, I fear, entirely ruined, though it is not her husband's fault. I shall be very glad if I can have the happiness of seeing you this summer, for I can hardly desire a greater satisfaction than I hope to enjoy in your company.

But I fear I have quite tired your patience: I shall therefore conclude with desiring you to write to me, but I fear it will be as much in vain as it has hitherto been; though if you would be so good as to let me hear from you, you would add much to my satisfaction. But nothing can make me more than I am already, dear brother, your sincere friend and loving sister,

MARTHA WESLEY.

P.S.—I hope you will be so kind as to pardon the many faults in my letter; you must not expect I can write like sister Emily or sister Hetty. I hope too that when I have the pleasure of seeing you at Wroote you will set me some more copies, that I may not write so miserably.

The postscript to this letter records the fact that John Wesley assisted in teaching his sister Martha to write. John set her copies, and she imitated them with such minute exactness that a merely casual observer, looking at a letter written by John and one written by Martha in after years, would have found it difficult to determine whether they were not both written by the same person. The points of similarity in person, manners, habits of thought, patient endurance, and in other respects, were so marked, as well as in their handwriting, that Dr. Adam Clarke, who had an intimate personal knowledge of both, has said that if they could

have been seen dressed alike it would not have been possible to distinguish the one from the other.

Several points of interest may be gathered from the foregoing letter. The straitened circumstances of her parents are plainly indicated in the line, "There never will be any provision made for me." It is also plain that three of her sisters were then married, although Anne had been married less than a year, and Hetty only a few months, at the date the letter was written. Her eldest brother, Samuel, who was settled at the Westminster School, she considered amply provided for, and she was rejoicing at the prospect that her own favourite brother John would soon have some provision made for him by the Fellowship which he was then expecting, and to which he was elected on March 17th, 1726, when she sent to him her note of congratulation.

The privations which were the common lot of the Epworth Wesleys seem to have compelled a spirit of submission at times even against nature. All the money which the rector could possibly spare, or borrow, was required by John to pay the expenses incurred at Oxford in obtaining his Fellowship and ordination, both of which were secured at this period. The intense love which Martha had for John led her more submissively to yield to her lot to remain at home, knowing for whom it was that this hardship was enforced upon her. She remained at Wroote during the year 1726, and early in the year 1727 she sent the following letter to her brother :—

MARTHA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

February 7th, 1727.

DEAR BROTHER,—I must confess you had a better opinion of me than I deserved, for that seducer, jealousy, had got me in his clutches, and was just running away with me when I received your letter. That uneasy passion did indeed suggest to me that you had very small kindness for me. This melancholy reflection was occasioned by your not writing to me. I flattered myself with the pleasing expectation of hearing from you when Sander came from Banbury; but when I knew that you were just returned from Worcestershire, where, I suppose, you saw your *Veranese* [Betty Kirkham], I then ceased to wonder at your silence, for the sight of such a woman, "so known, so loved," might well make you forget me. I really have myself a vast respect for her, as I must necessarily have for one that is so dear to you.

When you sent the parcel to my sister Lambert, and wrote to her, and sister Emme, and not to me, I was much worse grieved than before. Could I ever have the vanity to think that my letters were capable of giving you half the satisfaction that yours do me, it should be an extraordinary accident indeed that should hinder my writing.

I was truly meditating revenge, and thinking what I would say to you when I wrote, though had I writ then my foolish anger would only have made me appear contemptible to you. But I believe one kind word from you would calm my soul in the greatest storm, for no sooner had I read your kind letter than I was so much altered I scarce knew myself, and could not forbear applying to my own case the words of Marcus,—

> Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends,
> Pardon a weak, distempered soul that swells
> With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms.

I believe I need not tell you that when we love any person very well we desire to be loved by them in the same degree, and though I cannot possibly be so vain as to think that I do for my own personal merits deserve more love than my sisters, yet can you blame me if I sometimes wish I had been so happy as to have had the first place in your heart? I have read the plays you sent sister Lambert several times, for 'tis a great pleasure to me to read a good play, though I have the same fate in that as in most other things I like, I have them very seldom.

Sister Emme is going to Lincoln again, of which I'm very glad for her own sake, for she is weak, and our misfortunes daily impair her health.

Sister Kezzy too will have a fair chance of going, for when Mr. Hargrave's family come to Lincoln again they will send either for her or me, and I have no thought or desire of going again upon the terms I went before. I believe if sister Molly stays long at home it will be because she can't get away. It is likely in a few years' time our family may be lessened—perhaps none left but your poor sister Martha, for whose welfare few are concerned.

My father has been at Louth to see sister Wright, who by good providence was brought to bed two days before he got thither, which perhaps might prevent his saying what he otherwise might have said to her; for none that deserves the name of a man would say anything to grieve a woman in a condition where grief is often present death to them.

I fancy you have heard before now that my brother Willy is gone off for debt, he having been bound for his father, and that sister Hetty's child is dead.

You can't imagine what a satisfaction it will be to me to have a long letter from you, and I hope you will be so good as to write by the next post to your sincere friend and loving sister, MARTHA WESLEY.

Martha gathers up and records all the news of the family, which she sends to John. Although Emilia was married, yet the misfortunes of her parents seem to have impressed her so much that her health was impaired thereby, and her removal to Lincoln again recommended. Mary, Martha, and Kezia were all at home when the above letter was written, but Patty was looking forward to the time when those at home would be fewer, perhaps herself only. She was still under age, but the subject of marriage, to get away from the trials and privations of home, seems to have had a foremost place in her mind. This disposition may partly account for the readiness with which she ultimately accepted the hand of Mr. Wesley Hall.

The hardships which had for many years been the lot of all the Wesleys at Epworth, had reached the brothers at Oxford, although their real needs were supplied, just when they were most required, but no more. Charles, who left Westminster to become a student at Oxford at this time, felt the pinch of poverty so much, that he wrote a strong letter on the subject to his brother John, who was then his father's curate at Wroote. In that letter, dated January 20th, 1727, his mother's birthday, he

wonders whether he shall become "a hard student, an excellent economist, a patient Grizzle like Moll, or a grumble-towel like Pat? 'Tis in the power of a few Epworth guineas, or clothes, to give things the favourable turn, and make a gentleman of me. The long absence from home of the brothers prevented their knowing half the trials endured by the sisters at home. Martha did not deserve all that Charles implied by the term "grumble-towel." When the pinch of want of money and clothes came to his lot, he grumbled loud enough to be heard at both Epworth and Wroote.

Shortly after this period, Martha again visited London, and resided with her uncle Matthew for some time. She was with him when in advanced life he had a protracted illness, the second of the kind, and the third of which, a few years later, terminated his life. These and some other family matters she relates in the following letter. The visits to Westminster she names were to the family of her brother Samuel, whose wife she says she could not make a friend of.

MARTHA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

[London,] March 10th, 1730.

I intended to have wrote sooner to my dear brother, but I have had such an indisposition as, though it has not made me what one may call sick, it has made me almost incapable of anything.

My uncle is pretty well recovered. I heartily join with you in wishing you may have a conference with him. Who knows but he might be better for it?—at least it is not impossible. He had several years ago a violent fit of illness, seemed wondrous serious, and sent for a clergyman, who stayed with him some hours, and when he came from him told my grandmother if it pleased God to spare his life he believed he would be a good man. But when he did recover again, and got among his companions, all his good resolutions vanished immediately.

Was almost anybody else in my place they would think themselves very happy. I want neither money nor clothes, nay, I have both given me in the most obliging manner: and yet I am not so. I not only want the most rational part of friendship, but I see a person whom I can't help loving very well (to say nothing of my sister) going on in a way which I think the wrong way, without being able to persuade him to turn into the right. I cannot do the good I fain would, and I am continually in danger of doing evil I would not.

Oh, might I, like the seraph Abdiel, faithful stand amongst the faithless! I am persuaded I shall not want my dear brother's prayers to enable me to do it.

I go sometimes to Westminster, but I am afraid it will be impossible for me ever to make a friend of my sister. She fell upon me the last time I was there, for "giving myself such an *air* as to drink water," though she told me "she did not expect that I should leave it." I told her if she could convince me that there was any ill in it, I would, and thank her for telling me of it; but I desired her in the first place to tell me what she meant by the word "air," which she did not choose to do, I believe for a very good reason; so our dispute ended. My brother said he would go to Oxford this Easter. I asked him if he would take me with him? He seemed pretty willing to do

it, but I fancy his wife will hardly let him. Indeed, if he should give me twenty shillings, it would be such a thing as he never did yet, nor indeed did I ever desire it before. I should be pleased if he would, because it would give me the pleasure of seeing my dear brother at his own habitation, and of telling him, by word of mouth, how much I am his faithful friend and affectionate sister, MARTHA WESLEY.

From this letter we learn that she had passed from the privation and want so long endured at home to a condition in which she wanted neither money nor clothes, yet other trials attended her which were no less hard to endure. The want of religion which she so much regretted in her uncle's household, was a very small trial compared with that which a few years afterwards overtook her, the sorrows of which she had to endure, more or less, for about forty years.

The Rev. Luke Tyerman, copying from a previous writer, says that Martha resided twelve years with her uncle Matthew in London. This must be an error. She was in London in 1720, and remained there about three years: she was successively at home, at Kelstein in service, and at Wroote from 1724 to 1727. She was in London in 1730, perhaps a year earlier, and she was married to Mr. Hall in the summer of 1735. Her two visits together do not appear to have made more than about nine years, the first visit extending to three, and the last visit to six years. It was during the last visit to her uncle that she became acquainted with a young clergyman, named Wesley Hall, a friend of both her brothers then at Oxford. This young man was one of John Wesley's pupils at Lincoln College, Oxford, and at that time he was deeply pious; but he had a weak judgment and a fickle mind.

The commencement of his attachment with Martha Wesley was marked by so much deception and cruelty as would have convinced any one less suspicious than herself how unworthy such a man was of the affections of any woman. He played his part with an amount of low cunning which was dishonourable and disgraceful to him as a man, and much more so as a clergyman. After his introduction to her, and seeing her affectionate disposition towards himself, he betrothed her, thereby securing the object his mind and affections seemed set upon, but concealing his purpose from others. Immediately afterwards he accompanied John and Charles Wesley to Epworth, where he saw Kezia Wesley, and with whom he appears to have become more enamoured than he had previously been with Martha. Concealing his proposals made to Martha in London, he avowed his attachment to Kezia openly, and at Epworth both her brothers thought his intentions sincere towards their youngest sister. Acting on some promptings of conscious guilt, he began

to excuse himself from showing further attention to Kezia, pretending some revelation from heaven on the subject. He again returned to Martha. As Martha had made the contract with him without consulting her parents, she was afraid to allege it in her own vindication, and most probably Mr. Hall had bound her not to discover the previous engagement. She was obliged in consequence to suffer the heaviest censures of her brothers, who regarded her as the usurper of her sister's rights; whereas, had she frankly declared that she had been affianced to him before he had even seen her sister Kezia, they could not have blamed her for redeeming her solemn pledge, though they might have judged her imprudent in putting herself in the hands of a man who had shown such a flexibility of affection and such a versatility of character. The family at Epworth knew nothing of Patty's prior engagement till she herself wrote a full statement of the case to her mother, who, on receiving that explanation, wrote and sent to Martha her full consent to marry Hall, assuring her "that if she had obtained the consent of her uncle there was no obstacle." Her uncle was so satisfied with her conduct, and with her proposed marriage, that he gave her a handsome sum for the occasion, with an intimation that she would not be forgotten by him in case of his death. It has been hitherto reported that her uncle gave Martha £500 at the time of her marriage: this is not correct, as the following extract shows, taken from the will of Matthew Wesley, which will is dated February 8th, 1736, about sixteen months before his death:—

"Another thousand pound I have in Old South Sea Annuity Stock I dispose of as follows: To my niece Martha Hall, the wife of Mr. Hall, of Salisbury, I give four hundred [pounds] when he shall have settled upon her an annuity of forty pounds a year for her life, the first payment to her to be made three months after her husband's decease. Till such settlement be made, I will that only the dividends arising from that sum be paid Mrs. Hall at the usual times."

One hundred pounds were given her at the time of her marriage by her uncle. The marriage took place in the summer of 1735, about the time that her brothers John and Charles were making their arrangements with General Oglethorpe to go out with him to the new colony of Georgia in America. Neither of her brothers were acquainted with the exact facts of the case concerning Mr. Hall's duplicity. They had heard from Epworth how Kezia had been jilted and deprived as they thought of a husband. Charles, knowing only the Epworth side of the question, wrote a poem on the occasion of more than sixty lines, addressed "to Miss Martha Wesley," which is severe enough had

it been based on exact facts, but being altogether a misconception, it would not be desirable to reproduce it. Dr. Clarke prints it in the second volume of his "Wesley Family" (p. 327). John Wesley himself, owing to his going to America soon after Martha's marriage, and not troubling to make further inquiry after his return to England in 1738, did not for some years afterwards think his sister quite free from blame concerning Kezia; and in a very strongly-worded letter he sent to Mr. Hall, dated December 2nd, 1747, charges him with having "stolen Kezia from the God of her youth; that in consequence she refused to be comforted, and fell into a lingering illness, which terminated in her death; that her blood still cried unto God from the earth against him."

John Wesley was misinformed. Kezia did not care for Mr. Hall, nor was her health impaired in consequence of not being married to him. So far from this being the case, she resided with him and her sister several years after her father's death. She subdued all affection towards Mr. Hall, and formed an attachment to another gentleman, but her death prevented the union. She died in 1741.

The marriage of Martha Wesley to Mr. Hall took place in June or July, 1735. She was then thought to be a person of some consideration, or the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* would not have printed the following congratulatory verses, which appeared in September, 1735 (p. 551). They are written by one of the popular poets of the day:—

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. WESLEY HALL TO MISS PATTY WESLEY.

Hymen, light thy purest flame,
Every sacred rite prepare,
Never to thy altar came
A more pious, faithful pair.

Thee, dispensing mighty pleasure,
Rashly sensual minds invoke;
Only those partake thy treasure
Paired in virtue's easy yoke.

Such are Hall and Wesley, joining
Kindred souls with plighted hands,
Each to each entire resigning,
One become by nuptial bands.

Happy union which destroys
Half the ills of life below;
But the current of our joys
Makes with double vigour flow.

Sympathising friends abate
The severer strokes of fate;
Happy hours still happier prove
When they smile on those we love.

Joys to vulgar minds unknown
Shall their daily converse crown;
Easy slumbers, pure delights,
Bless their ever-peaceful nights.

O Luciana, sacred power,
Here employ thy grateful care;
Smiling on the genial hour,
Give an offspring wise and fair!

That when the zealous sire shall charm no more
The attentive audience with his sacred lore,
Those lips in silence closed whose heavenly skill
Could raptures with persuasive words instil,
A *son* may in the important work engage,
And with his precepts mend the future age!

That when the accomplished mother, snatched by fate,
No more shall grace the matrimonial state,
No more exhibit in her virtuous life
The bright exemplar of a perfect wife,
A *daughter*, blest with each maternal grace,
May shine the pattern of the female race!

J. Duick [or Duck].

As to the father and his offspring these prayers were not answered, but the whole conduct of Mrs. Hall, during this unfortunate marriage, did prove her to be

The bright exemplar of a perfect wife.

Mr. Hall did not act unbecomingly towards his wife, or the Wesley family, at first, as appears from a letter of Mrs. Susanna Wesley, dated Wootton, August 5th, 1737. Mrs. Wesley says: "Mr. Hall and his wife are very good to me. He behaves like a gentleman and a Christian, and my daughter with as much duty and tenderness as can be expected; so that on this account I am very easy."

The rector of Epworth believed in the conversion of all his children, and in their all meeting him in heaven. The first Society of the People called Methodists originated in London about December, 1739, with twelve members. By the month of June, 1740, they were increased to three hundred, who professed saving faith, and exhibited it in their lives. Amongst these were Martha Hall, Mr. Wesley's sister, and Grace Murray. This is recorded in the life of the Rev. Charles Wesley. Mrs. Hall's conversion was clear, and her joy unmistakable. In her diary,

under date of "Salisbury, Good Friday, April 12th, 1744," she writes: "It is now about four years since I had such a sense of the remission of sins as delivered me from all fear. Since I received this blessed sense first I never had any painful fear of my state, nor yet any doubt that I had deceived myself." She retained this sense of pardon, with more or less of assurance, to the end of life, so that her father's desire and prayer was realised from the time of her conversion in the early part of the year 1740.

Martha was a frequent visitor to London after she was married. In September, 1740, and again in January, 1741, there are entries made in her diary whilst she was in the metropolis. She found her home at that period with her mother at the Foundry. At that time Mr. Hall used his influence in trying to alienate the mind of Charles Wesley towards the Moravians, and he succeeded in part, but the spell was broken before much harm was done. In July, 1742, she was with her mother at the time of her last illness and death. It was wisely ordered by Divine Providence that the aged saint should have with her when she died all her living daughters, and as soon as her spirit had fled to Paradise, Martha joined her sisters and their brother John in singing that hymn of praise she had desired. She was also present at the funeral, eight days afterwards, and heard that remarkable sermon preached over the open grave, by her beloved brother, to an immense multitude.

Mr. Hall having for a long time the highest respect and veneration for his brother-in-law Mr. John Wesley, afterwards became estranged from the guide of his youth through his own natural fickleness, and the evil advice of persons who were then denominated the *still brethren*. Of this he complained in the following letter, written to his sister:—

JOHN WESLEY TO HIS SISTER MARTHA.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, November 17th, 1742.

DEAR SISTER,—I believe the death of your children is a great instance of the goodness of God towards you. You have often mentioned to me how much of your time they took up. Now that time is restored to you, and you have nothing to do but to serve our Lord without carefulness and without distraction, till you are sanctified in body, soul, and spirit.

As soon as I saw Mr. Hall I invited him to stay at the Foundry, but he desired I would have him excused. There is a strange inconsistency in his tempers and sentiments with regard to me. The *still brethren* have gradually infused into him as much as they could of their own contempt of me and my brother, and dislike of our whole method of proceeding, which is as different from theirs as light from darkness. Nay, they have blunderingly taught him to find fault even with my economy and outward management both of my family and Society. Whereas I know this is the peculiar talent which God has given me, wherein (by His grace) I am not behind the very chiefest of them. Notwithstanding this, there remains in him something of

his old regard for me which he had at Oxford, and by-and-by it will prevail. He will find out these wretched men, and the clouds will flee away.

My belief is that the present design of God is to visit the poor desolate Church of England, and that therefore neither deluded Mr. Gambold, nor any who leave it, will prosper. Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem. "They shall prosper that love thee." Mr. Hall has paid me for the books. I don't want any money of you, your love is sufficient. But write as often and as largely as you can to your affectionate friend and brother,

J. Wesley.

Mr. Hall passed from change to change, still in the deteriorating ratio, and from excess to excess in the ratio of geometrical progression, till he became a proverb of reproach and shame,—

The vilest husband, and the worst of men.

At the time of his marriage, Mr. Hall held a curacy at Wootton, in Gloucestershire. This he held only a short time, and obtained another at Fisherton, a village near Salisbury, at which place he was settled in 1736. Here he was visited by John Wesley very soon after his return from America, in February, 1738, at which time Mrs. Wesley was living with them.

Whilst residing at Salisbury, Mrs. Hall became the mother of ten children, nine of whom survived their birth but a short time, and they were interred in that city. Their only remaining child was called after his father. His father's mind was so perverted, that in pity for him his uncles John and Charles Wesley, at their own cost, had him educated away from home. Whilst at school, at the age of fourteen, he took the smallpox, and died. When the worst was feared, his mother was sent for, but he expired before she arrived. His mother's hopes having been centred in her boy, it was feared that this sudden termination of his life would be too much for her; but she bowed submissively to this sad dispensation of Divine Providence, and meekly and in faith believed it was all for the best: no unwise reflections, no violent grief, no complaints of her hard fate, escaped her lips; her Christian submission evinced her confidence to be in God.

Charles Wesley, in his "Funeral Hymns," published by Mr. Pine, of Bristol, in 1769, shortly after this youth died, printed two hymns, the tenth and eleventh, which were written on his death. They contain the clearest evidence that he died in peace with God, was saved and sanctified by grace, and that his redeemed spirit was now before the throne of God in heaven. In the second hymn the melancholy condition of the father's mind and heart are depicted in language of awful severity, but only too truly do those lines indicate how deeply he had fallen. The first stanza of each hymn is as follows:—

First Hymn.

Where is the fair Elysian flower,
The blooming youth that charmed our eyes?
Cut down and withered in an hour,
But now transplanted to the skies.
His triumph o'er the mouldering tomb—
He blossoms in eternal bloom!

[Eight stanzas in the whole.]

Second Hymn.

Rest, happy saint! with God secure,
Lodged in the bosom of the Lamb;
Thy joy is full, thy state is sure,
Through all eternity the same;
The heavenly doors have shut thee in,
The mighty gulf is fixed between.

[Ten stanzas in the whole.]

The intense and varied sufferings to which Mrs. Hall was exposed by her husband's weakness, wanderings, and open wickedness, it would do no good to recapitulate. She was a grievously wronged and injured woman, and she was often urged to write and publish a defence of her conduct against her husband's outrages, but she would never do more than occasionally express in few words a remark or two to correct misstatements. To her niece Miss Sarah Wesley she supplied some facts and information. Miss Wesley's own notes respecting Mrs. Hall are now before the writer. We hope that her own high character for every virtue makes it needless in this place to defend Martha Wesley against Wesley Hall. If required, the information is at hand. Only a few particulars it may be necessary to give, to prove his wickedness and to demonstrate her Christian fortitude and heroism in trials of an extremely aggravating character. "The seeds of all his profligacy were deeply rooted in him, and they would have produced their corresponding fruits had he been married to an angel. He was a man of no mind, and but little judgment; acting, not by rule or reason, but by impulse; and fickleness and imbecility are the mildest terms which can be applied to his singular compound character of piety and profligacy." He is described by Dr. A. Clarke as "a curate in the Church of England, who became a Moravian, a Quietist, a Deist (if not an Atheist), and a Polygamist, which last he defended in his teaching and illustrated by his practice."

When they lived at Fisherton, near Salisbury, where they had a large house and garden, near the church where he ministered, she had taken a young woman into the house as a seamstress, whom Mr. Hall seduced: such was the beginning of his evil ways. Finding the time of the young woman's travail drawing near,

he feigned a call to London on some important business, and departed. Soon after his departure the woman fell in labour. Mrs. Hall, one of the most feeling and considerate of women, ordered her servants to go instantly for a doctor. They all refused; and when she had remonstrated with them on their inhumanity, they completed her surprise by informing her that the girl was in labour through her criminal connection with Mr. Hall, and that they all knew her guilt long before. She heard what she had not before even suspected, and repeated her commands for assistance. They absolutely refused to obey, on which Mrs. Hall immediately went out herself and brought in a midwife, called on a neighbour, divided the only six pounds she had in the house, and deposited five with her (who was astonished at her conduct), enjoined kind treatment, and then set off for London, found her husband, related the circumstances, and prevailed upon him to return to Salisbury. He thought the conduct of his wife not only Christian but heroic, and was for a time suitably affected by it; but having embraced the doctrine of polygamy, his reformation was but of short continuance. Mr. Hall was guilty of many similar infidelities.

While nursing this illegitimate, her only remaining child, Wesley Hall, had displeased his father, who had as little government of his temper as he had of his passions. He rose up in a violent rage, thrust the child into a dark closet, and locked him in. The child was terrified. Mrs. Hall desired him to release the child. He refused: she entreated: he was resolute. She asserted that the punishment was far beyond the fault: he still hesitated. She then summoned up the courage which led her to decide on the line of conduct which she ought to pursue, and thus addressed him: "Sir, thank the grace of God, that while *my* child is thus cruelly treated, suffering to distraction a punishment he has not merited, I had not turned *your* babe out of the cradle. But you must go and unlock the closet, and release the child, or *I* will immediately do it." This was decisive: Mr. Hall arose, unlocked the closet, and released the child. Even in this trifling case her cool philosophy was as much in action as her piety: she wished the authority of the father to be preserved, that it might appear to the child that the same mouth which had pronounced the sentence might pronounce its repeal, and that the hand that had committed to prison might effect its discharge.

Another instance will further illustrate this part of her character. In proportion as Mr. Hall advanced in profligacy, he lost all sense of decorum and shame. He had the frontless inhumanity one day to bring in one of his illegitimate infants, and he ordered his wife to take charge of it till he could provide it with a suitable situation. She ordered a cradle to be brought,

placed the babe in it, and continued to perform for it all requisite acts of humanity.

When Mr. Charles Wesley asked her "how she could give money," as previously related, "to her husband's concubine," she answered, "I knew *I* could obtain what I wanted from many; but she, poor hapless creature, could not, many thinking it meritorious to abandon her to the distress which she had brought upon herself. *Pity* is due to the wicked; the good claim *esteem*. Besides, I did not act as a *woman*, but as a *Christian*."

The poor, the sick, the afflicted of all descriptions, excited in her the deepest feelings of sympathy. Like her brother John, she was ready to bear the burden of every sufferer; to deny herself the necessaries of life in order to relieve the needy, and to be stoical in no sufferings but her own.

This was the character of the founder of Methodism; this was that of his sister Martha. Her charity was unbounded, even when her income was so much reduced that her gifts might have been called "the munificence of the widow's mite, founded on self-denial." Her brother, Mr. Charles Wesley, has said, "It is in vain to give Patty anything to add to her comforts, for she always gives it away to some person poorer than herself."

In 1741, John Wesley employed Mr. Hall occasionally to preach at the Foundry, but he fell into the snare of the Moravian stillness, and lost his faith in God. Shortly afterwards he formed evil companionships, fell into serious delusions, denied the resurrection of the body, the general judgment, and the existence of hell. From this time sin became to him a source of pleasure rather than pain. He left his wife and home for months at a time. The effect of these changes is thus alluded to in a letter written by John Wesley, dated February 2nd, 1747: "Poor Mr. Hall, when I was at Salisbury, furnished me with a sufficient answer to those who speak of the connection between him and us. He could not have set the matter in a clearer light than by turning both me and my sister [his wife] out of doors." Shortly after this, seeing how hopelessly he had fallen, and that his time was chiefly spent with women to whom his polygamist opinions attached him, Mrs. Hall sought a separation from him on two occasions. Two brief extracts from her letters to him will best explain her conduct:—

"Being at last convinced that I cannot possibly oblige you any longer by anything I can say or do, I have for some time determined to rid you of so useless a burden, as soon as it should please God to give me an opportunity. If you have so much humanity left for a wife who has lived so many years with you as to allow anything toward a maintenance, I will thank you."

In the next extract she says: "Though I should have been very

glad to have heard from you, yet I cannot wonder at your not answering my letter, seeing I not only left you a second time, but desired conditions which I fear you do not find yourself at all disposed to grant. Indeed, I am obliged to plead guilty to the charge; and as I look upon you as the sole judge, I shall make no appeal from that sentence, only I desire leave to speak a few words before you pass it. You may remember, whenever I was angry enough to talk of leaving you, you could never work me up to such a height as to make me say I would never return."

He went for a time to Ireland; after that he took one of his mistresses to the West Indies, and abandoned Mrs. Hall. When his companion died he returned to England, but whether he ever again saw Mrs. Hall is uncertain. The Rev. Henry Moore says he did return to her, "professing penitential sorrow, and was cordially received by his injured and incomparable wife, who showed him every Christian attention till his death." John Wesley has printed in his Journal, under date of December 22nd, 1747, a solemnly admonitory letter to Mr. Hall. He next mentions him in the same work at the time of his death. The record runs thus: "Tuesday, January 2nd, 1776.—I came [to Bristol] just time enough not to see, but to bury poor Mr. Hall, my brother-in-law, who died on Wednesday morning, I trust in peace, for God had given him deep repentance. Such another monument of Divine mercy, considering how low he had fallen, and from what heights of holiness, I have not seen, no, not in seventy years. I had designed to have visited him in the morning, but he did not stay for my coming. It is enough if, after all his wanderings, we meet again in Abraham's bosom." He died the first week in January, 1776, having been married forty years.

Mrs. Hall was never heard to speak of her husband but with kindness. She often expressed wonder that women should profess to love their husbands, and yet dwell upon their faults, or indeed upon those of their friends. She was never known to speak evil of any person.

> Give me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the faults I see,

was her maxim; exposure of vice she believed never did any good. "Tell your neighbour his fault," said she, "between him and you alone; when you censure, spare not the vice—but the name."

The Rev. Charles Wesley was married in Wales to Miss Gwynne, on April 8th, 1749, at which time Mrs. Hall was residing under the protection of her brother John, at the Foundry,

London, from which place she sent to the newly-married pair her congratulations in the following letter:—

MARTHA HALL TO HER BROTHER CHARLES WESLEY.

Foundry, London, April 13th, 1749.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I thank you for the last letter you ever sent me. Surrounded as I am with distress on every side, I find that my heart can rejoice for you. I verily believe the glory of God is risen upon you, and your sun shall no more go down. It is well you was so happily disappointed, but I cannot say I am; for I could not help believing the Master would once more honour His own ordinance with His sacred presence. May the God of our fathers bless you both, and enable you to glorify Him all your days, by showing forth to all men what He wills marriage to be.

Pray give my kindest love to my sister, and tell her I heartily wish her all the happiness her heart desires. You do not say whether you will give us the pleasure of seeing her along with you or no. I wish you would let us know if you intend to bring her hither till you can provide a better place, that we may prepare for her the best accommodation this place affords.—Your ever affectionate sister, MARTHA HALL.

In that quiet retreat Mrs. Hall was not permitted to remain very long at that time, her husband having recalled her from that asylum to Bristol. Visiting that city in the month of August, 1750, Charles Wesley met his unfortunate sister, and took her with him to the preaching. Her wretched husband, abandoned to every vice, learning where she had gone, went to the chapel and fetched her away. He having renounced his calling as a clergyman, and having become a hardened infidel, Charles Wesley refused all intercourse with him. This is his record of the event: "I met my sister Hall in the churchyard, and took her to the room. I had begun preaching, when Mr. Hall walked up the room, and through the desk, and carried her off with him. I was somewhat disturbed, yet went on." The next day "he came up again, calling me by my name. I fled, and he pursued, but he could not find me in my lurking-place." He abandoned her again, and she returned to the Foundry in London.

Concerning her own conduct towards her heartless husband, she might truthfully have said in the language of Horace, freely rendered into English,—

> This is my brazen bulwark of defence,
> A consciousness of spotless innocence;
> The vile accuser still I dare to meet,
> Nor e'er turn pale at what he dares repeat.

It is on record, by those who were with Mr. Hall during his dying hours, that his last testimony concerning her was in these words: "I have injured an angel! an angel that never reproached me." The words are undoubtedly true, whether

spoken by Mr. Hall or not. Her gentleness, patience, and forgiveness partook more of the character of an angel than that of an ordinary mortal.

Viewed from the standpoint of friendship, the character of Mrs. Hall appears with no less charm about it than it does as a relative. Separated from her husband, amongst many endeared friends, she found none more true than the family of Mr. Jones.

Robert Jones, Esq., of Fonmôn Castle, near Cardiff, Wales, was one of the early converts to Methodism under the preaching of Charles Wesley. Preaching was held in the castle, and Mr. Jones's family and servants formed a society of believers. In 1741, Charles Wesley wrote that the family there was a "household of faith." Mr. Jones accompanied Mr. Wesley to Kingswood, that he might see for himself the transforming power of Divine grace amongst the colliers. In the summer of 1744, Mrs. Jones sent for Mr. Wesley, and she, with her three children and friends from Cardiff, met him at Abershaw, where the boat landed, and they went together to the castle. A month later Mrs. Jones and her children arrived at "the Passage," where Charles Wesley met them, and they journeyed in company to Bristol. In 1745 the servant of Marmaduke Gwynne, Esq., was sent to Fonmôn to show Charles Wesley the way to Garth, where he afterwards married Miss S. Gwynne. In 1746, Mr. Jones died, and Mr. Wesley wrote and published an elegy on his death. In 1571, Mrs. Jones called on Charles Wesley in Bristol, and informed him that her friend Lady Huntingdon would be glad to see him.

The affectionate regard thus subsisting between the preacher and his converts was extended on their part to other members of the Wesley family, and particularly to Mrs. Hall. In 1757, Mrs. Hall was at Salisbury, from which city she had removed some years before. Out of many letters she received, the following is given to show the very friendly intercourse subsisting between them :—

MRS. JONES TO MRS. HALL.

March 23rd, 1757.

DEAR MADAM,—It is with pleasure I have some time and opportunity at length to answer yours by Mrs. Thring, who has expected a frank for this week past, but, hearing nothing from her, I imagine she's disappointed; and had I the command of a servant, or liberty to give her room, should have sent to her, but this is conveyed by my brother's means, so can't follow the dictates of inclination.

I hope you are better in health than at the time when you favoured me last. And, blessed be God, I am again established in my strength of body, but frequently want spirits, and then am withheld from finding comfort from the objects of sense, unless I had so Divine a guide as my dear friend near me, whose pleasing admonitions would exercise every faculty to the highest, by proper reflections on every occurrence in life.

I shall now inform you of what must remain a secret till my son has liberty to impart it freely. He is coming to Salisbury in May, to do some business with his uncle Boucher, probably may stay all the summer. Now if you can dispense with half a bed and half the use of my rooms, for which no doubt you ought to pay only half price, I shall be extremely glad,—and dine as you did when here, I mean with me. And the manner I propose is for yourself and I to lie in the large bed, and my son in my little bed, and keep the other room to eat in, etc., as occasion calls. When you have any company the use of the great parlour shall be at your service, for I shall pay for all the house which my mother does not use. If you find anything unpleasing after you come, you will have the power to choose another place more conveniently than on a sudden, when just off a journey. This, my good friend, is the scheme, and I think may now ask your approbation. I should not repeat that this must not as yet be known, here or in London, but as I fear to offend some who are peculiar in their way of thinking.

I am extremely obliged to your kind inclination of passing some of that valuable thing, time, with my daughter, and believe it may have a good effect, because I imagine she thinks she's perfect in her duty, and may continue in error unless some good spirit enlightens her mind, I know by experience more can be done by conversation than reading many books; and none so truly capable of winning by pleasing behaviour than my dear friend, or better qualified in heavenly themes to dissipate the clouds of a self-sufficient understanding. I need only to add one thing more to induce you to bestow a little trouble: it will give satisfaction to your poor friend by endeavouring to find out the cause of her slighting me, and also whether I am wrong in thinking so. If you find on a further acquaintance she can bear to be blamed without raising a positive justification of herself, I shall be convinced she is much mended, or, further, whether advice from me is necessary to be deemed reproof.

I beg pardon for dwelling on a subject somewhat intricate, but it is one of my troubles to have only one daughter, and never receive a tender word or dutiful regard from, who is equally a child as her brother, and ever considered as such in all my conduct.

We have had such a turbulent wind to-day, I am all over shagreen and smoke, therefore ought to apologise for many blunders. I shall not begin to fit up the room till I hear from you, and wish it may please Providence to give a blessing to our reciprocal happiness together; if otherwise, shall humbly submit to His unerring will, whose disposal knows best what is fit for His creatures; and cannot conclude without begging the continuance of your prayers for me to that Being from whence we came—from whose goodness may you receive a continuance of that peaceful disposition which shines to all that know you, with every other felicity this world can give, and a never-fading crown of joy in the next, to which blessed period may we be brought in due time; and may I, by the same compassionate Saviour you recommend me to, be made fit for the inheritance prepared for those who love God.

My mother presents her service to you, and will be glad to see you, as will none more than, dear madam, your very affectionate friend and faithful servant, E. Jones.

Joe wrote to my daughter, and desired her to wait on you with this.

Released from the bondage of a wicked husband, Mrs. Hall found relief in literary conversation, theological discussion, and arguments on moral and philosophical questions, in which she displayed great acuteness; and in this feature of her character,

as in others, she greatly resembled her brother John. Even Dr. Samuel Johnson valued her conversation very highly. Her reading had been extensive, and her retentive memory enabled her to reproduce so much of what she had read, that her remarks often supplied the place of books, and she frequently was invited by Dr. Johnson to his house, that he might enjoy the pleasure of her society.

Soon after the death of Mr. Hall, John Wesley, by the hands of his sister Martha, presented to Dr. Johnson a copy of his "Notes on the Old and New Testament," in three volumes quarto. John was greatly attached to Martha, and on February 18th, 1784, she had the privilege of introducing him to Dr. Johnson, who was at that time probably the most distinguished literary man in London, if not in England. To show his appreciation of the work, as well as of the author, Dr. Johnson sent to Mr. Wesley the following letter, by whom it was carefully preserved. The writer copied the letter from the original.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D., TO JOHN WESLEY.

February 6th, 1776.

SIR,—When I received your Commentary on the Bible, I durst not at first flatter myself that I was to keep it, having so little claim to so valuable a present; and when Mrs. Hall informed me of your kindness, was hindered from time to time from returning you those thanks which I now entreat you to accept.

I have thanks likewise to return for the addition of your important suffrage to my argument on the American question. To have gained such a mind as yours may justly confirm me in my opinion. What effect my paper has had upon the public I know not, but I have now no reason to be discouraged. The lecturer was surely in the right who, though he saw his audience slinking away, refused to quit the chair while Plato stayed.—I am, reverend sir, your most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON.

This letter forms one page quarto, and is a fine bold specimen of the doctor's handwriting.

Dr. Johnson was not always in the same complimentary mood. On one occasion, after having had several short interviews with Mr. Wesley, he remarked to Boswell, "I hate to meet John Wesley: the dog enchants you with his conversation, and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman." On another occasion he remarked, "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out, as I do."

Mrs. Hall was a frequent visitor at Dr. Johnson's. He wished her much to become a resident in his house, and she would have done so had she not feared to provoke the jealousy of Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Du Moulin, who had long resided under his roof. One day when Mrs. Hall was present the doctor began

to expatiate on the unhappiness of human life. Mrs. Hall said, "Doctor, you have always lived among the wits, not the saints; and they are a race of people the most unlikely to seek true happiness, or find the pearl of great price." It was her frequent custom to dwell on the goodness of God in giving His creatures laws, observing "that what would have been the inclination ot a kind nature was made a command, that our benevolenf Creator might reward it; He thus condescending to prescribe that as a duty which to a regenerate mind must have been a wish and delight had it not been prescribed." She loved the name of duties, and ever blessed her gracious Redeemer who enabled her to discharge them. In a conversation there was a remark made that the public voice was the voice of truth, universally recognised; whence the proverb, *Vox populi, vox Dei.* This Mrs. Hall strenuously contested, and said the "public voice" in Pilate's hall was, "Crucify him! crucify him!"

On Easter Sunday, April 15th, 1781, Boswell (in his "Life o Johnson") mentions dining at the doctor's in company with several persons, among whom were Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Du Moulin, Mrs. Hall, sister of the Rev. John Wesley (who resembled him both in figure and manner), and Mr. Allen, a printer. "I mentioned," says Boswell, "a kind of religious Robin Hood society, which met every Sunday evening at Coachmakers' Hall, for free debate, and that the subject for this night was the text which relates what happened at our Saviour's death,—'And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.' Mrs. Hall said it was a very curious subject, and she should like to hear it discussed. Johnson replied, somewhat warmly, 'One would not go to such a place to hear it.' I, however, resolved that I would go. 'But sir,' said she to Johnson, 'I should like to hear *you* discuss it.' He seemed reluctant to engage in it. She talked of the resurrection of the human race in general, and maintained that we shall be raised with the same bodies. Johnson: 'Nay, madam, we see that it is not to be the same body, for the Scripture uses the illustration of grain sown. You cannot suppose that we shall rise with a diseased body; it is enough if there be such a sameness as to distinguish identity of person.' The doctor told the story of hearing his mother's voice one day calling him when he was at Oxford. She seemed desirous of knowing more, but he left the question in obscurity." On this occasion, Dr. Johnson, "talked at by Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hall at the same time, gaily quoted the line from the 'Beggar's Opera,'—

But two at a time there's no mortal can bear."

Boswell playfully compared the doctor to Captain Macheath. Imagine Mrs. Williams, old and peevish; Mrs. Hall, lean, lank, and preachy; Johnson rolling in his chair like Polyphemus at a debate; Boswell holding his chin and on the constant *listen*; Mr. Levett, sour and silent; Frank, the black servant, proud of the silver salvers with which he was attending on the company, and you have the group as in a picture. This group has been drawn as here described, and forms a full-page picture in Chap. X. of Cassell's "Old and New London," with Johnson's house engraved on the opposite page.

Mrs. Hall once said of wit, she was the only one of the family who did not possess it; and Charles Wesley used to remark that "sister Patty was always too wise to be witty." Yet she was very capable of acute remark; and once at Dr. Johnson's house, when she was on a grave discussion, she made one which turned the laugh against him, in which he cordially joined, as he felt its propriety and force.

Mrs. Hall had an innate horror of melancholy subjects. "Those persons," she maintained, "could not have real feeling who could delight to see or hear details of misery they could not rleieve, or descriptions of cruelty which they could not punish." Not did she like to speak of death: it was heaven, the society of the blessed, and the deliverance of the happy spirit from this tabernacle of clay, not the pang of separation (of which she always expressed a fear), on which she delighted to dwell. She could not behold a corpse, "because," said she, "it is beholding Sin sitting upon his throne." She objected strongly to those lines in her brother Charles Wesley's "Funeral Hymns:"—

Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair? etc.

Her favourite hymn among these was,—

Rejoice for a brother deceased, etc.

Few persons could be mentioned of whom she had not something good to say; and if their faults were glaring, she would plead the influence of circumstances, education, and sudden temptation, to which all imprisoned in a tenement of clay were liable, and by which their actions were often influenced.

It excited her surprise that women should dispute the authority which God gave the husband over the wife. "It is," said she, "so clearly expressed in Scripture, that one would suppose such wives had never read their Bible." But she allowed that this authority was only given after the Fall, not

before; but "the woman," said she, "who contests this authority should not marry."

In all the concerns of life she loved order, often saying, "Order is Heaven's first law." All her brothers and sisters highly esteemed the works of Dean Swift, but she could not endure some of them. His "Tale of a Tub" she thought too irreverent to be atoned for by the wit. To one speaking of her severe trials, she replied, "Evil was not kept from me; but evil has been kept from harming me." Even when reproving sin she was so gentle that no one was ever known to be offended thereby. Her kindly nature remained unchanged to the end of life. At the age of more than fourscore years, her niece Miss Wesley asked if she might be with her in her last moments. She said, "Yes, if you are able to bear it; but I charge you not to grieve for me *more than half an hour*." When her last hours on earth actually arrived, and Miss Wesley urged her plea to remain with her, she consented on the condition that she should at night be away from the house, "lest you should not sleep—then your anxiety would create mine.'"

Her quiet habits and deliberate actions were a source of anxiety to her friends, when, at an advanced age, she would take long walks through crowded streets; for she never quickened her pace in crossings, even when carriages were in full drive. Her niece Miss Wesley being one day with her in Bloomsbury Square, when a coach was closely following, urged her, but in vain, to quicken her pace. Striving to pull her out of the way of danger, she unluckily pulled her off her feet, just before the horses. When she got up she calmly observed that "the probability of being injured by a fall was greater than of being run over by the coachman, who could gain no advantage by it: on the contrary, much disadvantage and expense." These remarks she made to her niece standing in the crossing, with horses trampling before and behind. Fortunately the coachman had pulled up his horses, or they had both been under the wheels long before the speech was finished.

Though she had a small property of her own, yet she was principally dependent on the bounty of her brother John; and here was a striking illustration of the remark that "in noble natures benefits do not diminish love on either side." She left to her niece, whom she dearly loved, and who well knew how to prize so valuable a woman, the little remains of her fortune, who in vain urged her to sink it on her own life, in order to procure her a few more comforts. John Wesley remembered his sister so far in his will as to leave her a legacy of £40, to be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of his books; but the books did not yield the money during the short period she survived him, so

the amount was never paid, excepting perhaps so much as was necessary to pay for the interment of her body.

When her brother John died in March, 1791, leaving her the sole survivor of the Epworth family, with but a small income, she deeply felt her lonely condition, which was relieved only by the kindness of Mrs. Charles and Miss Sarah Wesley. Though she was thus severely tried, yet, like her brothers, she had her health continued to the end of her protracted life. Her last illness was brief; she had no disease, but a mere decay of nature. She spoke of her dissolution with the same tranquillity with which she spoke of everything else. A little before her departure she called Miss Wesley to her bedside, and said, "I have now a sensation that convinces me my departure is near; the heart-strings seem gently, but entirely loosened.

Miss Wesley asked her if she was in pain? "No," said she, "but a new feeling." Just before she closed her eyes she bade her niece come near; she pressed her hand, and said, "I have the assurance which I have long prayed for. Shout!" said she, and expired. Thus her noble and happy spirit passed into the presence of her Redeemer on July 12th, 1791, about four months and nine days after the death of her brother John, and in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

Her remains were interred in the City Road Burial Ground, in the same vault with her brother; and on the tomb is the following inscription: "Here also are interred the remains of Mrs. Martha Hall, sister of Wesley, who died July 19th, 1791, aged eighty-five years. 'She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness' (Prov. xxxi. 26)."

The date of her death is incorrectly entered on the tomb as July 19th, instead of the 12th. The burial register at City Road contains the entry of her interment as on the 19th: her death took place a week previously to the date given on the tomb. There are inaccuracies in connection with the deaths of Samuel, Martha, Charles, Kezia, and Sarah Wesley.

Miss Sarah Wesley enjoyed as much of Mrs. Hall's confidence as did the Rev. John Wesley. To her she related many of the facts and circumstances of her life, and the trying conduct of her husband. These details were put in writing by Miss Wesley, and by her sent to Dr. Adam Clarke. These letters are now in the possession of the writer. To reproduce them in print would serve no good purpose, as the main facts are stated in the foregoing pages. Miss Wesley's letters are preserved to substantiate the narrative of Mrs. Hall's life and trials as here recorded. To Miss Wesley, Mrs. Hall gave all her letters and her private diary, and from the latter a few extracts may be given to exhibit her devotional spirit and her holy communings with God.

Extracts from Mrs. Hall's Diary.

Sunday, September 21st, 1730.—Prayed for deliverance. Opened my Bible: the chapter I first found was Isaiah xxxvii., wherein is recorded a wonderful instance of God's goodness in answer to the prayer of Hezekiah. Is He not able to deliver me? He is. Did He not in His mercy direct me to this place, to encourage me to trust in Him? I will trust in Thee, O Saviour. I trust Thou wilt not only deliver me in this calamity, but also from wrath and everlasting damnation. I know Thou art not slow to hear, nor impotent to save.

Sunday, October 11th, 1730.—Heard Gardiner on exemplariness. Resolved to be more careful to improve daily in virtue. Help me, O my Saviour!

August 3rd, 1734.—I have dedicated myself anew to Thee, O my God! I have given Thee my soul and body. Oh, claim me for Thine own! Oh, let none take me again out of Thine hand. I have resolved to make my conversion more useful (at least to endeavour it); to avoid all fierceness, and uncharitable truths; and to spend some time in meditating on what I read.

London, January 25th, 1741.—Oh, how wise! Good are all the ways of Providence! Surely it plainly says to you: "See here the good you have chosen; the joy of your heart, the desire of your eyes; has it made you amends for forgetting me or no?" Oh, why should man take such fatal pains to hew out to himself such broken cisterns, cisterns that can hold no water! But, O Lord, behold, I return unto Thee! Oh, receive me. Yes, I know Thou wilt—Thou dost! Though I have been far from faithful to the grace lately received, yet leave not the blessed work unfinished. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." The small spark I have is Thy gift. thy hand is not shortened. "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." Oh, let me not forget Thee. Oh, let me not hold the truth in unrighteousness. Amen, Lord Jesus.

Salisbury, Good Friday, April 12th, 1744.—Of what infinite importance it is for every Christian to be continually watching, praying against a Laodicean state. What infinite mercy has the blessed Saviour shown to me: how gently has He called me when I slumbered and slept! It is now about four years since I had such a sense of the remission of sins as delivered me from all fear. I believed in a little measure on the Lord Jesus. He gave me to believe that because He lived I should live also. Since I received this blessed sense first I never had any painful fear of my state, nor yet any doubt that I had received myself, except for a few moments; yet, notwithstanding this great goodness of my blessed Redeemer, I insensibly grew lukewarm. I did not earnestly cry for the second gift, as I had for the first. But He that had begun His work would not leave it unfinished. All love, all glory be unto Thee, O my blessed Redeemer, for ever. Amen. Hallelujah! Near a year ago, I was one evening retired into my chamber, with a design to spend some time in private prayer; but before I kneeled down, all at once (without a thought of mine) I had a full clear sense that the Lamb of God had made an atonement for me; that He had made full satisfaction for my sins; so that, were He that moment to appear to judgment, I could stand before Him. I saw, I felt (for I know not any better words to use), that the justice of the Almighty Father was satisfied, and that I could even appeal to it, for I could say, "There is my surety! He hath paid my whole debt. Hallelujah!"

Monmouth, February 16th, 1751–52.—By what a series of strange providences am I at last come hither! Wonderful are Thy counsels, O God! Infinite still is Thy mercy towards Thy unworthy servant, else I should sink all at once; no longer could I possibly bear up under such a weight of sorrow. Never, in

all my afflictions, have my spirits sunk so before, insomuch that I had well-nigh given up all my hope. The enemy had very near torn away my shield. But, blessed for ever be the infinite mercy of God, He hath once more lifted up my head!

Salisbury, August 1st, 1756.—I am utterly astonished at my own amazing ingratitude, at my unparalleled negligence. Once in about three or four years I commence with my own heart. Oh, may I never entertain one thought of any neglect I have met with from a fellow-worm without deeply considering how far more guilty I am myself. Surely the Lord hath spared when I deserved punishment, and instead of wrath has shown me great mercy. Indeed, He hath at present called me to give up every friend; for though they are, in the common sense of the word, what we call friends, yet in respect to the cordial tenderness of friendship, they are far from it. My breath is become strange to them. My company they desire not, the less of it the better. Yet this is only the kind desire and gracious voice of my Father that calls me this way to Him. O Lord, I come! I come with all my strength; oh, receive me, vile as I am! O Saviour, let me lay down the burden of my sin at Thy blessed feet!

These extracts, being about one-tenth part of the whole, were written prior to the death of her husband, although he had been absent from her probably twenty out of the forty years of their married life.

Her ambition did not lead her into the trial of authorship. Had she been disposed to exercise her skill in that department, her qualifications, mental and spiritual, would have justified the effort. She had a soul so magnanimous, so devoid of self, so unmoved by injury, so steadily religious, so compassionate to her fellow-creatures, so thoroughly devoted to God, that her equal will rarely be found among women. Her remarkable resemblance to her brother John in personal appearance, in the qualities of her mind, and in the unceasing personal affection shown to that brother, may partly account for her numerous and abounding excellencies.

CHARLES WESLEY, A.M.

THE POET OF METHODISM; EIGHTEENTH CHILD.

IN every civilised country in the world, and in nearly every Christian Church, the name of Charles Wesley is more or less known through the influence of his hymns. The desire on the part of Christians to know the names of the authors of their favourite hymns will extend the number of inquiries about Charles Wesley, seeing that the great popularity of his sacred compositions for more than a century has caused them to be incorporated into nearly all the hymnals now in use in the Christian Church. When he died, his name and character were known in almost every part of Great Britain and Ireland, so that his brother thought it sufficient just to notify his death by only a few lines in the "Minutes of Conference."

Dr. Whitehead, in preparing the "Life of the Rev. John Wesley" for the press, devoted more than half the first volume to an account of his brother Charles. In 1816 his daughter Sarah Wesley published a small octavo volume of her father's sermons, to which she added an account of his life. It was not, however, until Charles Wesley had been dead fifty years that any attempt was made to issue a full and connected narrative of his extraordinary life and labours. The protracted widowhood of his wife was one reason for the delay: she survived her husband between thirty and forty years. In May, 1841, the Rev. Thomas Jackson published, in two large volumes, the "Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, A.M.;" and in 1849 his Journals were published in two small volumes. Although so long a period had elapsed between the date of his death and the publication of a full account of his life, yet the work had lost none of its attractiveness and value by the delay; and half a century hence his memoirs will be read with as much interest as they afford to-day. His life was so full of incident, and especially of the manifested power of Divine grace and providence, that it reads more like the continuation of the Acts of the Apostles than the biography of a preacher of the gospel in these days.

Charles Wesley was the eighteenth child and youngest son of the Epworth family, at which place he was prematurely born on December 18th, 1707. Dr. Whitehead gives the year 1708, Old Style; Dr. Clarke gives 1708, without the Style; and all subsequent writers give the same year. With the information now at command, it seems beyond doubt that 1707, and not 1708, was the year of his birth.

Mr. Jackson commences his "Life of Charles Wesley" by saying, "He was born December 18th, 1708." In a subsequent portion of the work he gives details of the disastrous fire which burnt down the rectory-house at Epworth on February 9th, 1709, which was only about six weeks after the date given as that of the birth of Charles; and yet he says, in prefacing his account of the fire (vol. ii. p. 493): "Charles was somewhat more than thirteen months old when the parsonage-house at Epworth was burnt down." The date of the rectory fire is beyond dispute. Within seven days of the destruction of the rectory the father of Charles Wesley wrote an account of the fire "to his friend the Duke of Buckingham;" and in that account he says that the youngest child, Charles, was carried by the nurse out of the burning dwelling in her arms, because he could not go. In another part he says: "My wife being near her time [of confinement], and very weak, lay in the next chamber to me." In closing the letter, the rector further remarks: "I hope my wife will not miscarry, but God will give me my nineteenth child." The fact so plainly stated, that Mrs. Wesley was so near her confinement when the fire occurred in February, 1709, makes the birth of Charles in December, 1708, quite impossible. The following extract is from Charles Wesley's Journal: "1749. Monday, December 18th.—My birthday. Forty years long have I now grieved and tempted God, proved Him, and seen His works." This is given also in his Life (vol. i. p. 542). He could only know his age by the report of others. Many years afterwards he wrote to his brother John to ask what his age was. John did not know, nor did Charles at that time.

One fact more requires to be stated. Charles Wesley was prematurely born. Dr. Whitehead says, "several weeks before his time; he appeared dead rather than alive when he was born. He did not cry, nor open his eyes, and was kept wrapt up in soft wool until the time when he should have been born according to the usual course of nature, and then he opened his eyes and cried." Such is the written testimony of Charles Wesley's physician who attended him during his last illness, and up to the time of his death, and who was intimately and personally acquainted with his elder brother and sister John and Martha. Supposing him to have been born on December

18th, 1708, add to that date the "several weeks" of his unnatural quiescence, and we reach the middle or end of January, 1709, with the fire on February 9th directly afterwards. Yet from Mrs. Wesley's account of the fire, we learn that the nurse "snatched up the youngest child, Charles, out of the bed, and bade the rest of the children follow her." A babe so extremely delicate as he must have been under the circumstances named, could not have been with safety so treated at an age so tender, had his birth been at the time specified. The only solution of the difficulty appears to be that the year 1707 must have been that in which Charles Wesley first appeared upon earth, although he had no conscious existence until the month of January, 1708. Martha Wesley was born in 1706, the month is not given; there was no other child born in that family between Martha and Charles; it seems plain therefore that the disturbance of all the family affairs caused by the destruction of their home and the dispersion of the children for a year, and more with some of them, caused the exact date of the birth of Charles to be overlooked, and afterwards it was fixed by common consent "the year before the fire."

Commencing to learn at the age of five years, in 1712 he entered his mother's school, and then began that systematic course of mental discipline which laid the groundwork of his after success in academic pursuits. It has been recorded that Mrs. Wesley, when she resumed her educational duties in the new rectory-house, added to her programme the singing of one or more of the psalms. The voice of melody is seldom lost on the mind of the young, and how much that new duty contributed to produce the love of poetry and psalmody, which in so marked a manner characterised both John and Charles Wesley in after years, it would be impossible to tell. Praise formed a prominent feature in the Wesley family: it smoothed their passage to the skies at the end of their earthly pilgrimage, and for both John Wesley and his mother a psalm of praise and thanksgiving was sung directly the spirit took its flight to heaven. When Charles Wesley joined his mother's school he had his five elder sisters and his brother John for companions. Here he was trained to those "habits of regularity, diligence, order, self-denial, honesty, benevolence, seriousness, and devotion," which under the guidance of the Holy Spirit rewarded the toil of his pious and accomplished preceptress.

With quick and lively perceptions, and an aptness to learn, Charles soon acquired as much elementary knowledge, general and classical, under his parents, as fitted him for more advanced studies. His eldest brother, Samuel, knowing the straitened circumstances of his father, sent for Charles to Westminster,

before the boy had completed eight years. He also undertook to defray the cost of his education there, leaving to his father the duty of providing his child with clothing. The necessities of home made the indulgence of pocket-money all but a continuous impossibility. Charles entered Westminster School in 1716. His sprightly disposition aided his natural aptness to acquire knowledge. Although possessing only a feeble constitution, yet his occasional buoyancy of spirit and his great courage obtained for him the title of Captain of the School, which position he had first to earn by his skill in fighting. A Scotch boy, who entered the school after him, suffered much ill-treatment from the boys because his father had favoured the Pretender. The boy was James Murray, who afterwards became the great Lord Mansfield. When both had risen to deserved distinction they renewed the intimacy which they first formed by their juvenile battles.

The progress which Charles Wesley made in his studies recommended him to the authorities of the school, by whom he was admitted as one of the King's Scholars, and his expenses were borne by the Foundation. This took place in 1721. Although he was the first, he was not the only Wesley who attained that position.

The name of Wesley had been prominently before the public for about half a century, when, on September 28th, 1728, Garrett Wesley, Esq., of Dangan, in Ireland, M.P. for the county of Meath, died without leaving issue. Charles Wesley was at that time under his brother's care and tuition at Westminster. An application was made to the rector of Epworth some time previously to know if he had a son named Charles, and if so, was he willing that he should become the heir of Garrett Wesley, of Dangan. Charles was nearly of age, and he preferred to leave the decision of this important matter to his father. The responsibility of deciding was ultimately left with Charles, who was visited at Westminster by some one from Ireland, who it is believed was Garrett Wesley himself, and who tried to prevail on Charles to accept the heirship. Charles ultimately declined the offer, preferring to remain in England; but some one sent money to Westminster for several years to pay for his education. Failing to secure a scion of the Epworth family, Garrett Wesley left all his estates to Richard Colley, Esq., a more distant relative than Charles Wesley, on condition that he should assume the surname and arms of Wesley. This he did; and Richard Colley Wesley's heir in 1747 was created by George II. the first Lord Mornington, and he became the grandfather of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, as will be seen in the pedigree of the family on another page. John Wesley many years after-

wards wrote of his brother's decision, that it was "a fair escape."

Divine Providence decided this question in the mind of Charles Wesley. Had the choice been otherwise, Methodism would not have had his genius in providing for its services those incomparable spiritual hymns, and the British nation would not have had the Duke of Wellington as its great military hero. The decision of that young man determined matters of immense importance to both the Church and nation. We have no intimation that Charles Wesley ever regretted the choice he then made.

Five years Charles Wesley remained on the Foundation as a King's Scholar. At about the age of nineteen, in the year 1726, he was elected to Christ Church College, Oxford, which college his brother John had shortly before left. The mind of John Wesley at that time was receiving deep religious impressions, whilst that of Charles was directed by strict morality, but religion sat lightly upon him. After John had been ordained, and had gone to Wroote to become his father's curate, Charles was left at Oxford alone, diligent as a student, but wanting something of discipline.

Close application to study induced more seriousness of manner, and this increased upon him in so marked a manner that by the time Charles was about twenty-two years old he had become so remarkable for his diligence and devotion, as to be styled by some of his college friends "Methodist." In one of his letters, Charles Wesley says the name was given because he and a few friends who joined him observed with strict conformity the method of study and practice laid down in the statutes of the University. They were precise and regular in all their conduct, and in disposing of their time; they partook of the Lord's Supper weekly. That was in 1729, at which period Charles began to keep a diary or journal, and asked John's advice as to what he should write in it. That journal he continued for about fifty years, and it is a work of ceaseless interest and information. On coming of age Charles took his B.A. degree, and became a college tutor, though his income was so small he had to send a begging-letter home to obtain clothes.

Persuaded by Dr. Morley to resign his curacy at Wroote, John Wesley returned to Oxford in November, 1729, to the great joy of Charles and a few others, who then formed a little society of young men in earnest to save their own souls and the souls of those dwelling around them. Both the brothers remained at the University till their father died, in April, 1735. In the mean time they had by their self-denying labours, preaching, and prison-visiting, laid the foundation of a work which, com-

mencing at Oxford, was destined to spread over the whole land, and soon to girdle the globe.

Intending at first a permanent residence in the University, Divine Providence only diverted them from that purpose. The newly-formed colony of Georgia, in America, being a subject which occupied the attention of Parliament, and also of Churchmen, General Oglethorpe, the founder of that colony, returned to England early in 1735, with the intention of speedily returning with more colonists, and some clergymen also to attend to the spiritual wants of the people. John and Charles Wesley were both chosen for that mission, although Charles was not then ordained, and his wishes did not then lie in that direction. John Wesley was appointed a minister, or missionary, to the Indians; Charles engaged himself as secretary to the managing committee of the colony, and was private secretary to General Oglethorpe. Before leaving England, Dr. Burton persuaded Charles to take orders, and in this his brother John entirely coincided. In the autumn of 1735, Charles was ordained deacon at Oxford by Dr. John Potter, the bishop; and on the following Sunday he was ordained a priest, in the metropolis, by Dr. Gibson, the Bishop of London.

The brothers Wesley, with General Oglethorpe and more than a hundred German colonists, sailed from Gravesend on board the ship *Symmonds*, October 14th, but the ship did not leave England till December 10th. They arrived in America, February 5th, 1736. From this period of his life Charles Wesley's published Journals commence, to which work, and to his Life by Thomas Jackson, the reader is referred for details of his trials, persecutions, and privations during his short residence in America. It was a severe process both the brothers underwent in their first missionary experience, but it was a useful preparation for the great work of their after life. Charles Wesley left America in August, 1736, and arrived at Deal, in England, on December 3rd, bringing with him despatches for the committee of the colony in London, expecting to have to return to America. General Oglethorpe followed them to England, by whom other arrangements were made.

Two days after reaching London, Charles Wesley called upon his uncle, Mr. Matthew Wesley, in Fleet Street, who gave him a hearty and unexpected welcome. Following this was a most interesting letter from his brother Samuel, assuring him of their joy at his safe return, and informing him that his mother was at Tiverton with him, sharing in the general joy, sending her blessing, and expressing a longing desire to see him, which was soon afterwards gratified, although the pleasure was subdued by finding his mother indisposed in her chamber.

As secretary to the committee of the colony, during the year 1737 he attended several of their meetings, travelled much about England, and preached in several parts of the country, though at that time he had very defective views of saving truth.

By desire of the University of Oxford, Charles Wesley was requested to carry up their address and present the same to the king, which he did on August 26th, 1737, at Hampton Court, accompanied by a few friends. Charles was graciously received: the archbishop said how glad he was to see him there. After kissing their Majesties' hands, Charles and those with him were invited to join the royal party at dinner. The day following, Charles Wesley waited upon H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and dined at St. James's Palace.

At that period Count Zinzendorf was in England, making arrangements for sending Moravian missionaries out to the colonists in Georgia and Carolina. Amongst the Moravians who had come to London was Peter Böhler, who was introduced to John Wesley, February 7th, 1738, and who procured lodgings for him and his two friends near to Mr. Hutton's, with whom Mr. Wesley was located. An intimacy sprang up between Böhler and the Wesleys, which, under the Divine Spirit, led to the conversion of both John and Charles Wesley, and the consequent origin and growth of Methodism, and the spreading of scriptural holiness throughout England. On February 20th, Charles Wesley began to teach Peter Böhler English, and in return Böhler taught Charles Wesley the plan of salvation by faith, which, within three months, became his happy personal experience.

A serious illness was the immediate preceding cause of the conversion of Charles Wesley. It was sudden and serious, so much so that it led to the doctor prohibiting his returning to America, and it led also to the doctor saying he "had been within the jaws of Death, but he was not suffered to shut his mouth upon him." His recovery was as sudden as his illness had been severe, but it was of short duration. On April 28th, 1738, illness returned with even greater violence, and a skilful physician was called in. His prescriptions, though very carefully observed, did not produce a cure. Peter Böhler called, who had unintentionally been detained in England. His conversation and prayers convinced Charles Wesley that God was thus visiting him with affliction for his want of faith. Under date of May 4th, John Wesley wrote: "Peter Böhler left London for Carolina. Oh, what a work God has begun since his coming into England—such a one as shall never come to an end till heaven and earth pass away!" This utterance was prophetic, but how true! How little did Mr. Wesley then know the vast

extent of the work which had been commenced in their own minds within three months only. On Sunday (Whitsunday), May 21st, 1738, Charles Wesley obtained a conscious sense of pardon and adoption, and within seven days John Wesley received the same blessing, justifying faith by believing on Jesus. Millions of souls have been benefited as the result of those two conversions in May, 1738.

For years Charles Wesley had been living and preaching a ceremonial and formal religion: from the time of his conversion the whole course of his life was changed, and whatever zeal he had manifested previously, onwards to the end of his long life his diligence and earnest service in preaching the gospel knew no limit excepting that of his own physical power.

He was lodging with T. Bray, a poor but godly brazier, at the time of his conversion, whose residence is said to have been at the west corner of Little Britain, near Christ's Hospital. This simple-minded Christian was of much service to him in bringing about that change in his religious opinions. When he recovered from his sickness, his brother John had also received the same blessing. They rejoiced together, and Mr. Bray shared in their joy. Charles commemorated the happy occasion, as usual, with hymns of thanksgiving and praise. At the end of the first year he again recorded his sense of gratitude to God by writing a hymn which has obtained a popularity wide as the world. Part of that hymn has for nearly a century stood the first in the Methodist collection, the first line being—

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.

He thought he required all those tongues to express the indebtedness he felt to his heavenly Father for showing him the way of salvation, and for keeping him in that way, without falling, for a whole year. In his unregenerate state he had occasionally given way to intemperance, in spite of his mother's warning against the third glass, but after his conversion this "old enemy" was suddenly and entirely subdued.

Illness had so prostrated his strength that for some time he was not able to do more than address small audiences in the houses of friends. At one of those domestic services the learned Mr. Ainsworth was present, author of the Latin Dictionary. He was more than seventy years old, but he attended the meetings of those early Methodists for prayer and religious conversation in the spirit of a little child. As his strength returned, he laid himself out for labours so continuous, that he deemed the day ill-spent in which he had not witnessed one or more persons convinced of sin through his preaching, and believing on Christ to the saving of their souls.

Amongst his converts were several of the London clergy themselves, one of whom was Mr. Stonehouse, vicar of St. Mary's, Islington. This led to Charles Wesley being invited by the vicar to preach in his church, and afterwards to his being appointed curate in that parish. His faithful, earnest ministry did not sit easy on the hearts of the churchwardens and others, who shortly afterwards got him removed from the curacy. That was the only preferment Charles Wesley ever had in the Church of England, although for more than half a century he was one of the firmest adherents and advocates of that Church. To Newgate Prison he was a regular visitor, and from his earnest and loving heart many a malefactor learned the plan of salvation, and passed with a renewed nature from a prison to Paradise.

The greatness of his zeal, and his untiring energy in preaching the gospel, soon found him a sphere of usefulness as large as was the love in his heart for poor sinners. Whilst the churches remained open to him he accepted every invitation to preach, and he did so daily. When the churches were no longer accessible, he followed the example of Mr. Whitefield and his brother John, and preached out-of-doors to whatever audience his presence could command.

In June, 1739, he was summoned to appear before the Archbishop of Canterbury, to answer the charge of preaching in churches to which he had no canonical or legal appointment. The archbishop doubtless felt he had the worst of the argument, but, failing in this point, he diligently forbade any of the clergy to permit the Wesleys to preach in their churches. Thus, though the churches were closed, the gospel was not bound, and after much prayer for Divine direction, the Sunday following the archbishop's interdiction, Charles Wesley went forth in the name of Jesus Christ, and commenced his open-air mission by preaching to 10,000 people in Moorfields, from the words, "Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest." The presence of God was so manifestly amongst them that all his doubts and scruples fled, and from that day Charles Wesley preached (regardless of canon or any other law) wheresoever he could get a congregation to hear him.

Mr. Wesley was not indifferent to Church order and discipline, but he was not bound by either when they interfered with the spread of the gospel. Amongst the books in his library was one entitled "The Rubric in the Book of Common Prayer, and the Canons of the Church of England, etc. By Thomas Sharp, D.D. London, 1753," 8vo, pp. 354. At the end, on a score blank pages, Charles Wesley has written nine pages of additional items communicated to him by the author of that work, in his beautiful clear autograph; and following them are eight pages more of his

elegant shorthand notes (John Byrom's system). The volume is in possession of the writer.

The Sunday following that on which he opened his commission in Moorfields, Charles Wesley preached in his course at St. Mary's, before the University at Oxford, on Justification by Faith. The Vice-Chancellor of the University, the Dean of Christ Church, and other leading dignitaries, each and all objected to the irregularity of field-preaching. Charles Wesley was not convinced by their arguments. He returned to London, and on the Sunday morning following he preached on Moorfields to "about 10,000 people; and to twice that number in the afternoon on Kennington Common." The latter service involved him in an unrighteous lawsuit, and a loss of £19 16s. 6d. On the back of the indictment Charles Wesley wrote, "To be rejudged in that day."

Although Charles Wesley had been so long worn down by disease, and had from the time of his ordination to some time after his conversion read his sermons from the pulpit, soon as he commenced outdoor services he was astonished to find his strength increase, his health improve, and he was able to address the vast audiences who came to hear him without any notes. These blessings he distinctly acknowledged having been the special gift of God, and consequently the assurance of His favour on the choice he had made. He lived in the spirit of prayer and faith; held some services daily, sometimes thrice in the day; and for some years he was surpassed by no man since the apostolic times in the variety and extent of his labours, and in power and efficiency as a Christian preacher. The people everywhere fell under the power of the Word, like grass under the scythe of the mower.

In August, 1739, John and Charles Wesley met in Bristol: the latter was left in charge of the Society there for some time, and then commenced a career of usefulness in that city which was continued for more than thirty years, until Mr. Wesley retired from Bristol with his family, in 1771, and took up his residence in London. The manner of conducting his usual services indoors at that time is fully described in a letter by Mr. Joseph Williams, and published in "Charles Wesley's Life" (vol. i. pp. 195–99).

During the year 1739, Mr. Wesley published his first general hymn-book, under the title of "Hymns and Sacred Poems," of which three editions were required during the year of issue. A list of his poetical works will be found at the end of this memoir.

Returning to London early in 1740, he found that the Foundry was fitted up as a preaching-place, and here, as well as at Moorfields and Kennington Common in the open air, Charles Wesley

continued his labours. At the Foundry he devoted two hours daily, from eleven to one o'clock, to advise with any who were in concern for their souls. He also paid frequent visits to places around London, where he preached in churches, private houses, and out-of-doors as opportunity offered, by which means hundreds of families became permanently benefited. Yet some of those who had been most blessed by his labours were the least thankful. This was the case with a family at Blendon, concerning whom he wrote after their conduct, "I give up all expectation of gratitude upon earth, even from friends." He looked higher than man for his reward.

He began to itinerate like his brother John, and in his journeys on horseback he visited nearly every part of England, from Land's End in Cornwall to Newcastle-on-Tyne, preaching more or less frequently in all the chief centres in the land where the population was greatest, and especially where the largest amount of ignorance and wickedness prevailed. The incidents and record of these journeys will be found in the instructive and entertaining Journals, which were published in two volumes just sixty years after his death.

During the summer of 1741, Charles Wesley visited Wales, to renew his acquaintance with three clergymen, who had previously shown him much kindness. At that time he was introduced to Robert Jones, Esq., of Fonmôn Castle, to whom Mr. Wesley was made a spiritual blessing, and a permanent affectionate friendship was commenced between them, which was closed on earth by death, to be renewed in heaven. The death of Mr. Jones was commemorated by Charles Wesley in a very elegant poetical elegy, which is printed in Mr. Wesley's Life (vol. i. pp. 314-18).

Charles Wesley was not in London at the time of the death of his mother, in July, 1742. Three months previous to that bereavement, Charles was appointed to preach at St. Mary's, Oxford. John Wesley was in London at the time, and whilst his brother was preaching at the University, John, with a few pious friends, was earnestly engaged in prayer for a blessing on the service. The text was, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." This is believed to have been the last time either John or Charles Wesley were permitted to preach before the University. The sermon was printed, and is remarkable for fidelity and power, for Scripture imagery, and for the earnestness it exhibits to turn people from sin and worldliness to Christ, holiness, and heaven. It rapidly passed through many editions, and is still in demand after the lapse of more than a century.

Travelling with considerable rapidity over the country, and

preaching three or four times a day, Charles Wesley, during the intervals of worship, was almost constantly engaged in writing hymns. This is alluded to by Mr. Wesley in his Journal, in the following off-hand way: "Near Ripley, my horse threw and fell upon me; my leg was bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned, which spoiled my making hymns, or thinking at all, till the next day." He published a new hymn-book in 1740; in 1741 he issued a small volume of "Hymns on God's Everlasting Love;" in 1742 there appeared another volume of "Hymns and Sacred Poems;" and in 1743 a tract containing "Hymns for Times of Trouble." Very few days passed without his pen being occupied in writing hymns or odes: most of the important occurrences in his own life and in his family formed a subject to be embodied in verse. These flowed from his mind with so much ease and freedom, that to him it was simply relief, not toil, to write his thoughts in rhyme. The variety of subjects which occupied his mind and pen is so great as to include almost every conceivable event and circumstance in life. Having provided three different volumes of "Hymns and Sacred Poems" for the use of the Societies, which were at that period organised in many parts of England, he devoted the year 1744, when not engaged in preaching, to the preparation of a volume of "Hymns on the Lord's Supper," which was issued in 1745, to which was prefixed a treatise, by Dr. Brevint, on the "Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice." This volume obtained a large share of popular favour, and passed through many editions, owing chiefly to the weekly administration of the Lord's Supper in London, the people being urged to the use of that valuable devotional manual. The hymns are sixty-six in number, and although they refer only to one subject, the variety of thought and expression they contain is remarkable. It is important to note that some of the hymns refer to what is called "the real presence;" hence the Ritualists of the present time claim Charles Wesley as the advocate of one of their prominent but erroneous doctrines. Two remarks are necessary to explain the admission of that opinion into a few of the hymns. The first is, in those hymns he was expressing in verse the sentiments contained in Dr. Brevint's treatise, rather than conveying his own views on that doctrine. This the reader will readily perceive by comparing the hymns with the treatise. The second remark is, during the year in which the work was issued John and Charles Wesley read Lord King's work on "Primitive Christianity." Up to that time, both the brothers Wesley maintained all the dogmas which distinguish High Churchmen, such as the apostolical succession, baptismal regeneration, and probably the real presence of Christ in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Lord King's work entirely changed the views of John Wesley on all those points, and so far modified the views of Charles Wesley that in none of his poems after the year 1745 can any of those opinions be found. From being a rigid Episcopalian, and an earnest advocate of High Church principles, John Wesley became an unflinching advocate of and believer in Presbyterian principles. These he carried out in his practice in after years. When the Bishop of London refused to ordain a pious minister as a missionary, Mr. Wesley, assisted by two other clergymen in orders, himself set apart not one only, but several excellent ministers, by the imposition of hands. One result of those ordinations was the forming of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, which is now the largest and most prosperous Church organisation on that great continent. During more than forty years, and to the end of their days, from 1745 theirs was a modified Churchmanship, altered and adapted to suit the openings and leadings of Divine Providence. For ten years Charles Wesley may be ranked amongst the High Churchmen of his day; for forty years subsequently he showed by his life, preaching, and practice, that different and more scriptural views had possession of his mind.

For more than ten years after his conversion Charles Wesley had no home but such as he found day by day in the various places he visited. In the summer of 1744 he was in Cornwall, a county which had been notorious for wickedness. The results of the labours of the Methodists amongst the Cornish people had so far changed their habits that there was not a felon in their prisons at the spring assizes of that year.

As an example of the simplicity and plain speech used even in the pulpit in those days, Charles Wesley records having preached in the church of his friend Mr. Bennett, in Cornwall. Speaking against the drunken revels of many, one in the congregation contradicted and blasphemed. The preacher asked, "Who is he who pleads for the devil?" The man boldly stood forward and said, "I am he." The extremes of wickedness to which sin leads its votaries was soon made so manifest that the withering exposure of the preacher drove this champion of sin out of the church. Mr. Wesley then warned the people, amongst whom were three clergymen, against "harmless diversions," declaring that by them he had been kept dead to God and asleep in the arms of Satan for eighteen years. Mr. Moreton cried out, "And I for twenty-five!" "And I for thirty-five!" responded Mr. Thompson. "And I for above seventy!" added Mr. Bennett. Thus was the truth confirmed quite spontaneously by four clergymen present, who were more anxious to arrest attention than to preserve decorum.

Assisting his brother to examine the Bristol Society in July, 1745, Marmaduke Gwynne, Esq., a wealthy gentleman of Garth, in Wales, was present, desiring to know something of the work of God by their labours amongst the people. Pleased with what he saw and heard, he invited the Wesleys to his mansion, where they were greeted by a large and highly accomplished family. Nine sons and daughters, a resident chaplain, and twenty servants formed their household. Mrs. Gwynne inherited £30,000 in her own right. Having had many and strong prejudices removed from her mind by reading John Wesley's "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion," she was prepared to show marked kindness to both the brothers when introduced to the family.

Charles Wesley visited Garth several times during the three following years, and on each occasion he saw so much to admire and love in Miss Sarah Gwynne, a very handsome and accomplished lady, many years younger than himself, that he ultimately consulted with his brother on the desirableness of marriage. They had more than ten years previously resolved that neither should marry without the consent of the other. In November, 1748, Charles Wesley obtained the consent of John to change his condition in life. John had perceived the desire of his brother, and had thought of recommending to him three young ladies from whom to make a choice. One of them was Miss Sarah Gwynne, on whom Charles had already fixed his affections. Visiting Garth to solicit the young lady's hand, both the parents and the young lady gave their consent, the only condition being that Mr. Wesley should secure an income of £100 a year before the marriage.

Having no preferment, and only a small income, serious difficulties came in the way of obtaining what was required. At length John Wesley agreed to allow his brother for his services the proposed sum annually out of the profits from the sale of their books, the joint property of both brothers. He afterwards signed a legal bond guaranteeing to his brother £100 a year. The marriage took place as soon as these formalities were completed. John Wesley had a fear lest Mrs. Gwynne should require her son-in-law to give up his itinerant life. Finding that no restriction of that kind was intended, John and Charles Wesley met at Garth, and on Saturday, April 8th, 1749, John Wesley joined the hands of Sarah Gwynne and Charles Wesley in the holy bonds of marriage, their hearts having been united long before. There was not a cloud to be seen on that day from morn till night. Charles Wesley rose at four in the morning, and, with his brother John, the intended bride, and her sister Beck, spent nearly four hours in prayer and singing hymns, some of which Charles Wesley had written for the occasion.

Those hymns are still preserved in the original manuscripts, and may some day be printed. One of them will be found in "Charles Wesley's Life" (vol i.). Prayer and thanksgiving formed their occupation that day. They were all "cheerful without mirth; serious without sadness." The day following, all the family united in receiving the Lord's Supper, and John Wesley in the evening preached to them. For a fortnight the bride and bridegroom remained at Garth, the latter preaching every morning and evening either at the mansion or some of the places around it.

Resuming his travels and labours on April 21st, within a week, by over-exertion, he was overtaken by fever, which checked his eagerness for work. On recovering, he arranged to take his bride with him, and for many months they travelled together on the same horse, she being in very deed a helpmeet to her husband.

The summer being over, Mr. Wesley took a small house in Stokes Croft, Bristol, and in that very humble cottage the poet of Methodism commenced housekeeping, on September 1st. Nearly four months later, under date of December 18th, 1749, Charles Wesley thus wrote in his Journal: "My birthday. Forty years long have I now grieved and tempted God, proved Him, and seen His works. I was more and more sensible of it till I sank under the burden." Mr. Wesley had then completed forty-one years.

Before the close of 1749, Charles Wesley published on his own responsibility, without at all consulting his brother, two volumes of "Hymns and Sacred Poems," in which were included many pieces relating to his own and his wife's personal history. He obtained by his own efforts 1,145 subscribers for the work, and left behind him, in his own handwriting, their names and addresses. One of the copies, with the autograph of the author, is now before the writer. John Wesley, on reading over these volumes, noted with special commendation some of the verses in which his brother had with much clearness set forth the doctrine of Christian perfection; on the other hand he intimates that there are some stanzas to which he should have objected had his opinion been asked.

On the last day of January, 1750, a clap of thunder unusually loud and terrible aroused Mr. and Mrs. Wesley at two in the morning. Greatly alarmed, Mrs. Wesley went with her husband to consult a physician. Overtaken by a shower of rain, they made too great haste home, and the consequence was the premature birth of their first child. The mother recovered, not the child. The occasion awakened the muse of the father, who wrote the following lines:—

ON AN INFANT.

The man that ushered thee to light, my child,
Saw thee in tears while all around thee smiled:
When summoned hence to thine eternal sleep
Oh, may'st thou smile while all around thee weep.

It was not long before the prayer of the parent was answered, and the bereaved father consoled himself and his beloved partner with another stanza:—

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

That is the kind of resignation Christianity affords to bereaved parents.

Returning to London, Charles was preaching at the Foundry in the morning at five o'clock, on March 8th, 1750, when another shock of an earthquake occurred, more violent than that on February 8th. Just as the text was being repeated the Foundry shook, the women and children cried aloud: just then the Spirit of God supplied the preacher with another text, and he cried out above the multitude: "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea: for the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." The faith and earnestness of the preacher comforted the people, and he spoke strong words which moved both their souls and bodies. Charles Wesley improved the occasion by writing and publishing, in two parts, "Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake, March 8th, 1750." They had a large sale, for all London was in commotion, and multitudes cried for mercy.

Whilst the earthquake was creating widespread alarm, Charles Wesley's sister Mehetabel was ill, and expecting every hour to be her last. Charles visited and prayed with her on March 5th and 14th. He called again on March 21st, but the call was a few minutes after her spirit was set at liberty. On the 26th he attended her body to its quiet grave, weeping with the bereaved family. Mr. Wright married again, and led a life which needed much repentance. In September, 1755, he was smitten with a dead palsy, from which recovery was hopeless. On Sunday, September 21st, between the services, Charles Wesley visited him, and found him with a softened heart crying for mercy. He wished for a trumpet-voice to warn all mankind not to walk in the way in which he had walked. Prayer was made for him at his own house near Frith Street, Soho, and also at the chapel,

and he died sorrowful and contrite. He was a most unhappy man himself, and through his love of drink alienated both his wives from him, though he was reconciled to both before the final parting.

From the time of their marriage in 1749, and for over twenty years, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, with their children, had their home at Bristol, though Charles himself spent about ten months out of the twelve in London, preaching daily, either at the Foundry, West Street, Seven Dials, Spitalfields, or Snow's Fields, Southwark, with occasional visits to some parts around London, and in the country. In the summer of 1753 he paid his last visit to Cornwall, which he describes in his letters to Mrs. Wesley, and records his delight at the improvement of the condition and behaviour of the people since their visit twenty years before. In one of those letters he makes allusion to the practice of setting apart the hour from five to six every day for private meditation and prayer, a habit which his father observed for forty years, and his mother also. He urges his wife to resolutely maintain the same practice, which both he and his brother John did.

In a state of rapidly declining health, John Wesley urged upon his brother the necessity of taking counsel together before Charles made any journeys in the country, that they might not needlessly cross each other's path. John became seriously ill, and fell into a rapid consumption, and for some time recovery seemed to be hopeless, though he was most anxiously and carefully nursed by both Mrs. Wesley and his sister Martha. In answer to the united prayers of all the Societies, and after a long rest at the Bristol hot wells, he recovered; but to Charles Wesley that illness was a heavy trial indeed. Nor was it the only one at that time. Whilst he was watching over the Societies in London, some one frightened Mrs. Charles Wesley by abruptly and erroneously telling her that John Wesley was dead. She immediately fell ill, the smallpox appeared, which turned to the confluent kind. Her whole system was saturated with the disease, and probably none ever had it so bad and recovered. The malady so marked her features that she was never again like the same person. In the midst of this affliction, their only child, sixteen months old, took the disease, and in a few days his gentle spirit fled to Paradise. Charles Wesley observed that his brother Samuel died of consumption at the age of fifty, and when John was seized with the same disease at just the same age, he much feared it would be fatal. The prayers of the faithful were answered by the saving of the sick. John recovered. Charles soothed his own spirit under these trials by writing some verses, entitled, "Oblation of a Sick Friend," "For one visited with

Sickness," and "A Prayer for a Dying Child." Another hymn entitled "On the Death of a Child" was very long, and even now it can hardly be read without its sympathetic appeals producing tears. Mrs. Wesley was only twenty-seven years of age when disease deformed her countenance so much that her friends did not recognise her after her recovery: yet her husband declared, although she had lost her youthful beauty, "he admired her more than ever he had done before." This opinion he never altered.

After John Wesley's recovery, in July, 1754, accompanied by his brother Charles, he visited Norwich, to allay the violent excitement made in that locality by James Wheatley, one of their preachers who had been expelled for grave errors. Charles stayed in Norfolk long enough to quiet the Societies.

The Conference of 1756 was held in Leeds. The chief matter discussed was the administration of the Lord's Supper to the members by their own preachers. Believing that the preachers were unconvinced by his arguments in favour of communicating only at the church, Charles Wesley abruptly left the Conference, and returned to London. There he wrote and published "An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley." In it he expresses his determination to labour and die in the service of the Church of England, but he also avows his unalterable friendship with his brother, and their oneness of heart. Curiously enough, the printer's bill of costs for that poetical tract has been preserved; a copy is in "Charles Wesley's Life" (vol. ii. p. 82). During the same year, Charles Wesley made a preaching tour through Staffordshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. This was the last of his itinerant journeys. Knowing that he had not the talent for government which his brother possessed, and remembering the letter of admonition he had received from John in 1753 in reference to his journeys, he resolved to confine his labours as a preacher between Bristol and London.

On December 11th, 1757, his son Charles was born: two brothers and a sister born before him had died very young, and the parents earnestly desired and prayed that he might be spared. Their prayer was answered: he outlived both his parents.

Mr. Ellison, the husband of Susanna Wesley, died in London, and on April 11th, 1760, Charles Wesley read the burial service over his grave. About the same time Earl Ferrers was tried for the murder of his servant, and found guilty. Charles Wesley attended his trial, and used his utmost efforts to bring the earl to repentance, but it is feared all were in vain: his infidel principles would not yield.

The trial of Earl Ferrers was not over before Charles Wesley

met with further anxiety. Some of the Methodist preachers had obtained licenses to preach under the Act of Toleration, and three of them had gone so far as to administer the sacraments at Norwich without asking Mr. Wesley's consent. This Charles Wesley considered to be a grave offence, and the three Norwich preachers who had officiated at the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, Paul Greenwood, John Murlin, and Thomas Mitchell, were each summoned to London to answer for their conduct. Charles Wesley wrote to five senior preachers for their opinion concerning this offence, which had been committed, as he alleged, on the pretext of a "sixpenny license." He deplored such a result; and Mr. Grimshaw, minister of Haworth, summed up his strong feelings on the subject by declaring that "Dissenters the Methodists will all shortly be; it cannot be prevented!" Neither Charles Wesley nor Mr. Grimshaw could then see how the Methodist preachers should form, as they now do, a middle party between the Church and Dissent. The constant preaching of Charles Wesley in London had so indoctrinated all his hearers with his own love to the Church, that he believed they were all of his own mind. They had all the ordinances of the Church regularly supplied to them. The Societies in the country had not; hence their desire for those ordinances was natural. He made an unsuccessful effort to obtain Episcopal ordination for one of the leading preachers, Christopher Hopper.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley was made happy, April 1st, 1759, by the birth of a daughter, who was named Sarah, after her mother, and who survived both her parents.

In the year 1762, Mr. Wesley published, in two volumes, "Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures," which contain 2,030 separate compositions. This work was republished, with unauthorised alterations, a few years after the death of its author. Four years previously, in 1758, he wrote and published "Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind," one of the most scarce of his poetical tracts, in which appeared for the first time the hymn commencing,—

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending.

During the same year, 1758, he visited Barnstaple, and renewed his acquaintance with all the surviving members of his brother Samuel's family, Mr. Earle, a most respectable tradesman, who had married Samuel's daughter, with whom resided his brother's widow.

A further source of joy was added to their domestic circle on February 24th, 1766, by the birth of another son, who was named Samuel, after the rector of Epworth. He survived both

his parents, and was probably one of the most accomplished organists that ever lived.

Writing to Mrs. Wesley in June, 1767, he mentions the intention of removing the family residence to Michael's Hill, in Bristol, and adds, "My work keeps me alive more than it wears me out: that and my life will probably end together." He often expressed a desire to die when his mind was depressed, but God sustained his feeble frame for fourscore years.

Attachment to home was a marked feature in Charles Wesley's disposition; and as his children grew up, and manifested such extraordinary gifts and genius, the pleasure was augmented on their account. He himself taught them Latin, Greek, and Hebrew: the two former languages his three surviving children were masters of. Spending the greater part of his time in London, he began to think of residing there, and examined a house at Hackney, and another at Stoke Newington, which were likely to suit their wants. Providence otherwise ordered, though he made no haste in leaving Bristol, which did not take place till 1771.

In 1768, Charles Wesley heard with much pleasure of the birth of a third son, who was named John James. Both his parents and his uncle John had an impression that had he lived he would have become a minister of Christ. Writing to his brother on this subject, John says, "It is highly probable that one of the three will stand before the Lord. But, so far as I can learn, such a thing has scarce been these thousand years before, as a son, father, grandfather *atavus tritavus* preaching the genuine gospel in a line. You know Mr. White, sometime chairman of the Assembly of Divines, was my grandmother's father." He might have added that four Wesleys in succession, from 1600 to 1760, had been preachers of the gospel continuously. The eldest son of Samuel followed in the priestly line, and stood to minister before the Lord till the year 1859. The infant son of Charles, on whom they looked to fulfil this hope, lived only seven months on earth; he was then called to serve in heaven.

Mr. Whitefield had gone to America, and from Georgia he wrote a gratifying letter to Charles Wesley, in January, 1770, setting forth that the good seed which the Wesleys had sown in that country thirty years before was bringing forth good fruit. It was good news indeed, and the last news which that zealous man of God had to report on earth. He survived till the following September, when he suddenly expired. John Wesley, by express desire, preached his funeral sermon several times in London, and Charles wrote an elaborate poetical elegy to his memory.

About the time of Mr. Whitefield's death there arose that long and hot dispute between the Calvinists, led by Lady

Huntingdon, and the Arminians, directed by John Wesley. The brothers Wesley remained firm to their principles, and the preachers faltered not. Mr. Fletcher, in his several checks to Antinomianism, settled all the points in dispute for ever. The friendship of many years' standing between the two parties was now finally severed. After John Wesley's death, the countess, hearing from Joseph Bradford how well he had died, expressed, with tears, her regret for having separated from him. They were soon united in eternal friendship in heaven.

The desire to remove to London all his family had become the leading thought in Charles Wesley's mind; and to accomplish it the Methodists of London united in a subscription to defray the necessary expenses, which his very small income prevented him doing for himself. In a most remarkable manner Divine Providence opened the way through a channel and in a way least expected.

In the early days of Methodism at Bath and Bristol, there were a few rich mingled with the many poor people who heard the word of truth from the lips of the Wesleys, and received it into their hearts. One of the former class was Mrs. Gumley, the wife of Colonel Gumley, then of Bath. Possessed of ample means, and having great love in her heart towards the preachers from whose lips she had obtained spiritual blessings, she welcomed both John and Charles Wesley to her residence, and encouraged them greatly in their labours. When the debt of Kingswood School pressed heavily on the mind of John Wesley, Mrs. Gumley took him home one day and asked the cause of his dejection. Telling her his desire to begin building a new chapel for the poor people who wanted a religious home in which to worship, but dare not with the debt of £600 on the Kingswood School, this kind lady generously said: "Mr. Wesley, if you will call upon me in seven days' time with £100 in cash, I will give you a cheque for the £600." The money was collected, the debt paid, and the work of God not hindered. When Charles Wesley's son Charles was born, Mrs. Gumley stood sponsor for him at his baptism, and she performed her vows faithfully in every way. She presented her godson with his first organ, and her letter to Charles enclosing the money for its payment is now before the writer, with the endorsement at the back in the handwriting of the Rev. Charles Wesley, "Mrs. Gumley, a mother to Charles." In that letter she begs Charles, if he has any other wants unsatisfied, that he will not trouble any other person, but at once let her know what they are, that she may have the pleasure of satisfying them. She meant what she said, and did all she promised. The last act of noble generosity shown by that excellent, pious lady, which need be recorded here, relates

to Charles Wesley's removal to London. Desiring to locate his family in the metropolis, he had been making arrangements for more than two years, and at length a subscription was commenced to defray the necessary outlay. Mrs. Gumley, hearing of this, sent for the minister whom she delighted to serve, and immediately stopped all further proceedings by handing over to Charles Wesley, for the sole use of himself and his family, the lease (which had twenty years to run) of her handsome town residence, situated in Chesterfield Street, Marylebone. "The house was richly furnished, and completely prepared for occupation. The cellars were well stocked with wine and abundance of table beer. All these were most freely and spontaneously offered to the Methodist clergyman as a mark of the gratitude and affection of this devoted Christian lady. Mrs. Gumley was aunt to Lady Robert Manners. One of the rooms of that beautiful mansion was fitted up for concerts, which Mr. Wesley's two young sons began to give to the nobility soon after they commenced their residence in London. The mansion was about three miles from the Foundry, and the journey backwards and forwards was usually performed on the back of a white pony, on which Mr. Wesley rode for years with a loose rein, reading, or writing poetry. John Wesley would have preferred a residence nearer to the Foundry, that he and the members of the Society might more frequently consult together with Charles, John always making his home at or near to the chapel. Seeing the hand of God in so generous a gift, he made no further opposition, and occasionally visited Charles in Chesterfield Street.

From the time of his final settlement in London, Charles Wesley devoted himself to the education of his three children (all of whom became accomplished classical scholars), and to the service almost daily at the Foundry, or West Street, Seven Dials. His own health was delicate, so much so that he often thought his end was near, and said so. He took a lively interest in any public movements which were connected with religion. Sometimes he was drawn out in prayer with a fervour which seemed impossible to one so fragile in body, and the Divine presence descended in so much power that all felt the presence of God. Once in the summer of 1772 this was the case, when at the Lord's Table he was constrained to pray especially for that servant of God, John Fletcher. The large audience in London was impressed and blessed under that prayer. Writing to Mr. Fletcher, Charles Wesley inquired how he found himself the Sunday before. Mr. Fletcher replied "that he had been wondering how he had been inwardly loosed that day, and how prayer and praise came from a much greater depth than usual in his heart, and the blessing had remained with him ever since."

It is manifest therefore that there is sympathy at the throne of grace, and power in prayer when offered in faith. In praying for Mr. Fletcher, his own soul also received a rich effusion of Divine power, and the congregation at Madeley at the same moment felt the same hallowing influence reciprocated through the Divine presence with their pastor.

During the summer of 1772, Charles Wesley seems to have had some doubts in his mind respecting his age, and he wrote to his brother John for what information he could supply on the subject. Writing in reply from Dewsbury, under date of July 10th, 1772, John says: "My sister Kezzy was born about March, 1710 [should be 1709], though you could not be born later than December, 1708; consequently, if you live till December, 1772, you will enter your sixty-fifth year." To this Charles added the following note: "Or according to my sister Martha's account, my sixty-second year." From this it appears that neither John nor Martha Wesley knew with certainty the year of Charles's birth, and he himself did not. John wrote from memory only, and, being in Yorkshire, had not his papers at hand to consult; hence he is in error in both the dates he sends to Charles, which is proved by reference to the letters of his father. Charles was born December, 1707, and Kezzy in March, 1709.

A simple act of indiscretion during the summer of 1775, induced John Wesley to sleep out-of-doors on the grass one afternoon whilst travelling in Ireland. In the summer time he had done this without harm for forty years. On this occasion he slept with his face to the ground, in consequence of which he fell suddenly ill of a fever, and was for some time so near death that the newspapers reported him dead. Charles Wesley felt this severe trial intensely, and received letters of condolence from Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Perronet, and offers of service in directing the affairs of the Societies. Happily, and in answer to very earnest prayer, God spared the life so nearly sacrificed, and so carefully watched over by his faithful friend Joseph Bradford. In the summer of 1776, Mr. Fletcher himself fell into a dangerous illness, which appeared to be a confirmed consumption. John Wesley had him brought to London for careful nursing. Charles with great ardour and importunity prayed for his recovery, and wrote a hymn, which was sung by the Societies in London and Bristol, entitled "A Prayer for the Rev. Mr. John Fletcher, June 30th, 1776." Mr. Fletcher recovered, and resumed his ministry.

The trial of Dr. Dodd for forgery, in 1777, was such a surprise to many religious people in London, that when he was convicted and sentenced to death great efforts were made to save him from

the scaffold. The unhappy convict sent for John and Charles Wesley, whose visits and prayers were followed by a happy change in his mind. He became thoroughly penitent, and as the law was inexorable he yielded his body to the executioner, but his spirit fled to Christ. From Charles Wesley's pen came "A Prayer for Dr. Dodd under Condemnation."

Visiting Bristol in the summer of 1778, by desire of John Wesley, Mrs. Wesley, her two sons, and daughter, went to stay or a short period with a friend of theirs, Mr. Russell, a painter of some celebrity, near Guildford, Surrey. Whilst there, Mr. Russell painted their portraits in oil, three-quarter life-size. But for that occasion we might never have had a portrait of Mrs. Wesley and her children. The original painting of Mrs. Wesley, after passing through many vicissitudes, was recently offered to the writer for a small sum. Knowing its value and scarcity, he made arrangements for its permanent safety. For each of these portraits Charles Wesley paid Mr. Russell sixteen guineas. The artist's bill for one of them is in possession of the writer, and is preserved in Charles Wesley's own pocket-book, the same in which he usually put his scraps of hymns as he wrote them, often out-of-doors walking or riding. In the same pocket-book are kept other manuscript papers, not published, which once belonged to the poet of Methodism. Charles Wesley retained the friendship of Mr. Russell to the end of his days. He is mentioned in other portions of his journals or letters. What education Charles Wesley's daughter Sarah had away from home she had in a school at Guildford, to which place her father wrote letters to her of affectionate instruction and counsel.

What were known as the Gordon riots, in 1780, were a source of intense anxiety to Charles Wesley. John was itinerating in the north of England, whilst the infuriated rioters were pulling down all the chapels they came near. As an agonised spectator of the anarchy which prevailed, Charles wrote to John, telling him his fears that their newly erected chapel in the City Road would fall a prey to mob-law. God heard the prayers of the whole Church, and when the danger was past the event was commemorated by Charles in a tract, of "Hymns written in the Time of the Tumults, June, 1780," in which he prayed in verse, not only for the king and his family, but also for the persecuted Roman Catholics.

Charles Wesley attended the Conference held in Bristol in 1780, "the last he was present at." He was unwell at the time. He became much worse, and a spirit of melancholy came over him, engendered by age and weakness. His sufferings were great, and the only food he could take was dry toast. Uncertain

whether he should live or die, he wrote to his eldest son, and in the letter occurs this sentence: "My father I have heard say God had shown him he should have all his nineteen children about him in heaven. I have the same blessed hope for my eight. His blessing be upon you all." He was then seventy-three years old.

Allusion has been made to the private concerts given in Charles Wesley's residence by his two sons Charles and Samuel. The genius of both those boys was marvellous, and their organ and violin performances excited the admiration and astonishment of the more educated classes, amongst whom they chiefly moved. The price of a ticket for each course of twelve concerts was three guineas; the subscribers varied from thirty to fifty, and with the presence of occasional friends the attendance reached eighty persons, a number which crowded the room. After paying for assistants, refreshments, and other expenses, the profits were but small, but they obtained great applause and popularity. Among the subscribers were the Bishop of London, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Barrington, Lord and Lady Le Despencer, the Hon. Daines Barrington, several foreign ambassadors, and not a few clergymen. The Earl of Mornington was a constant attendant, and frequently joined his young friends by performing on the violin, in which he excelled. For some time the earl breakfasted once a week with Mr. Wesley and his family, and spent much time with the two sons in practising different musical instruments, and learning from their own lips something of the history of their musical progress, which made them almost prodigies in the art of music, and in their manipulations on the organ. This accomplished nobleman, of elegant taste and polished manners, was so enraptured with the playing of Samuel Wesley, the younger son, that he ordered for him a court suit of scarlet,* in which he usually appeared at the concerts. He had the young performer's portrait painted, at the age of eight years, standing by his organ, and he had it finely engraved on steel. Copies were much sought after at the time by the clergy and the nobility. The portrait is now scarce. John Wesley attended one of those concerts, February 25th, 1781, and there he met General Oglethorpe, who, out of respect, kissed his hand.

Writing of those concerts in the *Arminian Magazine*, John Wesley gave his brother's opinion that they were "in the order of Providence." John said he was "clear of another mind." Their temporal interests were advanced, but their spiritual welfare was retarded. Their accomplishments became a subject

* The tailor's bill for making that suit of clothes is now before the writer, and is endorsed at the back by Mrs. Wesley, "Sammy's scarlet suit, paid for by money given him"—by the Earl of Mornington.

of conversation at court, and Charles, the eldest son, was introduced by Dr. Shepherd to George III., with whom he became a great favourite. The king was passionately fond of Handel's music, and no one in England could more effectively render that music than Charles Wesley, jun., who often played to the king during the thirty years following. George IV., also a good judge of music, showed him more than common respect, and made him his private organist whilst he was Prince of Wales, and when he became king he treated him with the same kindness and esteem. This love of music and worldly company which was manifested by the younger son, Samuel, led him to attend Romish places of worship, solely for the music. He became so wrapt up with that form of religion, because of the prominence given in their churches to music, that his father had reason to fear that he had joined the Church of Rome, and it was a cause of intense and continued anxiety to his parents and to his uncle John. Every effort was made which entreaty and affection could suggest to rescue him, but they all failed during his father's lifetime.

A pleasant meeting took place at the house of Mrs. Hannah More in 1786, when William Wilberforce, M.P., a young rising statesman, was introduced to the Rev. Charles Wesley, then nearly eighty years of age. On entering the room, Mr. Wesley rose, met Mr. Wilberforce, and gave him his blessing. It was a solemn and impressive scene, of which the young philanthropist said: "Such was the effect of his manner and appearance that it altogether overset me, and I burst into tears, unable to restrain myself." God was in that blessing; and the beneficial effects of it, then unforeseen, will have to be recorded in the life of Mrs. Charles Wesley.

After John Wesley had legally completed his Deed of Declaration, he was constrained, by the urgent claims which came to him, to ordain by the imposition of hands two of his preachers for America, and afterwards three others for Scotland. These acts were greatly displeasing to his brother Charles, though his written remonstrances were of no avail to prevent what the founder of Methodism believed to be the call of God from those countries. Charles was then aged, sickly, and infirm; and though John was nearly five years older, he had immensely more energy and power, and was far more practical. The brothers exchanged several letters on the subject, and at length "agreed to disagree." Several Church writers have tried to magnify these differences into a quarrel, of which John and Charles Wesley in mind and purpose knew nothing.

Approaching the age of fourscore, as Charles Wesley then was, Divine Providence graciously prepared him by several successive

admonitions for his own final change. Within a short space of time no less than six or seven of his intimate and endeared personal friends were called to their eternal reward. These were Mrs. Sparrow, Mrs. Duval, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, of Lewisham; Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Perronet, of Shoreham; and John Fletcher, of Madeley. Following this came the death of the son of his friend William Marriot, of London. These solemn calls only increased his earnestness in what services he was able to render. He usually preached on Sunday morning and afternoon at the New Chapel; at times the Word was enforced and applied with an energy and zeal which astonished his hearers. On one occasion his gown caught the hymn-book, and it fell on the head of Dr. Coke, who was seated in the desk below. Unconscious of the event, the zeal of the preacher abated not, and fearing a worse result, the doctor stood and looked up, and soon afterwards the Bible followed the hymn-book; but Charles Wesley had finished his discourse before he knew what was done.

Having no actual disease, he continued to preach as long as any strength remained. Then followed a state of prostration, which did not prevent him riding out a little daily. This had to be given up, and at that point his brother John remonstrated, believing that by persevering in his outdoor exercise he would again rally. He wrote, strongly urging this, and at length enjoined on Dr. Whitehead to visit and enforce it if possible. Dr. Whitehead called on the sick man, and charged his guinea to the stewards at City Road. The doctor repeated his visits afterwards from friendship, and describes the condition of his patient as possessed of "unaffected humility and holy resignation to the will of God. He had no transports of joy, but solid hope, unshaken confidence in Christ, and perfect peace."

John Wesley took his final leave of his brother at the end of February, 1788. Within a week he was not strong enough even to write, and his daughter Sarah answered her uncle John's letters, which were full of affectionate anxiety. Recovering a little strength—the poetic fire was not extinguished, though but feebly burning—he wrote his final hymn, which has four stanzas of six lines each, on which is inscribed, "Written a little before his death." In it he prays for perfect holiness, to change the human to Divine; and commences the last verse with—

> Oh, that the joyful hour was come,
> Which calls thy ready servant home.

That time was very near. When extreme feebleness had overtaken him he called for Mrs. Wesley, and requested her to write. He dictated the following lines, the last which his mind conceived before the final summons came:—

In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

Unconscious of pain, without any disease, he lingered on, passing out of the world in the same manner as he entered it. At his birth he showed no signs of consciousness for many days: at his dying he lay patient, passive, and prostrate, till March 29th, 1788, when his spirit returned to God. His age was eighty years and four months. He died in Mrs. Gumley's house, No. 1, Chesterfield Street; and on April 5th he was interred in the Old Churchyard at Marylebone, near his residence.

A tomb was erected over his body, which was so decayed half a century afterwards, that the Wesleyan Book Committee in London restored it. It is in the form of an obelisk.

This account of the poet of Methodism is necessarily very much abridged: there exist unpublished letters, poems, hymns, and other papers, sufficient to have made a long biography.

The following poem by the Rev. Charles Wesley has not before been published:—

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE.

[1763 or 1783.]

Tremendous God, Thy hand we see!
Permitted by Thy just decree,
The woful day is come:
Kept off by a few righteous men,
Suspended by their prayers in vain,
We meet our fearful doom.

Allured and bought by Gallic gold,
Our statesmen have their country sold
While, deaf to misery's cries,
Innocent millions they compel
Oppression's iron yoke to feel,
Or fall a sacrifice.

Nations who did in [armies] trust,
They liars perfidious, and unjust,
To fierce fanatic zeal,
To men athirst for guiltless blood,
Who send as offerings worthy God
Poor savages to hell.

They force their country to receive
A peace which only fiends could give,
Which deadly feuds creates:
Murders, and massacres, and wars;
Peace which humanity abhors,
And every Briton hates.

A peace whose evils know no bounds,
Which mercy, truth, and justice wounds,
Our nation's curse and shame;
Brands us as long as time shall be,
O'erwhelms with loads of infamy,
And sinks the British name.

A peace which never could have been
But as the punishment of sin,
Of riot in excess;
Of falsehood, cruelty, and pride,
Of crimes the great disdain to hide,
Of general wickedness.

Lost to all sense of shame and fear,
Who neither God nor man revere,
All ranks and orders join
To fill our sinful measure up,
And claim the intoxicating cup
Of bitter wrath Divine.

Yet unconcerned the many meet
Their doom, and rush into the pit
By human fiends prepared;
Those instruments of public ill,
Reserved the utmost wrath to feel,
And gain a full reward.

When God awakes, the righteous God!
And inquisition makes for blood,
Will He not call to mind
Those pests of our afflicted race,
Who ever were the world's disgrace,
The murtherers of mankind?

Yet then, O God, Thy Church shall see
A gracious difference made by Thee
In favour of Thine own:
Preserved by Thy redeeming love,
And safe in Christ their life above
On Thy eternal throne.

Behind the last page of the original manuscript, John Wesley has written as follows: "Verses on ye Peace—keen enough."

The lines entitled "An Encomium on Tiverton," on page 256, although found amongst the Wesley papers, with Charles Wesley's name on, are said to have been in print as early as the year 1712, with the name of John Blundell to them, who was probably one of the descendants of the founder of the Tiverton School.

POETICAL WORKS BY THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Date of Publication	TITLE	No. of Hymns
1739	Hymns and Sacred Poems	139
1740	Hymns and Sacred Poems	96
1741	Hymns of God's Everlasting Love	38

Date of Publication	TITLE.	No. of Hymns
1742	Hymns and Sacred Poems	155
1743	Collection of Psalms and Hymns, enlarged	138
1744	Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution	33
1744	Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord	18
1744	Hymns for Watch Night	11
1744	Funeral Hymns	16
1745	Hymns for Times of Trouble for the Year 1745	15
1745	A Short View of the Differences between the Moravian Brethren	6
1745	Hymns for the Lord's Supper	166
1746	Hymns for Times of Trouble	6
1746	Gloria Patri, etc.: Hymns to the Trinity	9
1746	Hymns on Great Festivals, with Music by *Lampe* ...	24
1746	Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving for the Promise of the Father, Whitsunday	32
1746	Hymns for Ascension Day	7
1746	Hymns for Our Lord's Resurrection	16
1746	Graces before and after Meat	26
1746	Hymns for Public Thanksgiving, October 9th, 1746 ...	7
1747	Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ	52
1748	Hymns on his Marriage	17
1749	Hymns and Sacred Poems. 2 vols.	455
1750	Hymns for New Year's Day, 1751	7
1750	Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake, March 8th ...	19
1753	Hymns and Spiritual Songs, intended for the use of real Christians, etc.	116
1755	An Epistle to the Rev. John Wesley	1
1755	An Epistle to the Rev. G. Whitefield	1
1756	Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake. Second edition ...	22
1756	Hymns for the Year 1756, particularly for the Fast Day, February 6th	17
1758	Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind	40
1758	Hymns for the use of Methodist Preachers	10
1759	Funeral Hymns, enlarged	43
1759	Hymns on the Expected Invasion	8
1759	Hymns to be used on the Thanksgiving Day, November 29th	15
1761	Hymns for those to whom Christ is all in all	134
1761	Select Hymns, with Tunes annexed	132
1762	Short Hymns on Select Passages of Holy Scripture. 2 vols.	2,030
1763	Hymns for Children	100
1765	Hymns on the Gospels (in manuscript)	—
1767	Hymns for the Use of Families on various occasions ...	188
1767	Hymns on the Trinity	182
1772	Preparation for Death, in several hymns	40
1780	Hymns written in the Time of Tumults, June, 1780 ...	13
1782	Hymns for the Nation, and Hymns for the National Fast Day, February 8th, 1782	32
1785	Prayers for Condemned Malefactors (in verse)	10

Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

KEZIA WESLEY.

Ninth Daughter and Nineteenth Child.

The last of a long list of honoured names, Kezia had no successor in the Epworth family of Wesleys. The time of her birth has hitherto remained unknown. Dr. Whitehead and Dr. Clarke are both silent on the subject; conjecture fixed the date in March, 1710, but that is an error. Mrs. Wesley was the mother of nineteen children; Charles was the eighteenth child, and Kezia, beyond doubt, was born after him. After the burning of the rectory-house, the father of the Wesleys, writing to the Duke of Buckingham, says Mrs. Wesley was then near her confinement, and he hoped she would not miscarry by reason of the fright and peril of the fire, but that she would bring him her nineteenth child. Mrs. Wesley did not miscarry, and the child born was a daughter, who was named Kezia. That there was no record made of her birth can be accounted for satisfactorily. The parish registers were all burnt. She was born in March, the month after the fire, and some time before new registers could be provided for the entry of such occurrences. The rector had more than enough to do in superintending the rebuilding of his house, to write to his children, and Mrs. Wesley was for a long time too unwell to write, which fact is stated by her son Samuel. Hence, whatever trouble was present in the family when the other children began life, the child born so soon after the fire fared the worst in this respect.

In none of the family letters written at or near the time is there any record of the date of the birth of either Charles or Kezia, though there is now available satisfactory circumstantial evidence. As far on in life as 1772, Charles Wesley did not know his own age, and he inquired of his brother John when he and his sister Kezzy were born. In reply, John said, "My sister Kezzy was born about March, 1710; therefore you could not be born later than December, 1708" ("Wesley's Works," 8vo, vol. xii. pp. 139, 140). John, Charles, and Martha all differed

about the age of Charles. The date of the fire determines the time when the nineteenth child was born. Kezzy was that child, and Charles was a little more than a year her senior.

John was correct in naming March as the month of her birth, but for 1710 he should have said 1709. Considering that his reply to Charles was written more than sixty years after the event named, he cannot be blamed for a want of exactness when he had only memory and no written evidence to direct him.

Kezia Wesley was born at Epworth in March, 1709, whilst her parents were in lodgings: her mother was just forty years old. As the gleanings after a rich harvest are less valued by the farmer than the sheaves which he carefully garners, so Kezia Wesley, the last of the tribe, having her entrance into the family circle when her brothers and sisters were engrossing the most anxious care of their parents, received less attention than they all. In the account Mrs. Wesley sent to her son John of her method of education, she thus wrote of her youngest child: "None of the children were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled; and she was more years in learning than any of the rest had been months." This was not so much the fault of Kezia as it seems to have been the result of the circumstances by which she was surrounded. She was taken into her mother's school before she was five, about which time Mrs. Wesley's attention was concentrated upon her son John, so as thoroughly to qualify him for leaving home for school in London. John entered the Charterhouse School in 1714. Following that, was the preparation of Charles, for a like purpose. He left home in 1716. Her three eldest sisters were ranging from eighteen to twenty-four years of age, and were entering on the duties of life as teachers. It should be stated that Kezia was physically feeble, so that her mental energies were developed more slowly from the want of bodily power.

When the strange noises were being made so mysteriously at Epworth, Kezia was old enough to have some concern therewith. Emilia Wesley, writing to her brother Samuel, says: "One time, little Kezzy, pretending to scare Patty, as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it ["Old Jeffrey"] answered with three knocks in the same place." Mrs. Wesley, writing an account of the noises to John, some years afterwards, adds: "Kezzy, then six or seven years old, said, 'Let it answer me, too, if it can;' and stamping, the same sounds were made many times successively." She was present and saw the bed lifted up when her sister Anne was sitting upon it. When questioned about it long after-

wards, she said: "I remember nothing else, but that it knocked my father's knock one night in the nursery, ready to beat the house down."

Seeing her sisters leave home one by one to become teachers, she prepared herself for the like occupation. When she was only eighteen, this was in contemplation, as is intimated in one of Martha's unpublished letters, dated February 7th, 1727, in which allusion is made to Emilia again returning to Lincoln, being in weak health, adding: "Sister Kezzy, too, will have a fair chance of going; for when Mr. Hargraves' family come to Lincoln again they will send either for her or me."

One remarkable characteristic of the Wesley family deserves to be noticed, namely, they all wrote neatly and plainly, so that what they wrote could be easily read. This was especially the case with Kezia: her style of writing was peculiar to herself; the letters were of a square upright form, but neat as only a lady could write. All the letters of her writing which are known to exist have passed through the hands of the present writer. The following are copies which have been compared with the originals. Some scraps of her writings are on the same paper with extracts written by her father. The letters painfully reveal the hardships they had to endure. The first and second are written from Lincoln, where she was a pupil-teacher, giving and receiving instruction for her board only, without any allowance for clothes.

KEZIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

To Mr. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxon.

Lincoln, January 26th, 1729.

DEAR BROTHER,—There is no occasion for your asking pardon for so small an omission as not writing sooner, of one who has been faulty in an instance of much greater moment. Indeed, I was a little inclining to be of my sister s opinion, that it is not in the nature of man to value a woman after he perceived she had any respect for him. If one could have been false, which was of so good a temper, and had so much religion as you, I should not have wondered at finding any so hereafter. Certainly it is a very good way for any that enter into friendship to make this article in their agreement, that they will mutually reprove each other; by which means it will become such an avowed part of their friendship, that it can never be mistaken by the reproved for censoriousness or unkindness. Not that there will be any occasion for me to practise this doctrine, but there will be enough for you. Therefore I desire you will tell me of anything that you think amiss in my conduct, and I will endeavour to reform. I am very glad to hear my brother Charles is so rich. Any good-fortune that happens to my relations affords me great satisfaction. You need not be apprehensive of the news going further. Anything you desire me not to speak of, you may be sure is safe. If I was inclined to enter into the holy estate of matrimony, I can't say but the man you are acquainted with might be worthy of love.

> But to a soul whose marble form
> None of the melting passions warm,

all his good qualities would appear lighter than vanity itself. It is my humble opinion I shall live the life of a nun, for which reason I would not give one single farthing to see him this minute. But if the young man was ever to have an inclination for any of our family, there is a certain lady at Epworth who would make a very good wife, and seems not averse to marriage, that would be worth his acceptance; besides, it would make her amends for a sort of baulk which I fancy she has had lately. There is but one objection against it, which is that it is twenty to one he will never see her.

There is no danger of any one's being fit for death too soon, it being a sufficient work for a whole life. Certainly I shall not think any pains too great to use that will be any help to me in so great a work; and it would be less excusable for *me* to be deceived than others, because it always was and is my persuasion that I shall die young. I am at present fearful of death; but I hope it will please God to make me willing and ready to die before He calls me out of the world.

None know what death is but the dead;
Therefore we all by nature dying dread,
As a strange doubtful path we know not how to tread.

There is no need of any apology for the serious part of your letter; it was very agreeable, but there was one passage in it which I disliked. If you meant it as a banter, it was not kind, because nobody is worthy such a one for not having a beautiful face or a fine shape, it being only the gift of nature, and not to be acquired. If you intended it for a compliment, it was still unkind. Perhaps you might think it would please the vanity of our sex to be flattered. Know, then, that I am not yet vain enough to be pleased with flattery. I hope your goodness will pardon my freedom. I should not have told you what I disliked, only by way of prevention, that you might not write after the same manner for the future. You may certainly be a great help to me in improving me in virtue, by giving me good advice, and telling me of my faults, when we meet again, or when you have reason to believe I am guilty of any. There cannot be a greater instance of friendship than praying for our friends; nor can I be more agreeably employed than in performing a duty which I think is incumbent on all friends. There has nothing happened since you left Lincoln that has had much effect on my mind, except Dick's quarrel with his wife. There is no need of giving you a particular account of it. I do not doubt but you have had one before now. As to my own affairs, there is nothing remarkable, for want of money and clothes was what I was always used to. Indeed, it is rather worse to want here than at home. But there were other inconveniences that weighed more with me than want of clothes. Those are but the trappings and the suits of woe. If I had my choice, I should like to stay here, suppose it were only for education. It would be no great matter if my father was to find me in clothes for three or four years, since he pays nothing for my board. There is one comfort, which is that I can't be blamed if I go home, because it is not possible for me to stay without necessaries.

Suppose my sister would find me in clothes, which I have no reason to expect, nor do I believe it is in her power if it was in her will, I could not be tolerably easy to be kept by any relation but my father or mother while they live. I believe it is chiefly owing to pride, and a little to the shyness of my natural temper. It was always pain to me to ask for my own, and it would be much worse if I knew I was a burden to any of my relations. I shall endeavour to be as easy as possible,—

Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For, know, what man calls fortune, is from God.

I shall trouble you with the length of my letter, and therefore conclude, as I really am, your sincere friend till death, KEZIA WESLEY.

P.S.—I should be glad if you would not let brother Charles see my letters. Excuse the impertinence and simplicity of them, and pray write me soon as possible. Mr. Orry is dead, and Mr. John Pindar is married to Mrs. Medley. Poor soul! I don't envy her choice.

In the summer of the same year she wrote again to her brother; and although she intimates how illiterate she feels herself to be, yet her letter proves that she was more gifted than are many young ladies at her age.

KEZIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

Lincoln, July 12th, 1729.

DEAR BROTHER,—I should not have writ so soon but that you threatened to deprive me of the satisfaction of hearing from you any more except I did. Not that I should have been hindered by multiplicity of business, or by the amusements of this place, but that I could not have imagined that it would be any pleasure to a person of sense to hear from such an illiterate person, had I not had it under your own hand and seal. I have heard from my mother lately; she was as well as usual; and father and sisters are very well, except poor Sukey. She is very ill; people think she is going into consumption. It would be well for her if she was "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Miss Whitely likes Lincoln as well as might be expected from one who has had her own way in everything at home; she stays no longer than summer. She and I have parted beds; it was her desire, occasioned by her cousin's coming.

Civility is worth the world.

Betty Dixon went home eight weeks ago. I was really surprised at her going, because she said her eyes were so tender she could not work, and neither I, nor any one at the school, had ever perceived it before she told us!

I am glad to hear you are so easy, and I wish you could continue to be so, when you get on our side again. But that is a vain wish.

> To our new court sad thoughts do still repair,
> And round our whitened roof hangs hovering care.

I beg you will tell brother Charles I cannot always excuse him from writing, though I do it now. I am very sorry he meets with so many misfortunes, and wish it was in my power to alleviate any of them. I should be very glad if we could all follow his example of faith and patience, but you know our sex have naturally weaker minds than yours: not that I bring this as any excuse for my particular case, for I own I have been very defective in both faith and patience. I cannot say that those evils are imaginary that I meet with at home, if they may be called so.

My mother's ill-health, which was often occasioned by her want of clothes, or convenient meat, and my own constant ill-health these three years last past, weighed much more with me than anything else.

> . . . For who can undergo the force
> Of present ills, with fear of future woe?

I am sorry you have such an ill opinion of me as to think I should have pressed upon you to write, if I had not desired to hear from you. Pray believe me next time. Nothing should have now made me write but the fear of disobliging a person from whom I have received so many obligations.

I am much easier here than I was at home. If there be any who have such large souls, and are blessed with that composure and evenness of temper, that their multiplicity of affairs destroy not their concern for eternity, nor is their hindrance in the just discharge of their duty—if there be any such, then they are fit to be reckoned Christians.

When I have it in my choice to get my living by teaching school, or by any other way of business, then it will be seen what I shall choose.

I have told you my mind as freely as I have told sister Patty; and have only time to return you thanks for the many favours you have conferred on your loving sister, KEZIA WESLEY.

P.S.—Poor Nanny Robinson is dead. I desire you will always write three letters to my one. Your goodness will excuse all faults. Dear Jacky, adieu. Write soon as possible.

Eighteen months afterwards she wrote again to her brother, and in her letter she gives some family details which have not before been published. This is another instance of writing on Mrs. Wesley's birthday.

KEZIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

To the Rev. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxon.

Epworth, January 20th, 1731.

DEAR BROTHER.—Had anybody told me you would have been almost four months without writing, and confirmed it with an oath, I should not have believed it; nor if I had not loved you with more than a sister's love, 'tis likely I should never have written more. Perhaps you may say you should not have cared if I never had. To this I answer,—

> Scorn no one's love, though of a mean dyne :
> Love is a present for a mighty king.

It was not sympathy, the dearest bond of love, or consciousness of my own merit, that made me think I was worthy of love, and therefore it was but common justice I should be beloved; but gratitude, because you made so many professions of friendship to me at Lincoln, and showed your love both in words and actions, that engaged my affections. Nor shall I ever forget your kindness to me there if you think fit never to remember me, or to show more than common civility to me any more. I think you have been so good as to tell me if you did but so much as suspect I wanted anything, you would do it. Surely I have told you how glad I am to hear from you, and cannot admit of any excuse but sickness, nor can I imagine how you could reasonably expect my writing first, when you know the shyness of my temper, and how fearful I am of giving offence to any, especially one that I thought was my friend. Yet, lest there should seem to be want of affection on my side, I will endeavour to say something in vindication of myself.

I came to Epworth the 20th of November. On the Tuesday after, sister Ellison sent for my mother; she was as near death as anybody could be to live—in childbed. It snowed all day, and my mother took such a violent cold that it turned to a pleurisy. She was sat up with a fortnight, and everybody thought she would die. She has kept her room ever since, and I fear

will not be well this winter. We sent for sister Emily: she does not go to Lincoln any more.

You may suppose I can't have much time to spare, not to say anything of my own ill-health, but a slight indisposition should not prevent my writing to you. It is true I had great inconveniences to struggle with abroad, but there were no sisters or mothers to grieve for. Sister Ellison is coming to live at Epworth again at Ladyday, which I am very sorry for; they will be a constant uneasiness to us. Dick is for having Wroote tithe, if my mother can possibly prevail upon my father to let him have it. I do not see any reason for my father giving anything away, except he were in better circumstances, and it is in effect giving, for if he would pay his rent he might as well have a farm of any one else.

In the next place, I shall give you an account of the people at Lincoln, and the manner of our parting. As there were very few persons who gave me pleasure, so consequently I could not have much pain at parting. Mrs. Taylor was very civil when I came away, as indeed she was all the time I was with her. Poor woman, she was wrong; I am very sorry for her.

> She that once hath missed the right way,
> The farther she doth go, the farther she doth stray.

The reason of my coming home was want of money. Brother [Samuel] Wesley sent me £5 to keep me at Lincoln, but sister Emily kept it in part of payment for what was owing to her on my account: nor do I blame her, because she will have occasion for what little she has when she goes to Gainsborough. Miss Kitty was very well in health when I left her, and she went to chapel every morning, and was some time alone every night, and I believe she is very religious, yet I am far from thinking she will make a good wife. Miss Peggy was with us a little after you left Lincoln, and gave her service to brother Charles, and said she was very sorry she came after you were gone. I believe she also has a good sense of religion, and a good natural temper, but I had not much time with her.

Dear brother, for your sake I intend to be careful of loving again, for whoever we take pleasure in are certainly capable of giving us pain; nor should I ever have thought of choosing you as a friend when there was so great inequality between us, if you had not told me that "love, like death, makes all distinctions void."

I hope you will pardon my writing after such a free manner, but I rely on your goodness and our former friendship to excuse it. If I should be so happy as to hear from you any more, pray let me know when you come down, and whether Mr. Morgan will come with you, and how long you think of staying. I fear the pain of parting, if your stay be short, will infinitely outweigh the pleasure of seeing you with me; that is, if you are like what you were when I saw you last.—Your sincere friend till death,

KEZIA WESLEY.

The straitened circumstances of the family are painfully apparent in the foregoing letter. Poor Kezzy had a place in Lincoln which she could not retain because she had not money sufficient to procure needful clothing. Such a condition of things could not but add to her naturally feeble constitution more suffering than seemed to be its fair share, yet she complained not at her hard lot. Six months later she wrote again to her brother, asking his advice as to the books she should

read, and indeed desiring that he would supply her with some, for she had only few belonging to her.

KEZIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

Lincoln, July 3rd, 1731.

DEAR BROTHER,—I should have writ sooner had not business and indisposition of body prevented me. Indeed, sister Pat's going to London shocked me a little, because it was unexpected, and perhaps may have been the cause of my ill-health for the last fortnight. It would not have had so great an effect upon my mind if I had known it before, but it is over now.

> The past as nothing we esteem,
> And pain, like pleasure, is a dream.

I should be glad to see Norris's "Reflections on the Conduct of Human Understanding," and the book wrote by the female author; but I don't expect so great a satisfaction as the seeing either of them, except you should have the good fortune (for me) as to be at Epworth when I am there, which will be in the latter end of August. I shall stay a fortnight or three weeks if no unforeseen accident prevent it.

I must not expect anything that will give me so much pleasure as the having your company so long, because a disappointment would make me very uneasy. Had your supposition been true, and one of your fine ladies had heard your conference, they would have despised you as a mere ill-bred scholar, who could make no better use of such an opportunity than preaching to young women for the improvement of their minds.

I am entirely of your opinion that the pursuit of knowledge and virtue will most improve the mind, but how to pursue these is the question. Cut off, indeed, I am from all means which most men, and many women, have of attaining them.

I have Nelson's "Method of Devotion," and the "Whole Duty of Man," which is all my stock. As to history and poetry, I have not so much as one book.

I could like to read all the books you mention if it were in my power to buy them, but as it is not at present, nor have any of my acquaintance I can borrow them of, I must make myself easy without them if I can; but I had rather you had not told me of them, because it always occasions me some uneasiness that I have not books and opportunity to improve my mind. Now here I have time—in a morning three or four hours—but want of books: at home I had books, but no time, because constant illness made me incapable of study. I like Nelson's "Method of Devotion," the aiming every day at some particular virtue. I wish you would send me the questions you speak of relative to each virtue, and I would read them every day. Perhaps they may be of use to me in learning contentment, for I have been long endeavouring to practise it, yet every temptation is apt to cause me to fall into the same error.

I should be glad if you would say a little to sister Emily on the same subject, for she is very likely to have a fit of sickness with grieving for the loss of Miss Emery, who went to Wickham last Saturday to live. I can't persuade her to the contrary, because I am so much addicted to the same failing myself. Pray desire brother Charles to bring "Prior," the second part, when he comes; or send it, according to promise, for leaving off snuff till next May, or else I shall think myself at liberty to take as soon as I please. Pray let me know in your next letter when you design to come down, and whether brother Wesley and sister will come with you? if you intend to walk, and brother Charles with you?

I think it no great matter whether I say anything relating to the people of Epworth or no, for you may be sure he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. I expect you will come by London; pray desire sister Patty to write by you; I have not heard from her since she went. You must not measure the length of your next letter by mine: I am ill, and can't write any more.—Your affectionate sister, KEZIA WESLEY.

Miss Kitty went to six o'clock prayers till she got the fever, and I never miss except sickness prevent me.

Here we find a mind thirsting after knowledge, both Divine and human, and struggling against many disadvantages, among which comparative poverty and bad health were none of the least. Money was scarce a hundred years ago, and books not easy to be procured. Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ for a present salvation was little known, and growth in moral goodness, by a daily reference to and practice of some virtue, was a poor substitute for the application of that blood which cleanses from all unrighteousness, and a daily growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. The religious disposition of the mind of Kezia was manifested in all she wrote, if not in all she said.

Her return to Epworth was probably undesired on her part, but there were reasons in favour of it which do not appear on the surface. Her father was aged and infirm in body; her mother had counted more than threescore summers, and was herself but feeble. Her elder sisters were married or out as teachers; Martha was keeping her uncle's house in London; so that the household in Epworth consisted only of the rector and his wife, Mary, and Kezia. Both of the latter were feeble in body. Mary was married to John Whitelamb in 1734, and she left home, so that Kezia was the only one of the nineteen children then at the rectory. It was at that juncture in the family history that the vicious episode occurred with Wesley Hall, mentioned in the life of her sister Martha.

During the college vacation John Wesley took Mr. Hall with him to London, and called upon his uncle Matthew Wesley, where they met Martha Wesley, to whom he made an offer of marriage, was accepted, and "betrothed her" to him. Then he went to Epworth with John Wesley, and found Kezia, the only daughter at home. Pleased with her manners, and quite regardless of his promise to Martha, Mr. Hall made an offer of marriage to Kezia, and was accepted, and was approved by Mr. and Mrs. Wesley and John. The arrangement with Martha he took care not to mention. Returning to Oxford, he as soon forgot Kezia as he had done Martha, but kept all his duplicity to himself. Outwardly he had the form of godliness, and was believed to be pious, but his conduct to both Mr. Wesley's

daughters was such as no good man could have exhibited. On again visiting London, he made his way to Martha Wesley, saying not one word of what had occurred at Epworth. He had probably heard that Martha was likely to be remembered in her uncle's will. Be the motive what it may, he heartlessly, and in a cruel manner, abandoned Kezia to return to Martha.

In 1735, shortly after the rector of Epworth died, Wesley Hall and Martha Wesley were married, and the hope of Kezia was entirely cut off. In the mean time the Epworth home was desolated by the death of the rector, and Mrs. Wesley and Kezia had to find shelter elsewhere. Mrs. Wesley went to her daughter Emilia; Kezia for a short time to her brother Samuel, at Tiverton. Mr. and Mrs. Hall went to Wootton, where he obtained a curacy, and they sent for Kezia to live with them. John Wesley had tried to make other arrangements, but they failed. As Kezia had really lost all affection for the man who had been so faithless, and knowing that Martha had the prior claim to what affection he was capable of showing, she made no hesitation in going to reside with Mr. and Mrs. Hall. How completely she had renounced all claim to Mr. Hall, long before he was married, is plainly recorded by her in a letter of which the following is a copy:—

KEZIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

Epworth, June 16th, 1734.

DEAR BROTHER,—I intended not to write till I could give you an account of Mr. Hall's affair; but it is needless, because I believe he won't do anything without your approbation. I am entirely of your opinion that we ought to "endeavour after the perfect resignation;" and I have learned to practise this duty in one particular, which I think is of the greatest importance in life, viz., marriage. I am as indifferent as it is lawful for any person to be whether I ever change my state or not, because I think a single life is the more excellent way; and there are also several reasons why I rather desire to continue as I am. One is, because I desire to be entirely disengaged from the world; but the chief is, I am so well apprised of the great duty a wife owes to her husband, that I think it is almost impossible she should ever discharge it as she ought. But I can scarce say I have the liberty of choosing, for my relations are continually soliciting me to marry. I shall endeavour to be as resigned and cheerful as possible to whatever God is pleased to ordain for me.—Your affectionate sister, KEZIA WESLEY.

Knowing that his elder brother Samuel would take care of his mother, John Wesley took on himself the responsibility of directing, as far as he could, the lot of Kezia. On his return from America, finding she was lodged with Mr. Hall, he first proposed to allow his brother Samuel £50 a year that she might reside with him. That plan fell through. He next proposed a similar arrangement for her to reside with the Rev. Henry Piers, vicar of Bexley. That plan succeeded; and in the

summer of 1737 her brother Charles went to visit her at Bexley. At the time she was visiting the sister of Mr. Gambold at Stanton Harcourt. Charles makes this record of his interview :—

"September 16th, 1737.—I walked over with Mr. Gambold to Stanton Harcourt. After much talk of their states, we agreed that I should not speak at all to my sister on religion, but only to his. Calling accidentally at my sister Kezzy's room, she fell upon my neck, and, in a flood of tears, begged me to pray for her. I did not know but this might be her time, and sat down. She anticipated me by saying she had felt here what she had never felt before, and believed now there was such a thing as the new creature. She was full of earnest wishes for Divine love; owned there was a depth in religion she had never fathomed; that she was not, but longed to be, converted; would give up all to obtain the love of God; renewed her request with great vehemence that I would pray further, often repeating, 'I am weak; I am exceeding weak.' I prayed over her, and blessed God from my heart; then used Pascal's prayer for conversion, with which she was much affected, and begged me to write it out for her. After supper, I read Mr. Law's account of redemption. She was greatly moved, full of tears and sighs, and eagerness for more. The next day I prayed again with Kezz, who was still in the same temper, convinced that all her misery proceeded from her not loving God."

The delight of Charles at this unexpected turn of events knew no bounds. When supper time came he could not eat for joy. He returned to London full of the thought of his sister's conversion, and the fulfilment of his father's assurance in her case that he should meet his children in heaven. Charles addressed a letter of spiritual instruction and direction to his sister, which she answered as follows:—

KEZIA WESLEY TO HER BROTHER CHARLES.

Bexley, November 15th, 1737.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Though I am very ill, yet nothing can prevent me returning my sincere thanks for your kind letter. You have not a friend in the world who will be more glad to be directed or reproved (in the spirit of meekness) than I shall be. I own it is a great fault, but my mind, and body too, are so much weakened with ill-usage, that I cannot bear any roughness without either being angry or dejected. I have not heard from my mother this two months, nor have I had any letter or receipt from you. I cannot write to her, because I do not know how to direct. If you can still have patience, and retain any love and tenderness for "a weak, entangled, wretched thing," you may, by your prayers and direction, add much to the happiness of your sincere friend and affectionate sister, KEZIA WESLEY.

The arrangements which had been made for her comfort proved to be a source of real pleasure to Kezia Wesley. What

time she was not with the happy family at Bexley she usually spent with Mr. Gambold and his sister. On February 18th, 1738, both John and Charles Wesley met at Mr. Gambold's, and they rejoiced together that he had given up the *mystic stillness* opinions which had for some time held him in bondage. Kezia was there also, and shared in the mutual pleasure arising from that meeting.

Charles Wesley returned to London, and thence to Oxford, where he met Peter Böhler, from whom he learned something of justifying faith. Four days later, Charles Wesley became seriously ill; so much so, that his sister Kezia was brought from Bexley to nurse her suffering brother. Charles was then a little over thirty years old, and Kezia a little under thirty. For more than a week he was in a dangerous state, distressed both in body and mind, and was favoured all the time with the watchful care of his sister Kezia, who, like himself, was supremely anxious to be a Christian indeed. When he began to recover, she became dangerously ill, and was placed under the care of a physician. She and her partially recovered brother received the Holy Communion together almost every day. Charles wrote two hymns on his recovery from sickness, which he and his sister sang together. This was in March, 1738. In the May following, the conversion of Charles took place. In July, we find that Charles "pressed the subject of present justification by faith" upon the attention of his sister Kezzy, whom he found still living with Mr. and Miss Gambold at Stanton Harcourt.

Whilst residing with Mr. and Mrs. Piers at Bexley, the people of the village raised a loud cry of opposition against the doctrine of justification by faith, which Mr. Piers learned from the Wesleys, and now preached. Strange that Kezia Wesley thought herself a true believer, though destitute of the fruits of faith, and joined with the people in opposing the new doctrine. Charles writes: "My sister Kezzy would not give up her pretensions to faith; told me, half angry, 'Well, you will know in the next world whether I have faith or no.' I asked her, 'Will you then discharge me in the sight of God from speaking to you again? If you will, I promise never more to open my mouth till we meet in eternity.' She burst into tears, fell on my neck, and melted me into fervent prayer for her."

These brief glimpses at the spiritually anxious condition of mind of Kezia are most satisfactory. They indicate that growing preparation for the final change which in her case was then near at hand. She would have earlier entered upon the life of faith but for the erroneous notions held by Mr. Gambold, in whose household she spent much of her time.

Charles and Kezia were as much attached to each other as were John and Martha Wesley. When Charles obtained a conscious sense of pardon by faith in Jesus, he could not rest till his youngest sister knew the same blessing. Two years elapsed between the last recorded interview and the death of Kezia. They met and conversed together as frequently as the public duties of Charles permitted. In the mean time Methodism had begun to shape itself, the Foundry had been opened, and both the brothers Wesley had commenced open-air preaching. The last notice of Kezia by any member of the family relates to her dying, which seems to have been witnessed by Charles, who says: "March 10th, 1741.—Yesterday morning sister Kezzy died in the Lord Jesus. He finished His work, and cut it short in mercy. Full of thankfulness, resignation, and love, without pain or trouble, she commended her spirit into the hands of Jesus, and fell asleep."

Born in March, 1709, and dying March 9th, 1741, she had just completed thirty-two years, being the youngest member of the family, at the time of her death, of all those who reached mature age. Hers was the last death in the Epworth family which the mother of the Wesleys was called to feel the trial of. Sixteen months afterwards Mrs. Wesley herself entered into rest, leaving six only of nineteen children behind her.

John Wesley was not present at the death or funeral of Kezia, being occupied at the time with a dispute with John Cennick at Bristol. Whatever John's feeling was respecting her conduct and Mr. Hall, it is very clear that he did not hold Mr. Hall blameless in the matter of Kezia's illness and death. Hence in writing to Mr. Hall, under date of December 2nd, 1747, more than six years after her death, he charges him with having "stolen Kezia from the God of her youth; that, in consequence, she refused to be comforted, and fell into a lingering illness which terminated in her death; that her blood still cried unto God from the earth against him, and that surely it was upon his head."

That this was John Wesley's opinion at the time is plain, but his sister Martha convinced him afterwards that the statement does not represent the truth. That her mind was for some years alienated from God and religion by reason of that cruel conduct is acknowledged; but she never had as much love for the faithless deceiver as would result in the illness which hastened her death. God prepared her by previous discipline for her heavenly inheritance, then called her renewed spirit to its enjoyment.

SARAH WESLEY.

Wife of the Rev. Charles Wesley, A.M.

The providence which united the Rev. Charles Wesley to Sarah Gwynne in marriage was as clearly the hand of God as that which brought together Zacharias and Elizabeth, the parents of John the Baptist. Mrs. Charles Wesley was the fifth of nine children, born at Garth, in Wales. Amongst her own papers was found one which contained the following notice of her father's family :—

"Father and mother were married on July 27th, 1716, he being twenty-five years of age, and she twenty-one.

"1. Brother Howell Gwynne was born April 16th, 1718. He married Lady Rudd, by whom he has one son.

"2. Sister Mary Gwynne was born January 24th, 1719-20. She married Captain Edward Baldwyn.

"3. Brother Marmaduke Gwynne was born September 10th, 1722. He married Miss Howell, of Glamorganshire, he being nineteen and she eighteen. They had four children, one of whom died an infant.

"4. Sister Rebecca Gwynne was born November 23rd, 1724.

"5. Sarah Gwynne was born Wednesday, October 12th, 1726; married the Rev. Charles Wesley, April 8th, 1749. [He was forty-two, she was twenty-three. They had nine children, three of whom reached mature years. He died in 1788, aged eighty; she died 1822, aged ninety-six.]

"6. Sister Joan Gwynne was born September 14th, 1728.

"7. Sister Elizabeth Gwynne was born October 19th, 1730. She married James Waller, lace-merchant, London, at Ludlow, December 4th, 1750 : by Rev. C. Wesley.

"8. Sister Margaret Gwynne was born December 13th, 1733; and died in London, Monday, July 13th, 1752, aged eighteen years.

"9. Brother Roderick Gwynne was born August 11th, 1735."

Marmaduke Gwynne, the father, was buried at Llanleouvel, April 13th, 1769; his widow was interred in the same place, January 3rd, 1770. Garth was in that parish. Since that time the parish church has fallen into decay, and is now a ruin. How strongly does this fact urge the necessity for the prayer expressed by the Rev. Henry F. Lyte, in the couplet,—

> Change and decay in all around I see;
> O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

Through Mrs. Sarah Wesley has descended all the successors of the Epworth family bearing the original name. Samuel left no son to perpetuate the name, and John had no children. Charles is the only Wesley whose sons reached maturity, and of his two sons only the youngest, Samuel, was married. What little is known concerning the personal history of Mrs. Sarah Wesley, it is interesting to perpetuate.

She was born October 12th, 1726, at six o'clock in the morning. Her godfathers were the Rev. David Gwynne, her step-grandfather, and the Rev. Luke Gwynne, her uncle. Her godmothers were her aunt Hervey and her aunt Joan Gwynne, which latter lady remembered her niece and grandniece handsomely in her will.

Amongst her most intimate personal friends in the later years of her life was Miss Eliza T. Tooth, who enjoyed much of her company and confidence, and to whom she related much of her early history. It is to be regretted that notes of those facts and incidents were not made at the time. Many years after Mrs. Wesley's death Miss Tooth wrote for a friend the following notes of her life before marriage:—

"Sarah's infancy and early youth were reared with maternal solicitude, together with three sisters, in the old mansion-house, and at the age of ten years her education, carefully superintended by private masters, was advanced to a maturity of accomplishments quite unusual in those days. Proficiency in music and singing then distinguished her, and specimens of her elegant handwriting, in the then fashionable Italian style, still remain in the copybooks of her childhood. Her father was a magistrate. He retained a chaplain in his household, where the liturgical service was daily read, and whence Miss Sarah Gwynne, in common with her brothers and sisters, imbibed those principles which in subsequent life made her so meet a companion to her reverend husband.

"Mrs. Gwynne, her mother, was a woman of superior understanding, pious, and charitable. She was one of six heiresses, each of whom had £30,000 for her portion. Her prejudice

against Dissent was strong, and her opposition at this period to Methodism violent. Howel Harris had commenced preaching in South Wales previously to Mr. Wesley. Mr. Gwynne, resenting this as innovation, determined to put down a man whom he imagined to be an incendiary in Church and State. His rash prejudice was speedily overcome. Sallying out one day with this purpose, he apprised his wife of his design, adding, however, 'I will first hear the man.' The sermon which Howel Harris preached was so full of evangelical truth, simplicity, and zeal, that Mr. Gwynne was awakened, and thought of the times of primitive Christianity and apostolical ministry. At the end of the discourse he went up to him, the Riot Act still in his pocket, shook him cordially by the hand, acknowledged his misapprehensions, and his intended purpose to commit him, asked his pardon, and, to the general amazement, invited him to Garth to supper. The surprise of Mrs. Gwynne was excessive. When her husband, in the presence of his family, begged the preacher's pardon, and treated him like a bishop, she thought Mr. Gwynne must have lost his senses, and immediately quitted the room. These prejudices were soon entirely dissipated. The authority and countenance of Mr. Gwynne was of much importance to this evangelist, and his more eminent successors, Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, who experienced none of those scenes of outrage in South Wales which had occurred in other parts of the kingdom.

"Meanwhile Sarah, who had from her very childhood evinced a thoughtful sense of religion, and had subsequently become a devout communicant, was quite open to receive the teachings of this good man, and gladly accompanied her father to his ministry, which subjected her to the ridicule of her gay brothers, and, for a time, to the displeasure of her mother also, who indeed was never reconciled to the Methodists till her knowledge of John Wesley's principles, and her intimate acquaintance with the character of his excellent brother Charles, subdued her prejudice and conquered her opposition. On the arrival of John Wesley in South Wales, Mr. Gwynne invited him to Garth, where he preached in the hall. Two years afterwards Charles Wesley came thither, on his way to Ireland, in 1747, and to him the whole family seemed immediately united. The servants were deeply affected by his discourses; and the faithful nurse, Grace Bowen, a serious person, became eminently zealous in carrying out the principles of Methodism, both in the household and adjacent village. This pious and respected woman died in 1755, and Charles Wesley hastened from Bristol to see her on her deathbed. Her character and blessed end he has fully recorded in the beautiful funeral hymn, commencing,—

Stay, thou triumphant Spirit, stay.

"Sarah Gwynne became the wife of the Rev. Charles Wesley on Saturday, April 8th, 1749. On the occasion of the marriage, John Wesley says: 'I married my brother and Sarah Gwynne. It was a solemn day, such as became the dignity of a Christian marriage.' Charles Wesley's own account is characteristic. He writes thus:—

"'Friday, 7th.—I rose at four, and got an hour for prayer and the Scriptures. I came to Garth by nine; found the family at breakfast; welcomed equally by all. We crowded as much prayer as we could into the day.

"'Saturday, April 8th.—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.

Not a cloud was to be seen from morning till night. I rose at four, spent three hours and a half in prayer and singing with my brother and Sally and her sister Rebecca. At eight I led *my Sally* to church. Her father, sisters, Lady Rudd, Grace Bowen, and several others present. Mr. Gwynne gave her to me, under God. My brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season. Never had I more of the Divine presence at the Sacrament. My brother gave out the following hymn:—

Come, thou everlasting Lord,
By our trembling hearts adored;
Come, thou heaven-descended Guest,
Bidden to the marriage feast.

He then prayed over us in strong faith. We walked back to the house, and joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving were our whole employment. We were cheerful, without mirth; serious, without sadness. A stranger that intermeddleth not with our joy, said it looked more like a funeral than a wedding. My brother seemed the happiest person among us.'

"On the day after the marriage, Charles Wesley and his youthful bride received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was administered by the Rev. John Wesley, who in the evening preached in the great hall of the Garth mansion to the bridal party, guests, family, servants, and tenantry. 'Our souls,' said he, 'were satisfied with His comforts.' On the 21st of the same month Charles Wesley resumed his itinerant ministry. He was accompanied by his wife and her father to Abergavenny, and the next day he pursued his journey alone."

Shortly afterwards Charles arrived at Bristol, and on the 29th wrote to his brother to say he had seen a convenient house in

that city, £11 a year rent, and he had written to Garth about beginning housekeeping. This was at first opposed, and in consequence, for some months, Mrs. Wesley accompanied her husband in his itinerant labours, riding behind him on the same horse, as was the custom of the time. The trials and hardships she endured on some of those journeys are recorded in Charles Wesley's Journal. On one occasion, whilst riding together over Hounslow Heath, they met highwaymen, who robbed all the coaches and passengers behind them, but left them unhurt. Thus did this delicately brought-up lady sacrifice, without reluctance, the splendours and indulgences of the mansion at Garth; nor was she ever known to regret her change of situation, or deem it a humiliation to associate with Christians in the humbler ranks of life. In Stokes Croft, Bristol, a small house was at length taken, being near the residence of Mrs. Vigor, an esteemed and intimate friend of the Wesleys, and a pious member of the Methodist Society. They commenced housekeeping on September 1st, 1749, having a few days previously signed a legal agreement by which John Wesley was to allow his brother £100 a year. The house was consecrated by prayer and thanksgiving, a custom the Wesley family observed for a century or more.

They commenced family prayer the first morning, and both Mr. and Mrs. Wesley rose at four o'clock. Though the house was small, they found in it accommodation for the itinerant preachers who visited Bristol; and in this way they entertained John Nelson, John Downes, William Shent, and other pioneers of Methodism. In the company of these good men Mrs. Wesley took great delight, and spoke of them to the end of life with pleasurable emotion, remarking that she never met with persons better behaved or more agreeable in their spirit and manners. Mrs. Wesley felt so much interest in her new home, that she made an inventory, in her neat and elegant handwriting, of the furniture, which shows the limited scale of their establishment. She also made an entire list of their household linen, describing how each article was marked, and setting forth which were made by her own hands before marriage. This beautiful specimen of handwriting is now in possession of the writer. To this, additions were made as the necessities of the family required. The care and economy this inventory displays plainly indicate her excellent qualifications as a wife and the mistress of her own household. Under her roof many weary travellers found rest in their preaching pilgrimages; and her unbounded hospitality, when she had the means, not only made her visitors feel welcome, but amply satisfied appetites which, as Methodist preachers', were too often at hunger-point.

During the first eight years of their married life two children were born to them, but they had but a brief stay upon the earth. John, the firstborn, lived only sixteen months; Martha, the second child, lived but four weeks. The loss of her children attached Mrs. Wesley more closely to her husband, with whom she frequently took journeys to relieve the solitude of home. Occasionally they met with adventures of both a painful and pleasing kind, some of which Mrs. Wesley occasionally related to her friends in her long term of widowhood. They present themselves in amusing contrast with the facilities afforded by travelling in our days.

At Leeds, in the gallery of the chapel, two rooms for the accommodation of the preachers on their regular visits had been partitioned off. At the time of Mrs. Wesley's visit, one of these rooms, from economical motives, was occupied by some workmen, and in going to her own apartment in the evening, Mrs. Wesley had to pass through the room of these weary, sleeping men. On another occasion she accompanied her husband to Norwich, where—it being apprehended, from the disorderly aspect of the ungodly multitude, that she might not, as the wife of Charles Wesley, escape maltreatment—it was decided that she should not pass along the street with him, but in the company of a female friend. This was the lady of Colonel Galatin, who, being of commanding stature and noble presence, attracted general attention, and was much annoyed; while Mrs. Wesley, being, like her husband, little of stature, was overlooked by the crowd, and passed through it unmolested.

Mrs. Wesley was endowed with a voice of unusual compass and melody. This distinctive feature she possessed in common with every member of her own family, several of whom were musical geniuses of the highest order. She consecrated this talent to the service of the Church, and frequently charmed and surprised the simple auditors in rural and provincial districts with her melodious leading in the vocal department of public worship. Once, in accompanying her husband from Manchester, they stopped for refreshment at the inn at Newcastle-under-Lyne, where they arranged to pass the night, and it being a fine summer evening, retired into the garden, when a heavenly calm, corresponding with the surrounding scene, stole over her spirit, and attuned it to melody. She raised her voice in a hymn of praise. Her sweet singing attracted the charmed attention of some young ladies in an adjoining garden, and their father, a clergyman, came and joined the listening group with equal delight. When Mrs. Wesley had finished, he complimented her on her skill, and invited her to sing in his church on the following Sabbath. Learning who she was, and being in-

formed that the only condition on which she could sing in his church, was that her husband must preach in his pulpit, the services of both were declined.

From an original letter of Mrs. Wesley's, it appears that on one occasion she had the honour to converse with the highest personage at court on the attractions of music, a subject of which few had a nicer discrimination than King George III. Mrs. Wesley was visiting at Windsor, and was attracted, with other liege subjects, to the Terrace, in order to take leave of royalty before the Weymouth excursion, in the summer of 1800. This was no unauthorised presumption on the part of Mrs. Wesley: her son Charles Wesley then, and for many years, occupied a position at Court as private organist to the king, which brought him into frequent and immediate converse with the sovereign and his family. Mrs. Wesley's letter, addressed to her daughter, Miss Wesley, then visiting the Doddridge family at Tewkesbury, is dated July 24th, 1800. She writes: "Your brother met Dr. Aylward near the music-room, who very civilly placed me in the adjoining apartment, where I could see the royal family and hear the music. After sometime, his Majesty being told who I was, came into the room and spoke to me. He asked me some questions about the early genius of my children for music, and of your father's liking it. The king said he thought it intended for the noblest purposes; and I added my opinion, that I believed it was intended to raise our hearts above this world. His Majesty expressed his opinion of Handel's 'Messiah,' that 'it was higher than he chose to say.'"

The Countess of Huntingdon, leaving London the last week in November, 1753, took the sad intelligence to Bristol of the dangerous illness of John Wesley, which tidings she herself delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley. Charles immediately started for London, and had a most affecting but affectionate meeting with his brother. Soon after he left Bristol some unauthorised person called on Mrs. Wesley, and said, in an abrupt manner, "John Wesley is dead." This startling but false report so alarmed Mrs. Wesley that she immediately became dangerously ill, and Lady Huntingdon again became the medium of communicating sad news to Charles Wesley. Her ladyship sent a second letter by the next post to say the illness was the worst kind of the smallpox. Charles immediately afterwards returned to Bristol, to watch over a nearer relation than his beloved brother John, preaching at the Foundry just before he started, from the text, "Let not your heart be troubled." He found his beloved partner restless on a bed of pain, and covered with the worst kind of the worst disease. For twenty-two days she was in imminent danger. It was

indeed a trying season to both. Charles Wesley could not entirely leave the London chapels and congregations during the illness of his brother, which still continued; and, at the risk of his own health, he returned to serve the public, and afterwards rode down again to visit his wife. Mrs. Vigor and Mrs. Jones, two excellent ladies, pious members of the Methodist Society at Bristol, ministered to her day and night. Sarah Burgess, a most tender, skilful, Christian woman, was her nurse; and Dr. Middleton was not only her assiduous physician, but acted towards her as a father; and Lady Huntingdon, deferring her journey to her own son, attended her constantly twice a day, nor left the sick couch till her beloved friend was pronounced convalescent. This devoted affection on the part of the countess confirmed the previously formed friendship, and Mrs. Charles continued to speak of it with lively gratitude to the latest period of her protracted life. She survived her ladyship thirty-one years. Mrs. Wesley had expressed a longing desire to see her husband, and on his arrival rejoiced at the consolation. "But," says Mr. Wesley, "oh, how changed! 'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.' Yet under her sorest burden she blessed God, receiving the disease as immediately from His hand." She had not been vaccinated. When Mrs. Wesley recovered, the alteration of her features was so great that no one could recognise her, which, she would sportively say, "afforded great satisfaction to her dear husband, who was glad to see her look so much older, and better suited to be his companion." Never did a female less regret the loss of beauty—a circumstance indicative of no common mind. At this time she was twenty-six, and her husband forty-six years of age.

Scarcely was Mrs. Wesley so far recovered as to be considered out of danger, when her infant son was attacked by the fearful disease. This was a severe affliction to both the parents, for he was their only child, their first-born. He had evidenced a precocity with regard to music of which there are few examples, having both hummed a tune and beaten time at the age of twelve months. He bore the honoured name of John Wesley. Intelligence of his sickness was conveyed to the father in London, from which epistle, dated Sunday night, December 30th, 1753, we extract the following pious, maternal sentiments, from the pen of Mrs. Wesley: "Many thanks I return my dearest friend for his last, and I trust all your prayers will be answered on me. Nothing is worth living for but to enjoy and glorify our God. Oh, that this may be the end for which my life is lengthened! I found no desire for a longer continuance on earth, than till I found my soul meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; and that I firmly believe Christ would have

granted even me, had He called me hence in my late dangerous illness. To walk always in the light of God's countenance is most desirable, but some seem more highly favoured in that than others. I long to be one of those, but when will it be? You have been short in gratitude, in not writing to my worthy Dr. Middleton, who is daily here to see dear Jacky. He has the distemper very thick, and the doctor says he cannot tell what sort it will prove: he rested tolerably last night. My heart yearns for him, so that I wish I could bear the distemper again, instead of him; but he is in our great Preserver's hands, who cares for him. The Lord bless you! Farewell!"

The suffering little innocent only survived the date of the above letter eight days, when his redeemed spirit entered into rest; and his remains were interred, before his father could return to Bristol, in the burial-ground of St. James's Church. Over her interesting first-born child the mother mourned in deepest sorrow, and the distressed father soothed his spirit by writing hymns showing his paternal sufferings.

On June 23rd, 1755, the second of their children was born, and was named Martha Maria; but the beautiful infant was soon called to bloom in Paradise, living only two days over a month.

Two and a half years later, the hearts of both parents were gladdened by the birth of another son, on December 11th, 1757, who was named after his father, Charles, and whose godmother was Mrs. Gumley, a wealthy and pious lady who had learned the way of salvation through his father's preaching. The duties and responsibilities the mother felt with her new son kept her at home assiduously watching over the genius in music which the child gave evidence of whilst he was yet an infant. He survived both his parents, and died at the age of seventy-seven.

Just at the period when that extraordinary musical talent was first manifesting itself in the infant Charles which so greatly distinguished him in after years, another addition was made to the family circle by the birth, on April 1st, 1759, of another daughter, who was named Sarah. She survived her parents, and was for more than thirty years the helpful companion of her widowed mother. She died in 1828, having survived her mother about six years. When Sarah was a little more than a year old, she had another sister born, in May, 1760, who was named Susanna. She survived only till the April following, so that her earthly career was limited to eleven months. Although Mrs. Wesley had a son and daughter still spared to her, she deeply felt the loss of the child, being the third she had been called to part with in twelve years.

Sympathising with her husband in his friendships, as well as in his domestic sorrows, Mrs. Wesley was particularly attached to the venerable Vincent Perronet, the pious vicar of Shoreham; good old Howel Harris, the Apostle of Wales; and especially that prince of preachers, George Whitefield, who had a strong friendship for her. Before her marriage, when controversy ran high, she stipulated to hear Mr. Whitefield, and other gospel ministers of his religious opinions. Often in her after-life did she express pleasure in the belief that she had by her interviews promoted that endeared friendship between those good men and her husband which she witnessed with gratitude and delight. Mr. Perronet, as one of the trustees of her marriage settlement, was accustomed to call her his daughter; and Charles Wesley designated Mr. Perronet, "our archbishop." With Howel Harris she maintained a long and useful correspondence. Her lady friends were numerous; and, from her accomplished manners and distinguished family relationships, she was privileged to enjoy the personal friendship of, and a protracted correspondence with, Mrs. Jones, of Fonmôn Castle, Mrs. Gumley, wife of Colonel Gumley, Mrs. Galatin, wife of Major Galatin, Lady Dartmouth, Lady Gertrude Hotham, Lady Robert Manners, and especially the Countess of Huntingdon. Many of the letters of these ladies were preserved by Mrs. Wesley, and by her left to the charge of her daughter Sarah. It is a source of great regret that some of them are not published.

Early in September, 1764, another daughter was added to their family, and named Selina, after their attached friend the Countess of Huntingdon. She survived only eight weeks. Again the fountains of grief were opened, for Mrs. Wesley felt these bereavements very keenly. Her sorrow was again changed into joy on February 24th, 1766, when another son was born, who was named Samuel, after his grandfather, and who had for one of his sponsors at his baptism the Rev. Martin Madan, at that time an exceedingly popular clergyman in London. Samuel, like his other brothers, developed in very early life a marvellous talent for music, which astonished all who heard him play. He survived both his parents, and died at the age of seventy-one. Two years later, the eighth child of the family was born, in January, 1768, and was named John James. Upon him his mother's heart was especially set, from a conviction she had that he would become, like his father, a preacher of righteousness. They had then three boys living, aged respectively eleven, two, and an infant. Charles wrote to his brother John, announcing the birth of this third son, and expressed a hope that he might live to preach the gospel.

How often are human expectations cut off! Whilst Charles Wesley was discharging his ministerial duties in London, he received a short letter from Mrs. Wesley, in which she thus pours out her feelings of subdued sorrow :—

SARAH WESLEY TO HER HUSBAND.

Bristol, July 6th, 1768.

MY DEAREST MR. WESLEY,—Our dear little babe is no more. His agony is over, but it was a hard struggle before he could depart. He was dying all yesterday, from ten o'clock, and about nine last night he departed. He screamed three times about half an hour before he died—and he could be heard from nurse's parlour to the other side of the street—not through guilt, but through extreme pain. Perhaps, was I of Calvin's opinion, I might have attributed it to a different cause; but glory be to the Redeemer's love in declaring, for the consolation of distressed parents, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven!" Oh, that I may arrive as safely in the harbour of eternal peace!

The rest of the children are well at present, but we know not how long they may be so. The smallpox is at the next door but one to us, and I fear for my little Sammy. I can add no more than the united love of many here attends you. Mr. Roquet called to-day and desired his, so did Mrs. Jones, of Fonmon. Mrs. Vigor and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis join the children and me in duty and love.—Your affectionate SA. WESLEY.

The sorrowing father immediately replied, intimating his purpose to be at the funeral of his infant son, but unexpected duties prevented his leaving London in time to be present. The child was buried on the Saturday evening following. His death so deeply affected his mother that she offered a very earnest prayer to Almighty God that she might not live to see the death of another of her children. Whether that was a judicious prayer or not we do not affirm, but it was answered literally, and though Mrs. Wesley lived fifty-four years after that petition was sent up to heaven, yet she died before her next child did. How much more she suffered because they lived than she would have done by their early death none knew so well as herself.

Bristol was now ceasing to have the attraction for Mrs. Wesley that it once had. The greater part of her husband's time was spent in London, and now she seemed to desire more of his company, especially as his health was manifestly on the decline. Her husband was sensible of the decay of his strength; and in the year 1771, upwards of twenty years from his marriage, he removed his family to a permanent residence in London, where he took possession of a commodious house, No. 1, Chesterfield Street, Marylebone, and which, during thirty following years, was the home of Mrs. Wesley. This mansion, completely furnished, was the splendid token of Mrs. Gumley's friendship, who presented the long lease and all the furniture of her town house to Mr. Wesley, free of every charge but a ground-rent, payable half-yearly to the Duke of Portland.

Mrs. Wesley's residence in London brought her acquainted with a large and ever-increasing circle of friends. It extended not alone to the religious world, but included numerous families and individuals in the first rank of society. These connections originated principally in the peculiar musical precocity of her two sons, so long distinguished for their masterly performances on the organ, and their admirable execution of Handel, Kelway, Scarlatti, Bach, and the productions of other unrivalled sons of harmony. Very interesting memorials of the juvenile history and success of the two young sons were penned by their father, and thus remain to posterity, while the letters of the domestic events of this critical epoch, addressed by Charles Wesley to his wife, are full of entertaining incident. But the society in which Mrs. Wesley chiefly delighted was that of the saints of God. With these she held sweet communion; and the private records of her Diary demonstrate the happiness she enjoyed in her Sabbath attendance on the preaching at West Street, and occasionally at City Road Chapel, the distance from which latter was the principal circumstance of regret in the new habitation. While the classical education of the two brothers was chiefly superintended by their father, Miss Wesley, the only surviving daughter, had part in these domestic instructions; and entering with vivid delight on this course of study, then laid the foundation of the erudite and tasteful accomplishments which in her more advanced age made her the associate, friend, and patroness of many of the distinguished female geniuses of the age.

In 1788 the stroke of death, long suspended and so much dreaded, severed the bonds of that happy union which had now subsisted with her honoured and beloved husband during a period of thirty-nine years. Surrounded by his wife and children, Charles Wesley died, or rather fell asleep, on Saturday, March 29th, 1788, aged eighty years. A note by John Wesley to Henry Moore, at the time, says, "My brother fell asleep so quietly that they who sat by him did not know when he died." The mournful space of Mrs. Wesley's widowhood extended over the long period of thirty-four years.

From that day of afflicting bereavement to his own departure, John Wesley never ceased to evince his kindest sympathy and active benevolence towards his sister-in-law and her daughter and sons. His letters, full of judicious and benevolent counsel, display the tender magnanimity of his concern. "You know well, my dear sister," he writes, "what a regard I had for Miss Gwynne before she was Mrs. Wesley, and it has not ceased from that time till now. . . . I find you and your family much upon my heart, both for your own sakes and the sake of my brother. . . . Therefore I will speak without reserve just what comes into

my mind. I know you are of a generous spirit. You have an open heart and an open hand. But may it not sometimes be too open? more so than your circumstances will allow? Is it not an instance of Christian as well as worldly prudence to cut our coat according to our cloth? I need but just give you this hint, which I doubt not you will take kindly from, my dear Sally, your affectionate friend and brother, J. Wesley." And again: "I cannot blame you for having thoughts of removing out of that large house. If you could find a lodging to your mind, it would be preferable on many accounts, and perhaps you might live as much without care as you did in the great mansion at Garth. I only wish both Charles and Sammy may follow your example, in keeping little company, and that of the best sort, men of sound understanding and solid piety. I was asking Dr. Whitehead yesterday whether Harrogate would not be better for Sally than the sea-water. He thinks it would, and I should not think much of giving her £20 for the trial of the plan. Some of the first moneys I receive I shall set apart for you; and in everything that is in my power, you may depend upon the willing assistance of, dear Sally, your affectionate friend and brother, John Wesley."

Numerous expressions of the like kind occur in others of his letters to his bereaved sister-in-law, showing his affectionate regard for his near relatives. His actions suited his words, and as long as he lived he saw that the family of his brother were properly cared for. Nor was it alone from him that they received sympathy and help. When Charles Wesley died, Mrs. Wesley was left in greatly reduced circumstances, which were still further contracted after the death of John Wesley, in 1791. Hearing of the privations which the bereaved widow was called to endure, and feeling that his own piety had been greatly advanced and his spiritual condition promoted by the hymns of Charles Wesley, William Wilberforce, a young and rising statesman, wrote to Mrs. Wesley on the subject, and hearing what were the exact facts of the case, Mr. Wilberforce made an arrangement by which Mrs. Wesley received from him an annuity of £60, which was commenced in 1792, and continued annually for thirty years. The act is so honourable to both parties, that it is only just that the public should know how such noble generosity originated. The following letter, copied from the original, will be read with interest:—

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, M.P., TO MRS. SARAH WESLEY.

Bath, August 29th, 1792.

MADAM,—Lest you should be uneasy from not receiving an answer from me to your last letter, I take up my pen to inform you that, availing myself of your permission, so long as you shall continue without some adequate

provision, I shall have the honour (for an honour I shall account it) to transmit you annually, about the beginning of September, £60; of which, when I acquaint you that a proportional part comes from two of the representatives of the late Mr. Thornton, who are my relatives and intimate friends, I trust you will receive it with no less complacency than you are so kind as to say you will indulge in my own case. You may be assured of my secrecy: I have laid the proper injunction on my friends. I could not now enclose the £60 without its appearing to come from me, having no banknotes with me in the country; but I shall have an opportunity of leaving them to the amount required, within a fortnight, at your own house.

You will be so obliging as to acquaint me annually about the month of August if you have changed your residence, to prevent the miscarriage of the notes I shall send in September, before which month, if I hear nothing to the contrary, I shall take it for granted you are in your present quarters, and act accordingly.

In haste, I remain, with sincere respects, and hearty good wishes, begging a constant interest in your prayers, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. WILBERFORCE.

Misrepresentations having been made respecting this annuity, the foregoing letter will remove them for the future. Twenty years afterwards, in 1812, the remittance was made as usual. Mr. Wilberforce's letter, dated from Sandgate, September 26th, is now before the writer. The remittance was then made by a draft on his banker. Ten years later Mrs. Wesley died, and the annuity ceased.

When Mrs. Wesley was left a widow, her husband's legacy to her was a life-interest in the sale of his hymns, and their three children. From the latter she had no prospect of any aid; on the contrary, they were each of them occasionally dependent upon her. Besides the small annuity from the copyright of the hymn-books, she had the interest of the amount left her by her parents, which had long been invested in Methodism, and for which John Wesley paid interest. Soon after his death, it seemed to her that Methodism would not continue, and in consequence of that opinion she withdrew her money from the Connexion. In doing this, however, the Conference had to borrow half the amount to enable them to pay her claim. So straitened were the funds of Methodism at that period, that it was found to be a serious difficulty to pay the interest required on the sum the Conference had borrowed, and after much correspondence and entreaty Mrs. Wesley reinvested her £2,000 in the Societies, with the double security of the Conference collectively and Dr. Coke personally. The Conference letter on the subject, signed by the president and secretary, and Dr. Coke's on the personal security, are now before the writer. From the interest thus secured by the money loaned, from the book-room profits on the hymn-book, and from Mr. Wilberforce's Christian generosity, Mrs. Wesley did manage to live, but only by using rigid economy.

Her son Charles and her daughter Sarah were residents under her roof during her lifetime. They were neither of them married, and had no need of a separate home, even supposing they had the means of maintaining one, which they had not. For ten or twelve years Mrs. Wesley had the use of the house No. 1, Chesterfield Street; but when the lease ran out we find by the addresses on her letters that in 1806 she resided at No. 1, Charles Street, Queen's Square; in 1809, at No. 9, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square; in 1812 she was at No. 1, Great Woodstock Street, Nottingham Place. In 1822, when she died, her home was in Nottingham Street, Marylebone.

On the manner of her living we have interesting memoranda, in the form of her manuscript-book of housekeeping expenses, during the year 1801–2.

A very curious and instructive article might be written from the numerous small items entered daily therein. They show, by the smallness of the purchases, how limited were the means at her disposal. Their wants were supplied by daily purchases of such things only as were needed: hence the items vary but little. Occasionally they had company, which involved additional expenditure. This is indicated by the word "company" preceding the extra purchases. These usually consisted of a joint of beef, mutton, veal, or a fowl, with a bottle of wine and a very small outlay for spirits and ale. The following are examples of an ordinary and a "company" day's expenditure:—

Saturday, September 5th, 1801.

	s.	d.
Milk	0	2
Rowls	0	3
Potatoes	0	2
Cloves	0	1
Butter	0	7¼
Sugar	0	3¼
Wood	0	6
Letters, 4d., 7d.	0	11
Oysters	0	11½
Rum	0	5
Tea	1	6
Rabbit	1	4

Saturday, October 31st, 1801.

	s.	d.
Rowls	0	3
Mutton to boil	3	2
Veal cutlets	2	0
Apples	0	1
Turnips	0	3
Pins, 1½; tobacco, 1d.	0	2½
Capers, 2d.; spice, 1d.	0	3
Nutmeg	0	4
Soap	0	4½
Sausages for Monday	0	6
Onions	0	2
Sugar	1	0
Wine	3	2
Brandy, 4d.; rum, 3d.	0	7
Porter	0	10¼

In this simple way the daily expenditure is recorded, so that we can in imagination see the dishes before them, and know how they fared. The varieties consist chiefly in the more substantial dishes. Pastry seldom is named excepting on company-days, where the entries, "a pie, 6d.," or "mince-pies, 6d.," is occasion-

ally found. During the winter of 1801–2, the following varieties are entered for the dinner meal:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Shoulder of mutton	5	3	Salmon	2	10
Fowl for Sunday	3	6	Beefsteaks	1	0
Rabbit to boil	1	4	Mutton chops	1	0
Rabbit to roast	1	5	Collerd beef	0	7
Veal cutlets	2	0	Beef for stewing	1	6
Cold ham	0	6	Pork steak	1	1
Sausages	0	4	Mutton for broth	1	6
Oysters	0	4			

Salmon and pork seem to be treated as dainties, as they seldom occur. When the family dined out, the entries are very few, sometimes nothing but the record, "Dined with Mr. Jones." A few items only are paid for monthly or weekly, whilst the coal account ran for half a year. Hence we find the following items:—

	£	s.	d.
Bread bill for two months—parlour	1	10	2
Ditto servants	1	2	6
Butter and porter for servants, two weeks	0	8	8
Beer for servants, four weeks	0	5	0
Milk, four weeks	0	4	0
Baker's bill, April 20th to August 8th	7	0	0
Paid balance of coalman's last year's bill	7	7	6

A considerable item is entered about once a fortnight for washing, to which the name of Betty or Betsy Olivers is attached. She was the only child of Thomas Olivers, the hymn-writer, and Mr. Wesley's editor. Not inheriting the gifts of her father, she attended to the laundry requirements of Mrs. Wesley's family. In other ways Betsy Olivers received assistance from Mrs. and Miss Sarah Wesley, of which there is written evidence before the writer.

Travelling they did not do much of in those days, it was so expensive. Under that head are these items:—

	£	s.	d.
Towards journey to Brighton for Sally and self	10	0	0
Charles, coach from Dunstable	1	7	0
Charles, coach to Highbury	0	4	6
Charles, chaise to Isleworth	0	13	9
Ditto turnpikes	0	0	7
Charles, horse hire	0	4	0

These varied glimpses of domestic life seventy years ago in the family of Mrs. Wesley are both curious and interesting. The same book contains entries of receipts as well as expenditure, such as interest from bank, money sent towards the board of Charles—for, although Charles was then of the age of

thirty-five, he lived with his mother, and required such superintendence as only a mother or a sister could give.

After the death of the Rev. Dr. Coke some change took place which was not financially favourable to Mrs. Wesley. This was a subject of anxiety to some of her very few surviving friends, most of whom she had outlived, having then nearly reached her ninetieth year. In conversation on this subject with Mrs. Tooth, an old and confidential friend of the family, the warm-hearted sympathy of the Rev. John Gaulter was enlisted on her behalf, who brought her straitened circumstances before the Methodist Conference. Immediately that body supplemented Mr. Wilberforce's annual gift by a further annuity of £50, which was regularly paid to her to the end of her days; and after her death it was considerately and handsomely extended to Miss Wesley, and when she died it was further continued to her brother Charles, both of whom, when they received this annuity, were members of the Methodist Society, regularly meeting together in Mrs. Barker's class, at Hinde Street Chapel, in London. Their class-tickets were carefully preserved by Miss Wesley, and at her decease became the property of Miss Eliza T. Tooth, who was Miss Wesley's executrix. Thus in domestic comfort, and in the endearing society of her devoted son and daughter, who never left their aged mother, Mrs. Wesley advanced towards the close of her protracted widowhood.

In the year 1812, when in the eighty-seventh year of her age, she was required to give her testimony in a lawsuit, commenced by a lawyer in an unjust claim upon her son. Her statement was so lucid and satisfactory, that, corroborated by other witnesses, it gained the cause, so unimpaired were her faculties at that advanced age. Had the cause been tried in court, the expenses would have devolved wholly on the lawyer; but understanding that he would have been struck off the rolls for his conduct, the family preferred arbitration. Some time afterwards he was struck off the rolls for a similar offence. When Mrs. Wesley heard of the fate of the lawyer, she very earnestly thanked God that she had not been the cause of his ruin. The same spirit of lenity characterised all her actions.

On another occasion a confidential servant had robbed her to the amount of £30. Her drawers were broken open, and her plate stolen, but her whole anxiety was lest she should be called upon to prosecute the thief, who ran away, to the heartfelt satisfaction of her kind though injured mistress. Love for the poor, and pity for the wicked, were indeed prominent features of her character. When she heard of a crime, her usual remark was that the heart of every human being would be the same if Divine grace did not prevent. If any reminded her of her pious

youth, and the sacrifices she had made in that period of life, she instantly checked them by remarking, "My only plea is, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" She was, indeed, of a humble mind, and of a timid nature. The fear of God, reverence for His Word, and delight in His sanctuary, were the prominent characteristics of her religion. Hers was the trembling hope, but it was founded on the Rock. Her sense of original depravity was so deep that it led her whenever she spoke of herself to use words of self-abasement, which astonished the Pharisee and the worldling.

Three of Mrs. Wesley's unpublished letters, in her beautiful Italian style of handwriting, are now before the writer. The first was written to her son Charles, during his visit to London with his father, a short time before the family removed from Bristol to the metropolis, in which she says: "Little Sammy seems quite forlorn for want of you to play to him and with him." The letter will be given in the account of Charles, the succeeding memoir. The second is to her daughter Sarah, respecting her bank-annuity. The third is to her son Samuel, and is one of the latest she wrote: it is dated December 18th, 1817, when she was in her ninety-second year. It contains only thirty words, yet because of being written large it fills a whole quarto page. It is as follows:—

SARAH WESLEY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

December 18th, 1817.

DEAR SAM,—I am alive, but nearly blind. My love keeps you where you are; but I hope you will soon come out well to your ever affectionate mother, SA. WESLEY.

These precious manuscripts have been carefully preserved, and will be.

Mrs. Wesley had been a widow nearly thirty-five years, when the deepening shadows of nature's advancing night fell on her pilgrim path. She always had a sort of fear of death, but no symptoms of this fear appeared in her last illness. Towards the close of the year 1822, a cold, from the effects of which she had not strength to recover, was the immediate cause of her death. She took to her bed on December 1st, from which she afterwards rose but once. Her nights were restless, evidently the effect of fever, which sometimes rose high; and then she seemed, she said, to be harassed by the enemy, and her prayers were affectingly fervent to the Saviour for deliverance. Yet she would complain that she could not pray, and urged all the pious who visited her to besiege the throne of grace on her behalf. She would repeat the Litany in a manner so impressive and collected as astonished her attendants; and at that passage, "By Thy precious death and burial, good Lord, deliver us," no

one could behold her feeble hands clasped, and her eyes uplifted, without emotion.

On Christmas Day, the Rev. James Everett, then resident in London, called with Mrs. Everett, hoping to see Mrs. Wesley, but she was slumbering, and too feeble to see strangers. Meeting there Mr. Butterworth, M.P., and knowing Mrs. Wesley's desire that prayer should be made for her, both the gentlemen named most fervently prayed that the Divine peace might rest on the dying saint. Disappointed at not seeing Mrs. Wesley, Mr. Everett called the next day at No. 14, Nottingham Street, and with Mrs. Everett was admitted to her room. Mr. Everett thus describes the visit: "The window-blinds were drawn, except on the side next the fire, that she might have light and warmth. Mrs. Wesley was slumbering. An expression of placidity sat on her countenance, blended with a faint smile of innocence. She raised her head slightly, but was unable to sustain the effort. I had at once verified before me the line of her husband's last composition :—

In age and feebleness extreme ! "

Two days afterwards the mortal scene was over: she went to join her husband in heaven.

The last night she spent on earth she continued to exclaim for an hour, "Open the gates ! open the gates ! " as in a struggle of soul. Early in the morning of December 28th, 1822, she fell into a sweet slumber, and awaked with a consoling sense of her Saviour's love, a smiling composure so visible on her countenance, as to induce a belief that she might rally again. Upon being asked if she found Jesus precious, "Oh, yes ! " was her reply. "And you are happy ? " She answered, with a serene aspect, "Yes ! " After this she spoke little, continuing chiefly silent till the afternoon, gently breathing, till, without a struggle or a groan, her spirit passed away from the shadows, storms, and pollutions of the present scene, to the region of light, serenity, and love; where, through the merits of that Redeemer, in whom was her sole affiance, she now contemplates His uncreated excellences, shares in His triumphs, partakes of His bliss, and celebrates in high anthems His praises. Mrs. Wesley was ninety-six years of age, and died in Nottingham Street, Marylebone, London.

Her remains were deposited in the same vault as the Rev. Charles Wesley, in the Old Churchyard of St. Marylebone, where also were subsequently deposited those of her two sons.

How appropriately do the following lines by her husband close the account of her earthly pilgrimage :—

The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky;
Advanced to her happy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die:
Where glorified spirits, by sight,
Converse in their holy abode,
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God!

Many years ago, Mrs. Wesley's portrait, very neatly engraved on steel, from an oil-painting by their friend Mr. Russell, of Guildford, was published as the frontispiece to one of the "Methodist Pocket-books." It is now very scarce. In 1851 a copy of it was published in a periodical, but the change of head-dress completely altered the character of the portrait. A copy of the genuine portrait is preserved in the group which illustrates this work. An engraving of the tomb erected over her grave in Old Marylebone Churchyard will be found in the *Christian Miscellany* for the year 1858. In the same work, but some years afterwards, there was an engraving of the ruins of the old church in which Mrs. Wesley was married more than a century previously.

In the *Christian Standard* for January 23rd and 30th, 1873, there is an account of Charles Wesley's family tomb, which was erected at the cost of the Methodist Conference, in 1848. The following inscriptions are on the east and south sides of the pedestal:—

Here lie
The remains of
THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.,
Who departed this life
The 29th March, 1788,
Aged 80 years.

With poverty of spirit blest,
Rest, happy saint, with Jesus rest;
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeemed from earth to reign in heaven;
Thy labours of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crowned above;
Crowned, through the mercy of our Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward.

In Memory of
SARAH,
Wife of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A.,
Who departed this life,
The 28th December, 1822,
Aged 96 years.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

CHARLES WESLEY.

MUSICIAN; ELDEST SON OF THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

THERE are persons still living who had an intimate person a knowledge of Charles Wesley, the eminent musician, yet the fact that such a person ever lived is known to very few of the present generation. One hundred years ago his name and fame were known in all the polite and musical circles in London and throughout the country, the king himself taking as much interest in him as the most distinguished of his musical contemporaries.

In the year 1781, the Hon. Daines Barrington published a quarto volume of "Literary and Philosophical Miscellanies," in which he included copies of notices of the extraordinary musical genius of two boys named Charles and Samuel Wesley. These notices were written at the request of Mr. Barrington by the Rev. Charles Wesley, and therefore may be relied upon. They are included in his Journal, and embodied in the second volume of his Life. The account is as follows: the explanatory notes, in brackets, were not in the original, the persons named being then well known.

"Charles was born at Bristol, December 11th, 1757. He was two years and three-quarters old when I first observed his strong inclination to music. He then surprised me by playing a tune on the harpsichord, readily and in just time. Soon after, he played several, whatever his mother sung, or whatever he heard in the streets. [His mother was partial to the harpsichord, and the child had been accustomed to hear her play it from infancy.] From his birth she used to quiet and amuse him with her playing; but he would not suffer her to play with one hand only, he taking the other and putting it to the keys before he could speak. When he played himself, she used to tie him up by his back-string to the chair, for fear of his falling. Whatever tune it was, he always put a true bass to it. From

the beginning, he played without study or hesitation; and, as the masters told me, perfectly well.

"Mr. Broadrip, organist at Bristol, heard him, in petticoats, and foretold he would one day make a great player. Whenever he was called to play to a stranger, he would ask in a word of his own, 'Is he a musicker?' and, if answered yes, he played with the greatest readiness. He always played with spirit. There was something in his manner above a child, which struck the hearers, learned or unlearned. At four years old I carried him with me to London. Mr. Beard [an English tenor singer of great celebrity] was the first that confirmed Mr. Broadrip's judgment of him, and kindly offered his interest with Dr. Boyce to get him admitted among the King's Boys. But I had no thoughts of bringing him up a musician. A gentleman carried him next to Mr. Stanley [John Stanley, a Bachelor of Music, who was blind from the age of two years], who expressed much pleasure and surprise at hearing him, and declared he had never met one of his age with so strong a propensity to music. The gentleman told us he never before believed what Handel used to tell him of himself, and his own love of music in his childhood.

"Mr. Madan presented Charles to Mr. Worgan [a Doctor of Music greatly admired as an organist and composer, who was buried in the church of St. Mary Axe, London], who was extremely kind, and, as I then thought, partial to him. He told us he would prove an eminent master if he was not taken off by other studies. Mr. Worgan frequently entertained him with the harpsichord. Charles was greatly taken with his bold full manner of playing, and seemed even then to catch a spark of his fire. At our return to Bristol we left him to ramble on till he was near six; then we gave him Mr. Rooke for a master, a man of no name, but very good-natured, who let him run on *ad libitum*, whilst he sat by, more to observe than to control him. Mr. Rogers, the oldest organist in Bristol, was one of his first friends. He often set him on his knee, declaring he was more delighted in hearing the boy than himself.

"I always saw the importance, if he was to be a musician, of placing him under the best master that could be got, and also one that was an admirer of Handel, as my son preferred him to all the world. But I saw no likelihood of my being able to procure him the first master, as well as the most excellent music, and other necessary means of acquiring so costly an art. I think it was at our next journey to London that Lady Gertrude Hotham heard him with much satisfaction, and made him a present of all her music. Mrs. Rich [Mr. Rich, proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, who offered that building to Handel for

the performance of his oratorios. Mrs. Rich, a great friend of the Wesleys] had before given him Handel's songs, and Mr. Beard, Purcell's, with Scarlatti's Lessons. Sir Charles Hotham was particularly kind, promised him an organ, and that he should never want any means of encouragement in his art. But he went abroad soon after, and was thence translated to the heavenly country. With him, Charles lost all hope and prospect of a patron and benefactor. Nevertheless he went on, with the assistance of nature only, and his two favourite authors, Handel and Corelli, till he was ten years old. Then Mr. Rogers told me it was high time to put him in trammels; and soon after Mr. Granville, of Bath, an old friend of Handel, sent for him. After hearing him play, he charged him to have nothing to do with any great master, 'who will utterly spoil you,' he added, 'and destroy anything that is original in you. Study Handel's Lessons till perfect in them. The only man in London who *can* teach you them is Kelway; but he *will* not, neither for love nor for money.' [Kelway was organist at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and Handel took delight in going to hear him play.]

"Soon after, we went up to town. Charles, notwithstanding Mr. Granville's caution, had a strong curiosity to hear the principal masters there. I wanted their judgment and advice for him. Through Mr. Bromfield's recommendation, he first heard Mr. Keeble, a great harmonist, and lover of Handel, and his favourite pupil, Mr. Burton. Then he played to them. Mr. Burton said he had a very brilliant finger; Mr. Keeble, that he ought to be encouraged by all lovers of music, yet he must not expect it, because he was not born in Italy. He advised him to pursue his studies in Latin, etc., until fourteen, and then apply himself in earnest to harmony.

"Mr. Arnold [Dr. Arnold, the most eminent music composer of his age, author of four volumes of cathedral music] treated him with great affection, and said he would soon surpass the professors, and advised him not to confine himself to any author or style, but to study and adopt what was excellent in all. Dr. Arne's counsel was the same with Mr. Keeble's: to stay till he was fourteen, and then give himself up to the strictest master he could get. Pinto confessed that he wanted nothing but an Italian master. Giardini, urged by Mr. Madan, at last acknowledged that 'the boy played well,' and was for sending him to Bologna or Paris, for education. They all agreed in this, that he was marked by nature for a musician, and ought to cultivate his talent. Yet, still I mistrusted them, as well as myself, till Mr. Bromfield carried him to Mr. Kelway. His judgment was decisive, and expressed in more than words, for he invited Charles to come to him whenever he was in London, and pro-

mised to give him all the assistance in his power. He began with teaching him Handel's Lessons, then his own sonatas, and Scarlatti and Geminiani. For near two years he instructed him gratis, and with such commendations as are not fit for me to repeat. Mr. Worgan continued his kindness. He often played and sung over to him whole oratorios. So did Mr. Battishill. Mr. Kelway played over the 'Messiah' on purpose to teach him the time and manner of Handel. He received great encouragement from Mr. Savage. Mr. Arnold was another father to him. Mr. Worgan gave him many lessons in thorough bass and composition. Mr. Smith's curiosity drew him to Mr. Kelway's to hear his scholar, whom he bade go on and prosper under the best of masters.

"Dr. Boyce came several times to my house to hear him; gave him some of his own music, asked if the king had heard him, and expressed much surprise when we told him no. My brother, the Rev. John Wesley, enriched him with an inestimable present of Dr. Boyce's three volumes of cathedral music.

"It now evidently appeared that his particular bent was to Church music. Other music he could take pleasure in, especially what was truly excellent in Italian, and played it without any trouble; but his chief delight was in oratorios. These he played over and over from the score, till he had them by heart, as well as the rest of Handel's music, and Corelli, and Scarlatti, and Geminiani. These two years he has spent with his four classical authors, and in composition. Mr. Kelway has made him a player, but he knows the difference between that and a musician, and can never think himself the latter till he is master of thorough bass. Several have offered to teach him, but as I waited and deferred his instruction in the practical part till I could get the very best instructor for him, so I kept him back from the theory. The only man to teach him that and sacred music he believes to be Dr. Boyce."

It will not be a matter of surprise that Charles Wesley the father took a naturally deep interest in all these evidences of genius and skill manifested by his sons. He carefully noted the remarks made by various critics, and recorded in a copious journal the high encomiums passed upon them.

To give only one example. A musical performance was given during the first week in February, 1769, in the new Music-room, Princess Street, Bristol. The principal performers were Master Wesley, aged twelve, Miss Harper, about the same age, Master Herschell, and Mr. Martyn. A short account of the concert appeared in one of the city papers, dated February 6th, 1769, which the Rev. Charles Wesley cut out and preserved in his

pocket-book, and from which the following extract is made. "The band was but a small one, yet the pleasing execution exhibited by some of the performers gave general satisfaction, and to a very genteel audience. The singular abilities of Master Wesley, who played a concerto on the harpsichord, are almost apt to stagger credibility itself, so that the voice of praise is enfeebled when it would recount the excellence of his merit and the power of his imagination; and as I cannot do him justice by simply praising him, I will not attempt to say anything further of his extraordinary genius. Nor can I help mentioning with an equal degree of warmth a just commendation due to Miss Harper, from Bath, who though very young also, yet was also very excellent. I think I never saw any performer in public appear with a better grace, or a more sensible propriety in her whole behaviour: it was a happy mixture of modesty, manners, and sensibility. What was also attracting, her dress was in all points suitable to her behaviour. Mr. Herschell, who played a concerto on the hautboy, gave general content, as his skill and judgment opened the beauties of that instrument in a masterly manner."

The Master Herschell here named became the eminent astronomer, Sir William Herschell, and father of the late and even more distinguished Sir John F. Herschell. The personal acquaintance then commenced, terminated only at death.

When Charles was twelve years old, during the summer of 1769, he was daily with some of the musical celebrities, who met at Mr. Kelway's to hear the boy play. Mr. Kelway gave him instruction gratuitously, for the pleasure of hearing him play. He possessed a power of expression, when he performed at the organ, which gave to Mr. Kelway's own compositions a charm the author himself had not before appreciated. Some of the enthusiastic remarks of Mr. Kelway on his playing at that early age are here copied from the Rev. Charles Wesley's Journal:—

"I never saw one carry his hand so well: it is quite a picture.

"It is a gift from God! Were you my son I could not love you better!

"Handel's hands did not lie on the instrument better than yours do.

"How Handel would have shaken his sides if he could have heard him.

"I will maintain before all the world that there is not a master in London that can play this sonata as he does: one cannot hear him play four bars without knowing him to be a genius. It is a Divine gift.

"I must carry him some morning to St. James's; the king will delight to hear him.

"I wish Handel and Geminiani were alive to hear him: they would be in raptures. Never have I heard a man play with such feeling. He treats me with my own music.

"He is the greatest genius in music I ever met with. He gives the colouring; the nice touches and finishing strokes are all his own. He is an old man at the organ: he is not a boy."

Mr. Russell, the painter, hearing the boy play at Mr. Kelway's, said to his father that he knew the finest passages by the change of Charles's colour. He said further: "I have seen the tears run down Mr. Kelway's face while Charles was playing out of Handel's Lessons. Had I been outside the door listening, without knowing that he was dead, I should have declared that Handel himself was playing."

After King George III. had heard the boy, he inquired of Mr. Kelway if he intended to make music his profession, to which he replied he did not, and added, "I loved music when I was young, but not so well as he does." I told the king he had learned more in four months than any other would in four years.

When Charles was about twenty years old his father wrote respecting him: "Charles has now been some years under Dr. Boyce's tuition, learning composition. He retains the most grateful veneration for his old master, Mr. Kelway, and played to him, while he was able to hear him, every week. With two such teachers as Mr. Kelway and Dr. Boyce, he believes he has the two greatest masters of music in Christendom. Dr. Boyce and he seem equally satisfied. I hope he has caught some of both his masters' temper and skill: a more modest man than Dr. Boyce I have never known. I never heard him speak a vain or ill-natured word, either to exalt himself or depreciate another."

This elegant and characteristic eulogium of an eminent man was written by Mr. Wesley in 1777, and early in 1779 Dr. Boyce died. The Rev. Charles Wesley composed a fine and glowing ode on the occasion, which his son Charles set to music. The autograph notes of that ode were long preserved in the family. The ode will be new to most readers.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF DR. BOYCE.

Father of harmony, farewell!
Farewell for a few fleeting years!
Translated from the mournful vale!
Jehovah's flaming ministers
Have borne thee to thy place above,
Where all is harmony and love.

Thy generous, good, and upright heart,
That sighed for a celestial lyre,
Was tuned on earth to bear a part
Symphonious with that warbling choir
Where Handel strikes the golden strings,
And 'plausive angels clap their wings.

Handel, and all the tuneful train
Who well employed their art divine
To announce the great Messiah's reign,
In joyous acclamations join;
And springing from their azure seat,
With shouts their new-born brother meet.

Thy brow a radiant circle wears,
Thy hand a seraph's harp receives,
And, singing with the morning stars,
Thy soul in endless rapture lives,
And hymns, on the eternal throne,
Jehovah and His conquering Son.

When Mr. Kelway died he was buried in the church of St. Mary Axe, London, from the organ of which his masterly hand had produced the most enrapturing music. When the funeral took place, the hand of his pupil, Charles Wesley, produced the thrilling peals of the Dead March in "Saul."

At his baptism Charles was named after his father. His godmother was Mrs. Gumley, wife of Colonel Gumley. She had received good at the hand of the Lord under the preaching of the brothers Wesley at the beginning of their ministry, and she acknowledged her indebtedness to both the brothers in acts of the most sincere friendship and most noble generosity. To Charles Wesley personally, and to his children, she cheerfully accepted every obligation, and showed numerous acts of kindness. We have before us a letter of Mrs. Gumley's to Charles, enclosing to him a handsome sum of money to complete the payment for a new harpsichord; and she further desires that if he has any other wants of the kind he will at once let her know, that she alone may have the pleasure of serving him.

During his boyhood Charles Wesley received the rudiments of classical education, learning Greek and Latin from his father; and mingling always in the highest circles, his manners attained a courtly polish which made him without affectation a complete gentleman, while his inexhaustible stock of court anecdote, combined with an amusing talent of mimicry, made him a very entertaining companion for the social hour.

The musical genius, which seemed to be hereditary in his branch of the family, was derived from his maternal ancestry. His mother and her two accomplished sisters, Mrs. Waller and Miss Rebecca Gwynne, were celebrated for their singing and for their exquisite performances on the piano, harp, and guitar.

One of Mrs. Wesley's instruments, on which for hundreds of hours she delighted her own family and an occasional favoured visitor, is still preserved in the family, and though it has run through more than a century, it has not lost its power to charm. It should be preserved in some Methodist museum, where the curious might see what has so often delighted the ear and gladdened the heart of the poet of Methodism.

The private concerts given in aristocratic circles by Lord Mornington and others, in which Charles Wesley was invited to play, obtained for his wonderful performances that popularity which made even the king and royal family desire his company at Court, that they also might share in the gratification which his genius supplied on every occasion. It is but little known how much the family of George III. delighted in the company of Charles Wesley, and how much the royal family enjoyed his presence and performances. There is just a fleeting notion abroad that somehow the family of George III. did hear of the Wesleys, and that some interview did take place, but hitherto the exact facts have not been published. From an original manuscript in the plain print-hand of Charles Wesley himself, a detailed account of his interviews with royalty is only to be obtained. The following are extracts :—

"I think when I was eighteen years old [1775], his late Majesty, King George III., sent Mr. Nicolay, the queen's page, to my father's house, and I was commanded to attend at Buckingham House that evening at seven o'clock. I was full dressed, and went in a chair. When going through St. James's Park my heart went pit-a-pat, thinking I was going to the king. On my entrance, his majesty said to me, 'How your master, Kelway, spoke of you! Here is an organ and a harpsichord, which will you begin on?' I went to the organ; the king said, 'Well judged.' His majesty could not bear a pianoforte. The king called for any pieces he chose, and was surprised I had them in my memory. His Majesty ordered the queen's page to bring Dr. Boyce's Church music, which he asked me to perform. The Duke of Mecklenburg, the queen's brother, arrived, and said to the king, 'What is dat?' 'What, what?' said the king. 'Do not you know? Any schoolboy could inform you. It is, "Lord, have mercy upon us," the response to the Commandments!' I found his Majesty partial to a response of Dr. Child, who, in the reign of Charles I., had been organist at Bristol Cathedral.

"On another occasion an order came to me to attend their Majesties at six o'clock in the private chapel at Windsor. The king walked up to the organ-loft, and said to me, 'Mr. Wesley, you will attend this evening at the Queen's Lodge at eight o'clock.' I was then on a visit to Dr. Shepherd, Canon of

Windsor. While the king was speaking to me I was in my travelling dress, and hastened home to prepare for my appearance at Court. I then walked to the Lodge, and at the door of the state apartment found his majesty waiting for his royal musician. The music selected was chiefly Handel's, and it was continued till a quarter before eleven. At the conclusion, Major Price, nephew to the Bishop of Durham, said to me: 'Mr. Wesley, I never saw his Majesty better pleased; I am commanded to present you with £50.'"

Charles Wesley went to Windsor once at least annually for many years. The king always showed him marked attention and kindness. The organist's place in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey being vacant during those visits, Mr. Wesley was a candidate, but was not successful. At St. Paul's the clergy were rude to him, remarking, "We want no Wesleys here." The king heard of the circumstance. On Mr. Wesley's next visit to Windsor, he carried with him a memorial to the king on the subject, which he placed in the king's own hand. On reading it, the king went up with it to the queen, saying to her Majesty, "They will not give him anything because his name is Wesley." The next morning Mr. Braun, the German page, presented him, by gracious command, with £100. "In the evening," observes Charles Wesley, "when his Majesty returned from promenade on the Terrace, I humbly thanked the king for his munificent donation. His Majesty replied, 'Oh, nothing—I mean to take care of you.'" The king's design was to grant him the pension of £200 per annum which his former master, Mr. Kelway, had long enjoyed. The return of the king's illness prevented that design being carried out.

The king was not only interested in Charles Wesley as a musician, but frequently expressed admiration of his pious ancestors. "Mr. Attwood, an under-page, was a Methodist, and used," says Charles Wesley, from whom we quote, "to put my uncle's and father's writings in the king's closet, at which he was greatly pleased. The king once said to me, 'Your uncle John, your good father, George Whitefield, and the Countess of Huntingdon have done more good to the Church than any of the prelates of the present day.' This same page, Attwood, informed me that the king had everywhere erased from his Prayer Book the word 'majesty,' applied to himself, and substituted 'unworthy me,' a genuine instance of the pious humility which characterised the public devotions of this good king. I once," continues Charles Wesley, "saw the king's niece, the Princess of Orange, presented, and as, according to etiquette, she was going to kneel, the king raised her, saying, 'Oh, my dear, kneel only to the King of kings!'"

On one occasion, during the customary visits to Windsor, his Majesty was informed that Mr. Wesley's mother was in the next apartment. His Majesty walked in, and addressing Mrs. Wesley, said, "Madam, all your family are musical?" To which she replied, "Yes, sire." The king inquired if Mr. Wesley, her husband, performed on any instrument? "A little, please your majesty, on the German flute when at college." "Do you likewise perform?" To which she replied, "I sing a little, sire." "What do you sing?" "Handel's oratorio songs." "Handel!" exclaimed the king, "there is nothing to be compared to him!"

When Mrs. and Miss Wesley walked on the Terrace, their Majesties always stopped to speak to them. "The last time," continues Charles Wesley, "that my mother and sister were at Windsor, I sent my humble duty to her Majesty, offering, if it would be any amusement, to perform. The gracious message was that her Majesty would be greatly entertained, although the malady of the king forbade my touching the organ. On my entrance, Griesbache, the first player on the violin, said, 'Mr. Wesley, please to come forward immediately; the general, Sir Herbert Taylor, is waiting for you. I will show you the way.' On my entering the saloon, all were on their legs, waiting for her Majesty. Soon after a curtain drew up, and on the queen's entry she walked round the circle, and likewise the princesses. I kept by the entrance-door, which the queen approaching, said, 'And how do you do, sir? I hope Mrs. Wesley and your sister are well.' From the commencement of the king's illness, Sir Herbert Taylor had the selection of the music. It was Sunday, and the queen said, 'I know Mr. Wesley is, like his Majesty, partial to Handel.' I began the fine piece from Isaiah, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God.' 'Ah!' said the Princess Elizabeth to the queen, 'how charming, madam! and how proper for the sacred day.' The music over, I walked up to the queen, saying, 'Madam, it is impossible for me to express what I feel for this gracious permission.' To which the queen returned, 'Sir, the obligation is entirely on our side. Have you seen the Prince Regent's cottage?' 'No, madam.' 'I give you leave to go;' the Princess Elizabeth adding, 'And I desire you will see mine, though much inferior to my brother's.' Thus condescendingly thoughtful were these royal ladies towards others, though in the midst of their deep affliction, occasioned by the illness of the king."

Though the introduction of his son to the royal presence had taken place some years preceding the death of the Rev. Charles Wesley, who was duly sensible of the distinction thus conferred on his family, it is due to the parental vigilance of that exemplary father to state that he was by no means ambitious of

Court preferment for his talented offspring. It was rather his constant endeavour to guard his children from the temptations of the fashionable world; and numerous passages from his pious paternal epistles might be adduced to exemplify this watchful caution.

One affecting proof of this tender concern for Charles we will here introduce. At the very period of the last illness of the father, and within a few days of his removal from the mortal scene, the post of organist at Windsor, in the chapel royal St. George, became vacant, and it was intimated to the son that his immediate application would insure success, and put him into possession of a lucrative office. The son, with filial duty, laid the proposal before his dying father, with what result the following original letter will prove. It was addressed to Dr. Shepherd, canon residentiary at Windsor, and the earnest patron and friend of the musician.

CHARLES WESLEY, JUN., TO DR. SHEPHERD.

Chesterfield Street, March 25th, 1788.

DEAR SIR,—I am truly sensible of your kindness. The only reason I do not solicit for the organist's place at Windsor is because my father makes it his last dying request that I should *not* solicit for it. Permit me, however, to say, that I should always esteem it the greatest honour and delight to obey the commands of my gracious sovereign; and if *these* should direct me to Windsor, it would make me singularly happy, as I could then follow my own inclination without disobliging my father, whom I have every reason in the world to esteem and love.—I am, dear sir, with gratitude and respect, your much indebted servant, CHARLES WESLEY.

The death of the Rev. C. Wesley, four days after the date of this letter, set entirely aside any further negotiations at Windsor, and the devoted son had never occasion to regret his dutiful compliance with the last expressed wish of his revered parent.

The Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., continued to distinguish the favourite musician of his afflicted father, appointing him his own organist in ordinary, and musical preceptor to his highly accomplished daughter, Princess Charlotte, of whose condescending attentions to Mr. Wesley many interesting notices might be introduced. The Princess, who, like all her illustrious family, excelled in music, was ever forward to acknowledge her obligations to her instructor, to whom she presented a handsome gold snuff-box in token of esteem.

"I was often," writes Charles Wesley, in a letter now before us, "at Warwick House, where through my friend, Mrs. Udney, sub-preceptress to her royal highness, I had early the honour to be introduced to the Princess Charlotte. I there also frequently met the prince, who was always very gracious to me. For many years I attended his royal highness at Brighton, and received,

every time I was in waiting at the Pavilion, £50. On my first visit I was so much surprised at the beautiful place, that on my entrance I forgot to bow to his royal highness. The prince smiled, and observed to Lord Barrymore, 'I have often found people like honest Wesley.' Having made an accepted apology, his royal highness said, 'I know you do not drink much; but you must drink my health;' adding, 'I would not hurt you; this is made from foreign fruit—nectar, which Apollo and the Nine might sip, and I now drink, Mr. Wesley, to our better acquaintance.'"

In recording this anecdote, Mr. Wesley added, "I have always had reason to be pleased with the condescending attention I have received from the House of Brunswick."

The organ and harpsichord were alike acceptable to Charles Wesley, and under his magic touch he drew forth from both sounds of unrivalled sweetness and harmony. Amongst his musical treasures Charles Wesley had a harpsichord by Burkat Shudi, a favourite instrument which belonged to Handel. Charles Wesley often made it instinct with life, and often delighted his friends with its enchanting harmonies. This was bought by a Wesleyan gentleman, an amateur player.

In early life Mr. Wesley formed an attachment to an amiable girl of inferior birth. This was strongly opposed by his mother and her family. Mrs. Wesley mentioned the subject with much concern to his uncle, the Rev. John Wesley, who, in his laconic way, said: "Then there is no family blood? I hear the girl is good, but of no family." "No fortune either," said the mother of Charles. John Wesley made no reply, but sent his nephew a present of £50 towards his wedding expenses. The marriage did not take place. Charles never formed another engagement of that kind. The young person to whom he was attached continued to be an esteemed friend of the family, and she as well as Charles died unmarried.

Charles was twenty-five when he contemplated this change in his condition. In this, as in other respects, he was advised by his parents, to whom he yielded filial obedience. In reference to this matter, the father sent his son the following letter:—

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS SON CHARLES.

Bristol, August 30th, 1782.

DEAR CHARLES,—If any man would learn to pray, the proverb says, "Let him go to sea." I say, if a man would learn to pray, let him think of marrying; for, if he thinks aright, he will expect the blessing and success from God alone, and ask it in frequent and earnest prayer. Hitherto, my dear Charles, your thoughts of marriage have not made you more serious, but more light, more unadvisable, more distracted. This has slackened my desire to see you settled before I leave you. You do not take the way to be happy in a married state; you do not sufficiently take God into your council.

No one step or action in life has so much influence on eternity as marriage. It is, they say, a heaven or a hell in this world: much more so in the next. The angel in Watts's ode:—

> "Mark," said he, "that happy pair;
> Marriage helps religion there;
> Where kindred souls their God pursue,
> They break with double vigour through
> The dull, incumbent air."

In order to your social happiness, make God your friend. Be in earnest to serve and please Him. You began well by rising at six; your plea of the necessity of sitting up late will not serve you. Resolve to get a habit of early rising. I must own I have no heart or hope of you till you recover this.—Your mother joins in love with your affectionate father,

CHARLES WESLEY.

After the death of his father, in 1788, Charles Wesley continued to reside with his mother and his sister Sarah. No change of circumstances altered this arrangement during the thirty-four years of his mother's widowhood. When Mrs. Wesley died, in 1822, Charles and Sarah continued to reside together till the death of the latter at Bristol, in 1828. They were closely and dearly attached to each other in their lives, and in death were not long separated. She was at once the friend and comforter of her brother under all the changes of life.

Charles Wesley's attachment to Church music determined the after-choice of his life. He was but little associated with the Methodists, though always in friendly communion with the leading preachers of the Connexion. After his father's death, and the death of the Rev. John Wesley, there were circumstances which were not, as they considered, friendly to them as a family, though they were not designed to be otherwise, but they more determinedly fixed the choice of Charles to the Church. As organist at the church he was unable, excepting occasionally, to attend the Methodist services. His habits of life were so simple, that his mother and sister did not deem it wise to leave him very much to himself, hence his sister accompanied him usually to church. For many years he was organist at St. Marylebone Church, which was then in Paddington. He had resided near that church during the greater part of his life, and the parishioners deemed it a privilege to have his services at the organ. He held that appointment to the end of his life. His brilliant performances attracted crowds of musical amateurs to hear him. Lord Kenyon, as churchwarden, was very attentive and friendly. Lord Pomfret, and others of the nobility who attended the church, took pleasure in obliging him. He was constantly associated with these noblemen in the concerts of ancient music, and possessed their respect and esteem.

As early in life as both the brothers could unitedly act, they gave a series of private subscription concerts, for twelve nights annually, commencing in 1779, at the residence of their father, No. 1, Chesterfield Street, Marylebone, which were continued for some years. The Rev. J. Wesley, in his Journal, notices one of these under date of Thursday, February 25th, 1781: "I spent an agreeable hour at a concert," says he, "at my nephew's; but I was a little out of my element among lords and ladies. I love plain music and plain company best." A lady who was present has recorded that Mr. John Wesley went in full canonicals, and she in rich silk and ruffles. The performance of Charles Wesley on the organ, and particularly his extempore playing, was the admiration and delight of all his auditors.

Charles Wesley's pen was used for little else than music. Letters he seldom wrote, even to his most endeared friends. Not more than half a dozen of them have come before the writer, and of those, two only contain information of any importance. To several of his mother's and his sister's letters he has added a friendly postscript. In this respect he was unlike both his sister and his brother Samuel, both of whom wrote very freely on family, musical, and literary topics. What Charles wrote was chiefly intended for his own private use, and his views and opinions he recorded freely in his pocket-books, in which he kept a daily journal from youth to old age, and by means of which many pleasing, curious, and interesting family incidents are preserved. These pocket-books, or pocket-ledgers, as some of them were called, supply extracts which show some of the characteristics of his mind. He records his numerous calls and visitors, his attendance at public worship, the ministers he heard, and the texts they preached from. The most prominent feature of these notes is his devotedness to his beloved mother, who in extreme old age found in him a source of much comfort, for he carried home to her an outline of the sermons he heard. Besides this, he read to her daily both the Bible and the service of the Church of England. His mother's appreciation of his organ performances at home was as great as was his own delight in rendering them. These were to her often a means of grace, when age and infirmity deprived her of the opportunity of worship in the sanctuary.

His first work, published in 1778, when he was twenty-one years old, was "A Set of Six Concertos for the Organ or Harpsichord," which was issued under the inspection of Dr. Boyce, the year before his death. It was esteemed a wonderful production, and contained some remarkable fugues. A complete list of his musical productions is now before us: it includes duets for the organ, anthems, Te Deums, odes in score, organ

concertos, exercises in harmony, a dirge, quartetts, overtures, rondos, Harmonia Sacra, and various miscellanies, all of which are known and admired by the lovers of musical science. He was fond of making copies of his own father's hymns, which he could so easily do, having so many hundreds of them in manuscript, unpublished. One or two of these are now before the writer. He was partial to the observance of the festivals of the Church, a habit he learned from his father, and the festival hymns attracted his attention, and occupied his pen occasionally.

Believing as Charles Wesley did most thoroughly in the theology as well as the poetry of his father, he usually made the first entry in his pocket-book for the year one of his father's hymns. His pocket-book for 1815, now before the writer, commences with the hymn of which the following is the first stanza:—

Sing to the great Jehovah's praise,
All praise to Him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs;
Whose providence has brought us through
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

Every leaf is occupied with his notes; and though he carried the book in his pocket for a year, it remains in perfect preservation.

The following extracts from his notes will be read with interest:—

1809, January 1st. Went to Marylebone Church; Mr. Laurence preached from Heb. xi. 13. Evening went to Bentinck Chapel. Worthy Mr. [Basil] Woodd preached from Gen. xlviii. 8–10, a fine discourse on the review of life, and gratitude to Providence for its continuance, if devoted to His glory. Mr. W. gave a fine and accurate summary of the afflictive providences the patriarch endured, and how God rewarded him when he least expected happiness here.

1809, February 25th. Went to Warwick House at half-past seven, and performed to H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte for near two hours, the 'Coronation Anthem,' and other pieces of Handel. Mrs. Udney only with her royal highness.

1809, August 12th. Performed on the organ at the Pavilion, Brighton. The Prince [Regent] commanded the eighth of Corelli. The Duke of Kent seemed much pleased.

1809, June 25th. Went to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and by command performed on the organ three choruses of Handel.

Went in the evening to the concert, and performed between the parts the first lesson of Handel, and one of Scarlatti on the harpsichord.

1809, September 24th. Went with my dear sister to Tottenham Court Chapel. Mr. Parsons preached from Rev. v. 11, a most excellent discourse.

1809, October 9th. I went with my dear sister to the City, and called on Sir Richard Phillips, H. Hoare, Esq., Sir Claude and Lady de Cressigne, and Sir William Jermingham. Sir Richard showed me his capital paintings of ancient personages, finely preserved.

1809, December 11th. This day God hath preserved me to the age of fifty-two; would I had lived more to His glory.

1809, December 20th. Went to Warwick House; her royal highness performed several pieces. I played many things at her command.

1815, January 9th. My brother Sam called.

1815, February 4th. Paid Mr. Edmonds £5 borrowed for the Brighton journey.

1815, February 19th. Heard the Rev. Mr. Wilson [Bishop of Calcutta, and father of the Rev. D. Wilson, vicar of Islington], at St. John's Chapel, from 1 Peter iv. 18.

1815, March 22nd. Providence brought my dear Sarah back from Brighton.

1815, April 2nd. My dear mother walked with me to Fitzroy Chapel [in her ninetieth year].

1815, April 5th. At the Antient Music Concert; a good selection; a Dirge of my old friend Lord Mornington was played.

1815, April 10th. We heard of worthy Lady Mary Fitzgerald's departure yesterday to glory—an accident from her clothes catching fire. She triumphed in pain.

1815, July 9th. Sam, my brother, dined here, and the children.

1815, August 22nd. My dear mother and Sarah dined with good Mrs. Mortimer [the lady who was privileged to close John Wesley's eyes when he died].

1815, August 27th. After reading the prayers, and a sermon of good Mr. Whitefield's to my dear mother, I went to Tottenham Court Chapel. Mr. Davie preached.

1815, October 24th. My dear Sarah very ill. [He makes a daily entry of her condition, and Mrs. Mortimer and Mr. Butterworth call to see and pray with her. Sarah recovers so slowly she is ordered to Brighton. Charles accompanies her, and Mr. Butterworth advances £10 for the journey. They return three days after Christmas. Meeting Mr. Wilberforce at Brighton, he franks

a letter to Mrs. Wesley to report improved health. The coach fare for the two to Brighton was £2 16s.]

1815, November 30th. A little fog. I again took to wear my wig.

1815, December 11th. I thank Providence, who has brought me into my fifty-seventh year. We removed to No. 57, Percy Street.

[During that year he tried and reported on several new organs; bought a new umbrella for 10s., a new hat for 12s., and paid Rushbrook, the barber, £2 for shaving him for the year. He frequently played the organ at Chelsea Hospital.]

1817, October 22nd. My dear mother enters her ninety-first year. Thank God! May she long remain. She performed two hymns at our little concert.

1817, November 5th. H.R.H. the amiable Princess Charlotte departed to glory, aged twenty-one. *Vale!* mourn all ye muses. Went to Bentinck Chapel; worthy Mr. Woodd preached from Jer. ix. 21: 'For death is come into our windows, and is entered into our palaces;' an admirable, awful, serious, and energetic discourse on the national loss.

1818, January 27th. We read many pious, interesting letters of my late dear father. May we follow him to glory.

1818, March 4th. Heard of the departure of good cousin Gastrell to glory. She was daughter of the Rev. Hugh Price, of Hereford Cathedral, and my mother's niece. She was truly religious.

1818, May 19th. Lord Kenyon presented me with the works of the Rev. W. Jones, of Nayland.

1822, January 28th. Mr. Penny brought the mournful tidings of our dear and respected Mrs. Luther's removal to glory. She has been a constant friend to me from my youth, and one of my first pupils.

1822, August 1st. Mr. Edwards called from the [Methodist] preachers, to ask my mother to visit them at the Conference at the New Chapel. My sister desired me to write to Dr. Clarke, to thank the Conference.

1822, September 29th. Dr. A. Clarke sent the account of our dear revered ancestors in manuscript.

1822, December 26th. My dear mother very weak. God preserve her! Mr. Butterworth called and prayed with us; likewise Mr. Everett and Mr. Edwards. I wrote by dear Sarah's desire to Mr. Wilberforce.

1822, December 27th. My dear mother appears much more feeble. Worthy Dr. A. Clarke and Mr. Waugh [from Ireland] called, and prayed with dear Sarah and me.

1822, December 28th. My dearest honoured mother appears near the kingdom of glory. May the God of our ancestors

support her, and give her an abundant entrance into His heavenly glorious kingdom. Amen.

1822, Sunday, December 29th. It hath pleased God to remove our dearest and ever-revered mother to the land of bliss, at a quarter-past five this evening, aged ninety-six years. Blessed are the righteous who rest from their labours. May we follow her as she followed our Lord Jesus Christ. Dearest Sarah and I read the Church prayers and our dear father's hymns.

1822, December 30th. Worthy Mr. Butterworth called, and prayed with us. The trustees of the New Chapel request the honour to conduct the funeral rites for our dear mother.

1824, January 15th. Mr. Butterworth and family drank tea with us, and looked over my dear father's valuable manuscripts.

1824, February 24th. My brother's birthday. I wrote on his behalf to Lord Hampden and Mr. Edgcombe. God preserve him for good.

1824, April 1st. My dear sister's birthday, whom God long preserve. I read over many of my dear mother's letters to me from Bristol, when I and my dear father were in London.

1824, June 16th. Mr. Gaulter called, desiring me to sign my name, as heir of my uncle John, to the deed of the Methodist Chapel at Misterton, near Gainsborough, on behalf of the Methodist Connexion.

1824, June 25th. Thank God I rose in good time, and read Mr. Henry Moore's account of my dear father and uncle John, which is well written.

1824, July 11th. Dr. Busfield preached from 'Fear not them that can kill the body,' etc. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Alexandrina [now Queen Victoria] were at the church, and very attentive to the doctor's discourse. I performed one overture, and Hallelujah in the 'Messiah.'

1824, July 19th. At Windsor, and called on Mr. Jacobs, the queen's old page. Mrs. Jacobs went with us to the castle. One room is filled with the portraits of Queen Charlotte's German ancestors. What most interested me was worthy Mrs. Delaney's picture, whom I remember with my dear father at the Duchess of Portland's, and at her own house, when she presented me with a harpsichord, which her brother left me when I was young.

1824, September 9th. Dear Sarah and I dined with good Mrs. Tooth, and met her lately married daughter Mrs. Camplin and her affable partner.

1824, December 16th. I accompanied my sister to Hinde Street Methodist Chapel, and heard Mr. Henshaw preach an excellent discourse from Rev. i. 5, 6. I went afterwards to the tomb of my dear revered parents, now hymning praises with the heavenly choir. Oh, may we join them! Amen.

In a letter to a friend, dated October 5th, 1829, Charles Wesley thus refers to the death of his sister: "I had a lovely day at Kingswood. They rejoiced to see me, but on entering the gates I felt depressed in spirit, recollecting who was my companion the year before. But she is happy in glory. She was one of the best women that ever lived." March 1st, 1830, he wrote: "We have reason every day to thank God for health, strength, and every comfort we receive from His providential care. I am unworthy of the least of His mercies; and when I think of my ancestors, I feel how indebted I am to His bounty. Oh, for a thankful heart!"

Two especial deliverances from danger have been thankfully recorded by Mr. Wesley's own pen. In 1793 he was attacked by robbers, in a dark street of London, at midnight, robbed of his watch, struck to the ground, and left for dead.

On another occasion a fire broke out in Miss Wesley's chamber in the night, and her bed-curtains were in flames. An alarm was given, but not till the ravaging element had extended to a degree that caused just apprehension. Help came, and the flames were mercifully subdued, while, wrapped in blankets, they stood in the drawing-room, and Miss Wesley prayed earnestly; "and," writes Mr. Wesley, "the Lord heard and ruled. 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' We joined in praise, and before morning retired peacefully to repose. The firemen expressed astonishment that the house was not destroyed." Mr. and Miss Wesley had become members of the Methodist Society, and on this occasion they sent a note of thanksgiving to be read at the City Road Chapel, when the congregation cordially united in the voice of praise. Mr. and Miss Wesley were present on this solemn occasion, being then on a visit, while their own house was under repair, at the residence of their old and valued friend Mrs. Tooth, in Hoxton Square. This event occurred on February 11th, 1827. On September 19th, 1828, during a visit to Bristol, Mr. Wesley was called to the severe trial of separation from his beloved sister, who died there, after a short illness.

The extracts will be new to the public, and testify how intimate and long-continued was Charles Wesley's connection with the royal family of England. For the reason previously stated, the intention of bestowing on him a pension which George III. promised does not seem to have been carried out. When the Prince Regent came to the throne as George IV. other counsels prevailed at Court; and although Mr. Wesley had often been sent for expressly, even to Brighton, to perform before the royal dukes, yet the invitations do not seem to have been continued during the ten years George IV. was on the throne. The atten-

tion of the king was directed to Mr. Wesley's claim, for he himself prepared and sent, in the year 1823, a memorial on the subject to his Majesty. The following is from Charles Wesley's autograph copy of the memorial, now before the writer: it contains some interesting facts not to be found elsewhere :—

"SIRE,—May it please your Majesty, the humble petition of Charles Wesley sheweth: That your Majesty's humble petitioner has had the honour of performing to the late most excellent king and queen, during thirty-five years, who most graciously approved of his performance, and took his case into consideration, when on an urgent occasion your Majesty's petitioner humbly ventured to present a memorial to the late king at Windsor, who humanely gave him £100. Your Majesty's petitioner was given to understand he would graciously be allowed an annual pension, which his late Majesty's indisposition prevented. Your Majesty's petitioner afterwards had the honour to address a petition to her late most excellent Majesty Queen Charlotte, of ever-blessed memory, and was informed by her Majesty's command that he would receive a gracious answer, though not yet. This occurred a little time before the irreparable loss of the best of queens.

"Your Majesty's petitioner, now advancing in years, having spent much of his little property on a very aged mother, now deceased, most humbly ventures to make known his situation to your most gracious Majesty. To whom can he apply but to the most indulgent monarch, who has honoured him with his most condescending favour and illustrious patronage, favours indelibly impressed on his heart by devoted gratitude?

"To the monarch who delights to relieve the distressed, to gladden the desolate, and make his people happy, whom, that the Almighty God may long preserve, with the most grateful and profound humility, ever prays your Most Gracious Majesty's most devoted servant."

This memorial was forwarded through Sir William Knighton, the king's private secretary. It is open to doubt whether it was presented. It does not seem to have received any attention, as no pension was bestowed.

Mr. Wesley depended for his maintenance on the proceeds from the pupils to whom he taught the organ, and the £100 salary he had as organist to St. Marylebone Church. After the death of his sister in 1828 he had continued to him the annual grant of £50 from the Methodist Conference, which was first made to his mother.

Although his daily duties lay in the Church of England, and

the families belonging to that communion, he regularly met in class during the later years of his life, and attended such public meetings amongst the Methodists as his official duties permitted. Writing to the Rev. George Morley, April 28th, 1830, from No. 20, Edgeware Road, he solicits two platform tickets for two lady friends, for the Methodist Missionary Meeting to be held in the New Chapel, and adds: "I regret it will not be in my power to come, though my heart is with you and all the good people." Several of the old preachers who knew his father and his uncle John Wesley maintained an intercourse with him to the end of his days. It was during the return home from a visit to Charles Wesley that the Rev. Thomas Stanley was seized with death in the street, in the year 1832. The Rev. Thomas Jackson visited him several times. During a long interview the writer had with Mr. Jackson a short time previous to his death, the conversation turned upon Charles Wesley, of whom he said, that even in old age he had such a passionate love for the organ, that he would play from eight in the morning till eight in the evening, if not disturbed by duties or visitors, and the only food he required was a few biscuits and a glass of water. Mr. Jackson summed up his character in the following brief sentence: "In music he was an angel; in everything else, a child."

Like both his parents, Charles Wesley scarcely knew what pain and suffering were, so far as they arose from physical disease. He had his health and his faculties preserved to him to the end of life. After the death of his sister he had no one to act as guardian to him and his property. He lived in hired lodgings at No. 20, Edgeware Road, with two maiden ladies, who found him a most profitable inmate. He himself had no knowledge of the value of money, and the garments in which he was clothed were chiefly such as he had worn for very many years. One peculiarity in the Wesley family seems to have run through the entire race of them: whatever they had, either in food or clothing, it must be the best of its kind. When his resources became very limited, he was clothed in garments which indicated a fashion of forty years previously; hence the remark of one of his real friends after a visit, "He appeared in the genteel poverty of a past generation."

During the visit of the Rev. James Everett to Mr. Wesley in December, 1822, he stated that some thieves had entered their house only a few days previously, and had stolen from the passage an umbrella, a top-coat, and other things; and with deep sorrow Mr. Wesley added, "I feel the more the loss of the top-coat, because it was one which my dear father used to wear." Mr. Everett felt regret also: as an antiquary, he would have liked much to have seen the identical top-coat worn by the Rev.

Charles Wesley, who had been then dead more than thirty years.

He was able to keep up his musical practice till within about two days of his death. Even as he lay on his deathbed, unconscious of pain, but the weary wheels of life just standing still, he fancied himself before his favourite harpsichord, playing with his accustomed relish: his mind really played the music when his hands could no longer command the keys of the instrument. Remorse for an ill-spent life he had none. Few if any men of his years had lived a life so free from sin or guile. His habits of life were so simple, and his manners so gentle and kind, that he was never known to harm any one, though he suffered from the injustice of others. His simple faith in the atonement made by Christ for his sins found him in the hour of death prepared for the summons. Up to the time of the departure of his spirit from its clay tenement he was continually humming Handel's music, and fancied himself playing it. At length the redeemed spirit, absorbed with the harmony of a life of sacred song, took its flight to heaven, to join the redeemed before the throne of God in one glorious hallelujah of everlasting praise and adoration. He died in peace, May 23rd, 1834, aged seventy-seven years. His body was interred in the same grave with his parents, in Old Marylebone Churchyard, and on the family tomb his name is inscribed. He left his younger brother Samuel the only survivor of eight children.

When Charles Wesley was a young man he was caressed by the rich and great by reason of his genius and talent. He had no want unsatisfied, and whatever he desired he might have. That he was fired with a spirit of ambition, unlike that of his modest, retiring parents, can scarcely be wondered at. With the intention of correcting some of his exalted aspirations, his beloved father wrote and gave him the following epigram:—

> "Take Time by the forelock," is old Charles's word:
> "Time enough," quoth his son, with the air of a lord;
> "Let the vulgar be punctual; my humour and passion
> To make people wait, or I can't be in fashion.
> If I follow the great only when they do well,
> To the size of a hero I never shall swell.
> But for me, insignificant wight, it suffices
> To copy them close in their follies and vices."

In manners, through life he had the ease and elegance of a courtier; and as far as his means admitted, he imitated those with whom for far more than half a century he was in such frequent direct intercourse. He accompanied his sister Sarah to Bristol in the summer of 1828. She never returned; her brother did, but wanting the guardian presence of his sister,

instead of taking his place in the stage-coach, he hired a succession of post-chaises, which by the time he reached London had cost him nearly £30. His want of knowledge of worldly affairs amounted to a practical disqualification for undertaking anything unconnected with music. In that he stood head and shoulders above nearly all his contemporaries.

"Knowing how liable he was to be imposed upon," writes the Rev. Thomas Jackson in his "Recollections," "and being aware of the immense importance of the family papers left him by his mother and sister, I was anxious to secure those documents for the benefit of the Methodist Connexion. Their owner knew not what to do with them, and after taking advice, he sold them to me for a sum of money which was then agreed upon, and with the understanding that the annuity of £50 which his mother and sister had should be secured and continued to him also. Mr. Mason, the book-steward, being in doubt as to the real value of those documents, declined to advance any money towards the purchase, which appeared to me a matter of high importance, and one that would admit of no delay. I therefore borrowed the money of Mr. Buttress, and on the assembling of Conference reported what I had done. The manuscripts were gladly accepted at the price I had paid for them. Thus a copyright was secured in the Supplement to the Methodist Hymnbook, and materials were obtained for a 'Life of Charles Wesley,' the poet of Methodism, along with an invaluable treasure of devotional poetry, which has since been published in thirteen volumes. In this treasure were comprehended five quarto volumes of hymns on the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, corrected with great care by the venerable author, and prepared for the press by his own hand. There were besides other compositions in prose and verse, including the private journal of Charles Wesley, which has since been published in two volumes."

Mr. Jackson's discernment and prompt action secured from Charles Wesley, about the year 1831, documents which contain a rich treasure of Methodist history; and without the knowledge of the facts they communicate, much of the personal history of the members of the Wesley family must have remained a matter of mere conjecture, but now we have the facts recorded. A combined history of the life of both John and Charles Wesley is still required to furnish us with the exact details of the origin, growth, and extended usefulness of Methodism. The material is now at command. How Dr. Adam Clarke would have delighted to undertake such a responsibility with the facilities now afforded! But to even a sight of those documents he was denied.

It is proper to add that Dr. Samuel Johnson had a high

personal regard for the musical Charles Wesley, and he sent him and his mother a special invitation one day to dine with him, to meet his uncle John Wesley, and his aunt Mrs. Hall, at his house in Fleet Street. The doctor's note of invitation is still preserved.

Charles Wesley was one of the early supporters of the Concerts of Ancient Music, and he continued to aid them in every way he could to the end of his life. He was one of the Free Members, a privilege accorded in acknowledgment of services rendered. About the year 1820, and for one or two years afterwards, Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the son of Mr. Wesley's brother, was in the choir of these concerts as one of the choristers at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The chorister Wesley distinctly remembers his uncle attending the rehearsals, held at the Hanover Square Rooms. Only a few persons were present on those occasions, but Mr. Wesley, on winter evenings, was generally there, dressed in a large blue overcoat, with large cape attached, an antique dress which attracted the attention of the choir. That overcoat he had worn for thirty years, and his father, the Rev. Charles Wesley, had worn it before him. In the winter of 1822, the coat was stolen from his residence, and the owner felt he had lost a real friend.

On the north side of the pedestal of the family tomb, in Old Marylebone Churchyard, there is the following inscription:—

In Memory of
CHARLES WESLEY, Esq.,
son of
the before-mentioned
Rev. Charles and Sarah Wesley,
who departed this life
the 23rd of May, 1834,
aged 77 years.

SARAH WESLEY.

Daughter of the Rev. Charles Wesley, A.M.

No single member of the Wesley family has done more in proportion to their means and opportunities to preserve the family honour than Sarah, the daughter of the Rev. Charles Wesley, yet of her own personal history scarcely a continuous page can be found anywhere.

She was born in Bristol, April 1st, 1759, two years after her brother Charles, who was destined to be her life-long companion, and seven years before her brother Samuel. Her brother Charles, in his journal for 1824, writes under date of April 1st, "My dear sister's birthday, whom God long preserve; praised be His holy name!" The inscription on her grave-stone, and the notice of her death in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1828, both say she was sixty-eight years of age when she died. If these statements were correct, she was born in 1760, but the information given below is evidence that they are not correct. It is remarkable that Mr. Jackson, in his "Life of Charles Wesley," prints the date of birth of seven of their children, but he omits the name of Sarah altogether. In the register of baptisms of St. James's Church, Bristol, there is the following entry: "Sarah Wesley, daughter of Charles and Sarah Wesley, baptized April 28th, 1759." She was therefore sixty-nine and a half years old when she died.

In the letters which her father wrote to his wife, her name is frequently mentioned, but many of them are without date of year. In the month of September, 1758, the Rev. Charles Wesley visited the only surviving relatives of his brother Samuel, the family of Earles, then residing at Barnstaple. In the second of his letters from that place he mentions a dream he had "last night, that Charles had fallen and was killed." He adds, "You will look to him, I think; but for his sake and mine, look to yourself also, and bring, through the Divine blessing upon your carefulness, the little embryo to light."

The next of her father's letters in which she is named is

dated, "Moorfields, London, January 3rd, 1760," in which, respecting his two living children, he says: "Can Charles walk? is a question often asked me. You will tell me when his face is well, and how Sally continues. I presume you now begin seriously to think of weaning her." Upon this evidence it is certain she was born at an earlier period than the year 1760.

From Moorfields, under date of July 29th, [1760?] Charles and Sally are again spoken of, in the following terms: "I feel thankful that Charles is better, and Sally also. She *should* take after me, as she is to be *my* child. One and another give me presents for Charley, but nobody takes any notice of poor Sally; even her godmother seems to slight her." During the same month, but three weeks earlier, in another letter occurs the following: "We have great cause of thankfulness for Charley, and Sally too, though she miss this opportunity of the measles." In another London letter, a little later, he says: "I trust your next will bring me good news of my little Sally, as well as of her brother."

In February, 1766, Samuel, their youngest child, was born. In July, 1766, in another letter from London, the father sends his love to Charles, Sally, and Samuel, and then adds to their mother: "I charge you to send Charles out on horseback every day, and, as soon as she can go, Sally also. Fail not, as you value their lives. Carry or send Sally to Cottam, if possible." In the letter following is this paternal counsel: "I cannot help cautioning you about Charles (and Sally too), to take care he contracts no acquaintance with other boys: children are corrupters of each other." This advice was followed.

"Little Sally," as she was generally called at home, to distinguish her from her mother, was now becoming an engaging, interesting, and intelligent child, and several amusing incidents respecting her are traditionally preserved in the family. Her father was most anxious to have Mrs. Wesley and their three children with him in London; and in July, 1768, writing to his wife, he says: "Last Wednesday I was at L[ady] Robert [Manners], and walked with her over all her gardens, the pleasantest I have seen. Charles and Sally would be transported with them."

In another letter, but without date, reference is made to his three children, which indicates that serious illness was about, and that Sally was recovering from illness, hence the father says: "Send out your daughter as soon as you safely can." A subsequent letter without date, but probably 1769, says: "I expect the news of Sammy's first teeth appearing; of Charles and Sally's continued health, and progress in their respective learning." In the month following, August, 1769, writing to

Mrs. Wesley, the gratified father says: "I have got such a present for Sally as I shall not tell you, but such a present as will make her quite happy. I hope Sammy's teeth appear."

At the time the last-named letters were written, Sarah was about eleven years old, and she had commenced writing letters herself to her father. Mrs. Wesley and her children were preparing to leave Bristol for their permanent residence in the metropolis. This was in May, 1771, when the Rev. Charles Wesley says: "I shall answer Sally's letter by word of mouth when she arrives in London next week."

These extracts from the Rev. Charles Wesley's letters to Mrs. Wesley respecting their children, show his anxious solicitude for their welfare, and his desire that they should be made a blessing to each other and to their parents. When the whole family were settled in London, and the father had to make short journeys into the country, he expected from "either Mrs. Wesley, Charles, Sally, or Sam, a letter by every post, and if a frank can be obtained, more than one of you can write at the same time."

Whilst on a visit to Bristol, in 1778, Mr. Wesley writing to his wife, under date of September 7th, remarks, "Sam will have many more escapes; great will be his trials. Sally must buy experience and heedfulness by a few more falls. I have received a very good letter from her." Before returning to London from Bristol, Charles received from his father a letter which closes with the following prophetical intimation: "Your mother tells me Sam is seriously inclined. You and your sister must increase my satisfaction on his account. My father I have heard say, 'God had shown him he should have all his nineteen children about him in heaven.' I have the same blessed hope for my eight."

Gathering up what fragments remain of her personal history, we have to depend upon the testimony of two of her most endeared friends, her brother Charles, and Miss Eliza T. Tooth, the latter of whom Miss Wesley appointed her executrix when she died. For some time, Sarah Wesley attended the school of Miss Temple in Bristol, but was taught Latin by her father, as were her brothers also. One of the lesson-books which she used at school in childhood is in the possession of the writer. Compared with those now in use, one cannot help the feeling of wonder and surprise that such progress was made in learning, a century ago, with such inadequate helps. She was short in stature, less than five feet in height, nor were her father or two brothers much taller.

When Dr. Adam Clarke was writing the "Memoirs of the Wesley Family," he had known Miss Wesley for more than a quarter of a century, yet of her personal history he knew almost

nothing, owing to an unconquerable disposition of shyness and love of solitude which through life characterised her. Desirous of hearing something about her early life, Dr. Clarke urged her brother Charles to furnish the particulars. He at length wrote and sent four quarto pages. From the original letter the following particulars are obtained:—

CHARLES WESLEY, JUN., TO DR. ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.

London, February 15th, 1822.

MY WORTHY AND MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND,—Although my beloved and accomplished sister is not willing that I should relate what I can recollect of her early years, yet, seeing the interest you have taken in my revered ancestors, I cannot resist your application. She was [always] a silent child, and when young was very handsome, till the smallpox made so great an alteration, of which we heard my father rejoiced; indeed, they say he made it a matter of prayer, as he did that none of his children might be rich. My sister was sent to a nurse at Kingswood, a good Methodist woman, for whom she always retained a filial love. Her love of reading was astonishing; indeed, she devoured books from the age of six years, and she taught herself to write an original sort of print-hand.

When we resided at Bristol, one day the dinner-bell rang, and my father (who never waited above two minutes) having searched for my sister in vain, sat down to dinner, supposing she had been detained at the lady's [Miss Temple's] school. She was afterwards found in an upper room behind a box, finishing her book, which she preferred to dinner.

My sister began an oratorio called "Isaac" (taken from Genesis), which I set to music when I was about the age of fourteen (I was older than her). Some of the airs I have now by me. One of the recitations is as follows:—

> Behold those mountains gilded by the sun,
> How sweetly glides that murmuring stream below;
> See, Abram, see that lovely feathered choir!
> Hark how they raise their tuneful notes on high,
> Praising the Author of their frail existence.

My sister hated company, and avoided it whenever she could, entreating to be left at home when we dined out, excepting when we went to the good Methodists or Quakers—people who much loved the *quiet* little girl—and where she was permitted to take her book. She loved her schoolfellows, and was much beloved by them, and she entertained them with stories which she had read.

She sung remarkably well, and would have been a fine instrumental performer, I do not doubt, had she cultivated music, for she had an accurate ear and fine taste; but my dear father telling her she must devote two hours a day to practice, she immediately gave it up, preferring a book to everything.

With my worthy uncle John Wesley she was a great favourite, and with my admirable aunt Hall also, and with all the servants, especially those who were Methodists.

We lived most affectionately together, not quarrelling as most children do, for she was not jealous of us, though I think she was more neglected, from her retired ways and general neglect of company, which continued till she grew into her teens. Even then, and afterwards, she loved retirement, though she could not often enjoy it. My father saw her besetting propensity was her chamber.

She early wrote verses, though she did not like to show them to her father,

because he took away a play she was writing, and because he laughed at a Greek name of a king in the play which father had not heard before. She could not get the play again. He disheartened her without reproving her.

Aunt Hall was her prime confidant, and she could not have had a better. My father used to say she should have been John Wesley's daughter, for like that benevolent man, she gave everything away.

You know, my good sir, our family were brought up with great reverence for kings, and considered Charles I. a martyr. My dear sister could not think of him as we did. My father gave her Dr. South's Sermons to convince her. After perusing those sermons, especially that on January 30th, she persisted in her opinion, which made father say with a smile, "I protest, the rebel blood of some of her ancestors flows in her veins." To politics she always had an aversion, though she rejoiced in the demolition of the Bastile, and abhorred the treatment of poor unfortunate Louis and the French royal family [in the revolution of 1792]. Some prejudiced people called my sister a Jacobin.

Dr. Johnson much distinguished my sister in her youth. She was not, like many others, afraid of him; indeed, the doctor was always gentle to children; and no doubt my aunt Hall had spoken kindly to him of her. She used to show him her verses, and he would pat her head and say to my aunt, "Madam, she will do."

My sister was a great comfort to my father in his declining years. I trust I also know her value.—I am, my dear sir, with esteem, your obliged friend,

CHARLES WESLEY.

Reference is made in this interesting letter to the high regard which the Rev. John Wesley had for his niece. This might be confirmed from several notices in his unpublished papers respecting her. The following may suffice. It is Miss Wesley's own account of the treatment her uncle John received from his wife, and how nearly it was of depriving her of a greatly expected pleasure.

"I think it was in the year 1775 [December 11th], my uncle promised to take me with him to Canterbury and Dover. At that time his wife, Mrs. Wesley, had obtained some of his letters which she used to the most injurious purposes, misinterpreting expressions, and interpolating words. These mutilated letters, she intended publishing in the *Morning Post*—which she did. My dear father, to whom the reputation of my uncle was far more dear than his own, saw the importance of refutation, and set off to the Foundry, to induce him to postpone his journey, while I, in my own mind, was lamenting such a disappointment, having anticipated it with all the impatience natural to my years. [She was about eighteen.] Never shall I forget the manner in which my father accosted my mother on his return home. He said, 'My brother is indeed an extraordinary man. I placed before him the importance of the character of a minister, the evil consequences which might result from his indifference to it, the cause of religion, stumbling-blocks to the weak, and urged him by every relative and public motive to answer for himself and stop the publication. His reply was: Brother, when I devoted

to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation? No. Tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury to-morrow.'"

They went to Canterbury; the letters were proved to be mutilated, and no scandal ensued from his trust in God.

The Rev. Charles Wesley's regard for his children was great, and they had a due appreciation of their father's worth. Several of his letters to his daughter have been preserved, and may be here inserted.

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

London, April 8th, 1773.

DEAR SALLY,—Go to bed at nine, and you may rise at six with ease. It is good for soul, body, and estate to rise early. I allow you a month longer to get the fourth Night Thought [of Young] by heart. Can you begin the day better than with prayer and the Scriptures? What benefit have you reaped from your band? the knowledge of yourself, or the desire to know Jesus Christ?

Samuel owes me a letter. It is in his power to write very soon and very well. Many here inquire after you both. We want you to keep our house. How go you on in arithmetic? God teach you so to number your days, that you may apply your heart unto wisdom.—Your affectionate father,

C. WESLEY.

Mr. Russell, the distinguished historical painter, was a friend of the family. He painted the portraits of four out of the five members of Charles Wesley's family. The bill of charges, in his own handwriting, for two of them is in possession of the writer, with the Rev. Charles Wesley's endorsement behind. Miss Wesley's portrait was painted at this time, and the same portrait is copied by Mr. Claxton in his picture of John Wesley's deathbed. The following letter was written when Miss Wesley was on a visit to Mr. Russell's brother at Guildford:—

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

Marylebone, October 11th, 1777.

MY DEAR SALLY,—I greatly miss you here, yet comfort myself with the thought that you are as happy with your friends at Guildford. For their sakes, as well as yours, I am content to want you a little longer, but hope nothing will hinder our meeting on Friday next.

I think you may avail yourself of my small knowledge of books and poetry. I am not yet too old to assist you a little in your reading, and perhaps improve your taste in versifying. You need not dread my severity. I have a laudable partiality for my own children. Witness your brothers, whom I do not love a jot better than you; only be you as ready to show me your verses as they their music.

The evenings I have set aside for reading with you and them. We should begin with history. A plan or order of study is absolutely necessary: without that, the more you read, the more you are confused, and never rise above a smattering in learning.

Take care you do not devour all Mr. Russell's library: if you do, you will not be able to digest it. Your mother joins in love to Charles and you, and all your hospitable friends. When shall we see Mr. John Russell?

I am almost confined with a swollen face. It will probably subside before you return. Direct a few lines to me at the Foundry, whence my horse is brought every morning. If Charles does not make more haste Sam will overtake him in Latin. Till twelve I dedicate to all three.—Wishing you the true knowledge and the true happiness, I remain, my dear Sally's father and friend,

C. WESLEY.

Charles Wesley's anxiety for the welfare of his daughter, both in temporal and spiritual things, was manifested in a marked manner in his letters. One of these which he sent to her when on a visit to some friends contains valuable advice, which every person may be the better for reading, especially the thoughts on religion in the earlier part. It was written in 1778.

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

To Miss Wesley, at the Rev. Bankes's, Wimbledon Common, Surrey.

Both my dear Sally's letters I have received, and rejoice that you have so soon recovered your fall. If it was occasioned by the narrow fashionable heels, I think it will be a warning to you, and reduce you to reason. Providence saved you from a like accident at Guildford. Beware the third time!

You gained by the despised Methodists, if nothing more, the knowledge of what true religion consists in: namely, in happiness and holiness; in peace and love; in the favour and image of God restored; in paradise regained; in a birth from above, a kingdom within you; a participation of the Divine nature. The principal means or instrument of this is faith, which faith is the gift of God given to every one that asks.

The two grand hindrances of prayer, and consequently of faith, are self-love and pride, therefore our Lord so strongly enjoins on us self-denial and humility. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." And, "How *can* ye believe who *receive honour* one of another, and seek not the honour which cometh from God *only?*" Here, you see, pride is an insurmountable obstacle to believing. Yet the desire of praise is inseparable from our fallen nature. All we can do, till faith comes, is not to seek it, not to indulge our own will, not to neglect the means of attaining faith and forgiveness, especially private prayer and the Scriptures.

My brother thinks you were in some measure awakened while you met in band. Great good may be got by Christian fellowship, or (if you are unequally yoked) great evil. I left you entirely to yourself here, being always afraid you would meet with some stumbling-block in the Society, which might give you an unjust prejudice against religion itself.

You will be glad to communicate any good news you hear of Minny Dyer. I should be so sorry to lose her. We have many friends while we do not need them; not that I question the sincerity of any of our London friends, or am insensible of any of their civilities to you. Your hosts at Wimbledon are truly obliging. Mr. Bankes must give me leave to canvass Dr. Lloyd on my return, and try if he cannot get employment for him. I am too selfish to wish him banished to Wales. We must detain him among us to do him good, and first to teach him a habit of rising *early*. I have made a convert here of Miss Morgan, who goes to bed at ten and rises at six. This good beginning has led her into a regular improvement of all her time. She accompanies me in my daily rides; she follows the plan of study which I have given her; she has got a good part of Prior's "Solomon" by heart. I am now teaching her shorthand: she is as willing to receive help and instruction as I am to give it.

Why am I not as useful to my own daughter? You have a thirst after knowledge, and a capacity for it. Your want of resolution to rise early and to study regularly has discouraged me. Carry but these two points, and behold I am entirely at your service. Whether your brothers go on or stand still, I would go on constantly in assisting you; I would read something with you every day, and do what good I can for the little time I shall be with you.

Your ode on Peace I have corrected at least, if not amended. You must begin immediately to be regular, to be diligent, to be tightly. Thomas à Kempis I think you would not relish, nor Law's "Serious Call." Remember your first hour is always sacred. Follow Miss Morgan's example, be as glad of my help as if I was not your father. If I live another year I can communicate sufficient knowledge [for you] to go on without me. It might be of use to you if I read the "Night Thoughts" with you, and pointed out the passages best worth your getting by heart. You may take your turn of riding with me, and then we should have many a learned conference.

Was I to finish my course at this time and place, my dear Sally would be sorry she has made no more use of me. You might certainly avail yourself more of my knowledge and dear-bought experience. I could save you abundance of needless trouble and pains, and what to pass over. Mean time commit to your memory the following lines:—

> Voracious learning, often over-fed,
> Digests not into sense its motley meal.
> This forager on others' wisdom leaves
> His native farm, his reason, quite untill'd.
> With mixt manure he surfeits the rank soil,
> Dung'd, but not dress'd, and rich to beggary;
> A pomp untamable of weeds obtains:
> His servant's wealth encumbered Wisdom mourns.

I am writing this at Mr. Lediard's, who salutes you—and his wife also—with great civility. Every day I have endless inquiries after you.

You will make yourself, I doubt not, as agreeable as you can to our hospitable friends. Tell them my heart is often with them. Perhaps I may give it your host under my own hand. Dying men, they say, are prophets: I seem to foresee his future usefulness. May his latter end be better than his beginning, his last works more than his first! You may, if you please, read to him and his partner the description of religion at the beginning of this epistle. I would not that they or you should rest short of it. Wishing you all which Christ would have you be, I remain my beloved Sally's faithful friend and father, CHARLES WESLEY.

This letter was replied to by Miss Wesley, but her father did not believe that her purposes of improvement, mentally and spiritually, were sufficiently matured, hence his further correspondence on the same subjects:—

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

Bristol, October 1st, 1778.

MY DEAR SALLY,—Your friends and ours at the Common [Wimbledon] have laid us under great obligations. I wish I could return them by persuading *her* to seek till she finds the pearl, which is constant happiness, and by persuading him to give himself up entirely to One whose service is perfect freedom, and whose favour and love is heaven in both worlds.

I never thought the bands would suit you, yet many of them possess what you are seeking. You also shall bear witness of the power, the peace, the blessedness of heart-religion; you also shall know the Lord, if you follow on to know Him. Other knowledge is not worth your pains. Useful knowledge, as distinguished from religious, is in a narrow compass, and may be soon attained, if your studies are well guarded and well directed. We must have a conference on this subject; we may also read your verses together. They want perspicuity, which should be the first point; but they are worth correcting.

All your powers and faculties are so many talents, of which you are to give an account. You improve your talent of understanding when you exercise it in acquiring important truth. You use your talent of memory aright, when you store it with things worth remembering, and enlarge by using and employing it. You should therefore be always getting something by heart. Begin with Prior's "Solomon," the vanity of human knowledge. Let me hear how much of it you can repeat when we meet.

Miss Hill is likely now [to have] a good fortune. You need not envy her if you are a good Christian. Seek first the kingdom, and all these things shall be added unto you. Charles has a turn to generosity, Sam. to parsimony. You must balance them both, or you may follow your mother's and my example, and keep in the golden mean.

There are many useful things which I can teach you, if I live a little longer. But I dare never promise myself another year. You know, I suppose, that October 9th I hope to reach Chesterfield Street. Your aunts allure me the next day to Tarriers, that I may spend two or three days with them, before I carry your mother and brothers home. It is utterly uncertain how I shall be after my long journey.

Your mother and you, I presume, have settled the time of your return. We shall rejoice to have Mr. and Mrs. Bankes our near neighbours during the winter. Before it is over some providential opening will determine his work and place. Say what you please to him and his amiable partner. I take it for granted you have gained the children's hearts. If her parents would trust her to us, your brothers might help Miss Bankes on in music, of which he and I must talk together shortly.

Miss Morgan is gone to Wales, full-fraught with knowledge, which she may be safely trusted with, for she knows Jesus Christ and Him crucified. There poor Prior came short; therefore his "Solomon" makes so melancholy a conclusion.

Probably I have taken my last leave of Bristol. Certainly I shall never more be separated eight weeks from my family. I half repented leaving you last Thursday night, which I spent in pain, and three days more in confinement. I am nourishing myself up for a journey with my philosophical brother. Joseph [Bradford] attends us, and will look after my dearest Sally's loving father and friend, C. WESLEY.

Faithful Joseph Bradford was one of the truest friends the Wesleys ever had, and they reposed the fullest confidence in him.

Writing again to his daughter, in June, 1780, whilst she was still from home, Charles Wesley inclosed some lines he wrote on June 8th, in reference to the terrible anti-popish riots which so greatly excited the people and disgraced London. This contains no family allusions of interest. Three years later, he wrote a short letter to her, in which he records his own and his daughter's partiality for Bristol.

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

Blackheath, July 17th, 1783.

DEAR SALLY,—I am just come with your particular friend and admirer, Captain Swanwick, from that most amiable of men, Lord Dartmouth.

You have cause to be alarmed for our dear Miss Freeman. I always feared that Bath would do her mischief: its waters are not of a neutral kind. Bathed in or drank, without great judgment or discretion, they do more harm than good. One honest physician there is there, whom she may safely consult, Dr. Harrington. When she is here, we should strongly recommend Dr. Turner, as the first man of the faculty for hitting the patient's case, and for healing with very little physic. I have reason to praise one who, under God, has added thirty years to my life.

I do not wonder at your partiality for Bristol. Had Thomas Lewis lived, I should have passed my last days and laid my bones there. Still I hanker after it, but your brothers forbid, and your mother must look after them in London.

M. Chapman and M. Morgan are just what I wish you to be. Why should you not? He who made them what they are is as willing to effect the same change in you. I can see no farther than you into your future motions. You are called at present to wait upon her, and do her all the service in your power. One who has Christ dwelling in his heart carries his heaven about him everywhere. Then all places are the same.—[Your ever affectionate father and friend, C. WESLEY.]

The last of Charles Wesley's letters to his daughter which have been preserved is without date of year, but seems to have followed the former one the day after. Only two fragments remain, as follow:—

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

New Chapel, July 18th, [1783].

We passed yesterday at Mr. Smith's, Peckham, a happy day! His whole family would please you. Were you here, I would find some means of introducing you to several families, from whom you might gain much good.

Friday Evening.

Returning from Pimlico, your letter meets us, announcing Miss Freeman's and your return to town. Give our respects, and desire Miss Freeman to be so kind as pay your expenses hither, which I will thankfully repay when we have the pleasure of meeting.—God send you a prosperous journey to your loving father, C. W.

After that year, 1783, the Rev. Charles Wesley wrote but little. The feebleness of age was fast prostrating his strength and retarding all his actions. As has been intimated in the postscript of her brother Charles's letter to Dr. Clarke, Miss Sarah Wesley was a great comfort to her father during his last days on earth. She watched him day by day with a devotion nothing could surpass. Before noticing the death of her father, it is proper to name that she became acquainted with Miss Mary Freeman Shepherd, an accomplished Roman Catholic lady, with whom she had much literary intercourse in after years. It was

in 1783 that she formed the personal acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose high regard for her aunt Mrs. Hall led the learned doctor to invite, by letter in his own autograph, Miss Wesley to dine with him. The letter is dated October 28th, 1783, and fixes the Saturday following for the friendly meeting, asking her, if she can, to bring her aunt Hall with her.

The time of the departure hence to heaven of the Rev. Charles Wesley was drawing near. His daughter was ever at hand to soothe, comfort, and assist her beloved father. The Rev. John Wesley took leave of his brother for ever in this world at the end of February, 1788, having the assurance from his niece that nothing would be wanting on her part to aid the sufferer. Whilst life remained, John Wesley wrote almost daily respecting his brother, and when Charles was no longer able to write, the letters were sent to "My dear Sally," who kept her uncle informed of the condition of her father; but the post moved slowly in those days, and although the best arrangement had been made which could be, Charles Wesley had been dead six days when the letter reached John to inform him of the close of his brother's earthly pilgrimage.

Miss Wesley herself drew up the account we have of the final victory, which she sent to her uncle. Two sentences only need be quoted. The dying saint had frequently expressed his anxiety about his sons, especially Charles, who was much on his mind, even to the end of life, and of whom the father said, before he expired, "That dear boy! God bless him!" Then Miss Wesley adds, "He spoke less to me than the rest, which has since given me some pain. However, he bade me trust in God, and never forsake Him, and then, he assured me, God never would forsake me." A little farther on Miss Wesley thus proceeds in her letter to her uncle: "When your kind letter to my brother came (in which you affectionately tell him that you will be a father to him and my brother Samuel), I read it to our father. 'He will *be kind to you*,' said he, 'when I am gone: I am certain your uncle *will be kind* to all of you.' My dear father's hand was in mine five minutes before, and at the awful period of his dissolution. He drew his breath short, and at the last so gently that we knew not exactly the moment in which his happy spirit fled."

To that letter, John Wesley replied as follows:—

JOHN WESLEY TO HIS NIECE SARAH WESLEY.

Manchester, April 12th, 1788.

MY DEAR SALLY,—I thank you for the account you have given me. It is full and satisfactory; you describe a very awful scene. The time I doubt not was prolonged, on purpose that it might make the deeper impression on those that otherwise might soon have forgotten it. What a difference does one moment make when the soul springs out of time into eternity! What

an amazing change! What are all the pleasures, the business of this world, to a disembodied spirit? Let us therefore be ready, for the day is at hand! But the comfort is, it cannot part you long from, dear Sally, yours invariably,

J. WESLEY.

Three other letters to Miss Wesley followed the above during the year, which are printed in her father's life. In one of them he urges her earnestly to seek the Spirit of adoption. He says, "See that you do not stop short of it: the promise is for you: if you feel your want, God will soon supply it."

In one letter to Miss Wesley, her uncle remarks, "Your father's death is a stroke you have long expected. One of fourscore has lived out his years; it is not strange that he is taken away, but that I am left." John Wesley survived his brother just three years. During his brief illness Miss Wesley visited her uncle several times, but she was not present with him when he died. In the picture of the death-bed of John Wesley, Miss Wesley is represented as standing near the head of the bed, at Mr. Wesley's right hand, the portrait copied from Mr. Russell's painting of her, which was lent to the artist, but it was omitted to be returned to the lender. A copy of the same portrait is in the group in the frontispiece to this volume.

From other papers of Miss Wesley's we learn that she was often employed by benevolent persons to distribute their bounty amongst the poor, the sick, and the needy. Considerable sums would sometimes be given to Mrs. and Miss Wesley for this purpose, and Miss Wesley would go in search of suitable objects and distribute the amount, making a record of how the money was given, which was supplied to the benevolent donor. Two of Miss Wesley's lists are in possession of the writer, showing such service. In this way several poor Methodists obtained relief who did not like otherwise to apply for aid.

Copies of letters might be here given sent by Miss Wesley, during the twenty years following her father's death, to various friends, amongst whom may be named Miss Galloway, of Twickenham, an attached friend of the Wesleys, Count Zenobia, Miss Benger, a well-known authoress of that time, and Miss Mercy Doddridge, daughter of Dr. Doddridge. These may find a more suitable occasion for publication.

Miss Wesley attended on her aunt Martha Hall when she died in July, 1791. She sent an account of the same to Dr. Adam Clarke. The original letter is preserved.

For some years Miss Wesley was employed in literary pursuits, under Dr. George Gregory, who was connected with the daily papers of the time. It is said that she translated the letters which came from abroad to the editors, and that Dr. Gregory wrote articles on the subjects thus furnished. To this

connection with the press she makes reference in one of her letters to Dr. Clarke, which will shortly be given. One singular fact has come to light from Dr. Clarke's papers, namely, that in 1809 he was intending to write notices of John Wesley, and applied to Miss Wesley for information respecting him. The letter is so full of interest, the reader will be glad to see it in print.

SARAH WESLEY TO ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.

Great Woodstock Street, Nottingham Place,
Mary[le]bone, September 10th, 1809.

MY DEAR DR. CLARKE,—Absence from town has not diminished but increased regret at this cessation of our intercourse.

I wished to have seen you before I quitted it, and have asked a thousand questions respecting the Life you intend to give to the world of my dearest uncle.

I wished also to mention a basely represented anecdote by Nightingale, which I was myself able to confute, and told it Mrs. Barbauld. It was thus related to me by my father:—

When John Wesley was a little boy at the Charterhouse School, the master missing all the little boys in the playground, supposed them by their quietness to be in some mischief. Searching, he found them all assembled in the schoolroom around my uncle, who was amusing them with instructive tales, to which they attentively listened rather than follow their accustomed sports. The master expressed much approbation towards them and John Wesley, and he wished him to repeat this entertainment as often as he could obtain auditors and so well employ his time.

Nightingale thus relates it:—

"A strong disposition to rule was always predominant in his character. You doubtless have heard the anecdote of his haranguing his fellow-schoolboys, when very young, from the writing desks and forms; and when he was reprimanded by his master he exclaimed,—

'Better rule in hell than serve in heaven.'"

I make no comment, but should like the different accounts to be made public. Nightingale, however, makes one of his usual liberal comments: "What truth there is in the anecdote I will not pretend to say; but it appears well enough to accord with the spirit and conduct he manifested in the subsequent part of his life. That he was every way forward to govern is certain, and from this persuasion the young gentlemen at Oxford put themselves under his spiritual superintendence."

Who would not suppose the good J. W. had been a tyrant instead of a benefactor to his species?

There is another thing I trust you will take notice of in your Life of him. He was a most generous, affectionate relation. There is not one person connected with him by blood who, if they speak truth, could not bring proofs of his kindness, and, whenever they needed, of his liberality. I am sure I would stand foremost here, as his purse was ever open to me; and though I never asked it, but as an *almoner to the poor*, when he saw me look pale and supposed I wanted change of air, he sent me to the seaside, after my father's death, and bade me apply to him on every occasion, which I am sure he would have taken as a proof of confidence, though I declined his generosity.

When he heard my brother Charles was in love with a lady without fortune, he gave him £50 for his wedding dinner, and pleaded the cause

of the lovers to my mother, who was against, and indeed prevented, the match. I have heard my father say that if he wished to gratify his brother, it would be by asking him for money (a thing he never would do); but this proves he was not, as some have given out, an unaffectionate relation.

You must have heard that Mrs. John Wesley was a most jealous, unprincipled woman. She once caught hold of some letters, and so garbled them, that every expression of Divine things seemed of a temporal kind, and these she threatened to publish. My uncle was then going out of town, and I, though a little child, was to accompany him. My father advised him to put off his journey and stay to refute these vile charges, which he so easily could do. His answer was, "When I devoted my talents, my time, my fortune, and my health to God, did I except my *reputation?* No! and I will set off to-morrow with Sally to Canterbury." I remember my father was penetrated with admiration, though he had recommended more attention to character.

I know, my dear sir, you will not think this detail uninteresting respecting one of whom the world was not worthy, and who is now reaping the fruit of his labours where the wicked cease from troubling. Even in this life he enjoyed sweet communion with the saints, and will ever be remembered by the good when his enemies shall be forgotten. Yet his memory should be embalmed among us, and you will be considered as a benefactor to his people, as well as, my dear sir, a valued friend by your obliged,

S. Wesley.

I beg my kind love to Mrs. Clarke. When can I find you at home? I am disengaged next week; favour me with a line.

After the lapse of more than ten years, the correspondence was renewed between Miss Wesley and Dr. Clarke, relating to their family history. A portion of one of the earliest letters of the series is here given, as a sample of most of the others.

Sarah Wesley to Adam Clarke, LL.D.

London, July 5th, 1821.

Dear Dr. Clarke,—I have this day received your little note, announcing the safe arrival of my large packet, without which information I should probably have waited till your work was published.

We must have some intercourse on our subject by letter, if we cannot *viva voce*. Dear Dr. Gregory, with whom I had the honour sometimes to write jointly, used to say it was satisfactory, encouraging, and necessary to hear from or see your literary colleague.

I never heard that my grandfather changed his name: he changed one letter in it, or rather, restored the original, which my father told me was *Wesley*, at one time spelt Westley. Their origin was Saxon, and some of the ancestors had gone pilgrims to the Holy Land, which the cockleshells in the arms denote invariably. The crest was lost, and when this happens it is supplied by a griffin or anything at pleasure. I was told we may trace it at the Herald's Office.

Wesley of Dangan traced some relationship with my grandfather. His father had settled in Ireland, and he proposed to adopt one of the children of my grandfather (which was my father), designing to make him his heir. In consequence of his rejection he fixed on another, who became Lord Mornington, the father of the Duke of Wellington, which you know.—I am, dear Dr. Clarke, your sincere friend,

S. Wesley.

Miss Wesley was as interesting a companion in the social circle, when she could be prevailed upon to appear there, as she was by the contributions of her pen. She shrunk from appearing in company, partly from a natural aversion, and partly from the terribly severe marking which the smallpox left upon her face in childhood. Before that affliction she was handsome: afterwards, quite the opposite. Yet her manners and conversation bore testimony to her ladylike habits and cultivated mind.

Once at an evening party where some were present, not her personal acquaintance, she overheard an unfortunate remark heedlessly made, by one who was crooked in form, of the masculine gender: "That she would have been a bewitching creature if she had not been so horribly ugly." Retiring for only a few moments, Miss Wesley presented a slip of paper to the gentleman, on which she had written these impromptu lines:—

Malice and envy in one point agree,
That the outside is the worst part of thee:
Small is the censure as it stands confest,
Bad as it is—thy outside is the best.

It was a rebuke smart enough, and directly to the point.

Miss Wesley wrote poetry frequently, and her father read with her, and corrected many of her pieces. Only a few have escaped from her hands, though many of her manuscripts passed into the care of her accomplished executrix, Miss Tooth, from whom the writer obtained the following short poem. It was written and presented to Thomas Campbell, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," on the death of a beloved child, whom he tenderly mourned.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

For thee no treacherous world prepares
A youth of complicated snares:
No wild ambition's raging flame
Shall tempt thy ripened years with fame;
No avarice shall thine age decoy,
Far off from sweet diffusive joy;
Happy beyond the happiest fate,
Snatched from the ills that vex the great,
From anxious toils, entangling strife,
And every care of meaner life.
Happy! though thou hast scarcely trod
The thorny path with leads to God,
Where friendless virtue weeps and prays,
Oft wildered in the doubtful maze,
Nor knew that virtue wept in vain—
Nor felt a greater ill than pain,
Already sainted in the sky,
Sweet babe! that did but weep—and die!

Towards the old preachers in Methodism who knew its founder, Miss Wesley entertained feelings of deep Christian sympathy and regard. To the Rev. Henry Moore, one of her uncle's executors, she was very much attached, and to him she unbosomed herself of those solicitudes she felt but rarely expressed. Her letters to Mr. Moore bear testimony to the confidence she reposed in him. Out of several which came into the writer's possession, the following only is selected, because of its introduction of another of Miss Wesley's short poems, which Mr. Moore presented to the President of the Conference, and afterwards had it printed in the *Methodist Magazine*. Miss Wesley's manuscript is preserved by the writer. The letter which precedes the lines is in the possession of Mr. James Kirkby, of Leeds.

SARAH WESLEY TO THE REV. HENRY MOORE.

1, New Street, Dorset Square, June 20th, 1826.

MY DEAR MR. MOORE,—As I could not reach you yesterday by the time you mentioned, I inclose the lines of which I spoke to you. My intention is to send them to the President of the Conference, but as you are one of the oldest Wesleyan ministers with whom I am personally acquainted, I wish you first to peruse them. I shall take my chance of finding you from home on Wednesday next, by one o'clock. I believe you are often from town, and as the Conference must begin soon, I send the lines.

My brother Charles unites with me in kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Moore; and believe me that, wherever you are, I am, dear sir, with real regard, yours most truly,

SARAH WESLEY.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF THE FIRST METHODIST PREACHERS.

While heroes claim the palm, and poets sing
The sapient statesman and the patriot king;
While beauty, genius, wit, by turns demand
The sculptor's labour and the painter's hand;
While wondering crowds loud acclamations raise,
And earth reverberates with the favourite's praise:
Shall nobler Christians, in a Christian age,
Have no memorial in affection's page?
Shall ceaseless vigils, persecutions, strife,
The sacrifice of ease, of health, of life,
Have no distinction grateful—no record?
Yes, valiant champions of a heavenly Lord,
As long as patience, resignation, love,
Are prized by saints below and saints above,
Ye sufferers meek! who pain and scoffs defied,
Who warned, and wept, endured, and prayed, and died,
Ye shall be honoured!
The soldier fights for fame, and wins his prize;
But ye were outcasts in your country's eyes;
Reproach your bitter portion, outrage, hate,
The martyr's sufferings, and the culprit's fate;*

* Some of them were dragged to the common gaol; some were pressed to be soldiers and sailors; and others were wounded with stones, or thrown into rivers.

Ye braved the ruffian blow, the infuriate clan;
And all for love to God, and love to man.
Oh, with what rapture hailed in realms on high,
When angels bore you to your kindred sky,
Fruits of His purchase, to the Saviour given,
And owned the servants of the Lord of heaven.
On all your sons may your blessed mantle fall,
The zeal that fired, the love that reached to all—
Your scorn of earthly honours, earthly gain,
Of toil, of malice, ignominy, pain!
Whether to distant shores despised ye roam—
Forsook your kindred, and renounced your home;*
Or seek the prisoner sunk in dark despair,
And teach the abject, hope—the impious, prayer;
To haunts "where lonely want retires to die;"†
Where'er we sojourn, or where'er we stray,
May heaven's own light direct you on your way;
Till late translated to the choir above,
Ye greet your pastors‡ in the world of love!

Mr. Moore sent the following characteristic reply:—

THE REV. HENRY MOORE TO SARAH WESLEY.

London, June, 1826.

DEAR MISS WESLEY,—We had hoped for the pleasure of your company yesterday, and with that expectation I stayed at home all day. I cannot say more in commendation of the verses you sent, than that they are truly Wesleyan. Do you intend them for our magazine? I shall with pleasure present them to our president.

When we lost in your father the sweet singer of our Israel, a good woman exclaimed, "Ah! who will poetry for us now?" Your verses will show that the spirit is not extinct in the family.—With kind regards to Mr. C. Wesley, in which Mrs. Moore joins, I remain, dear Miss Wesley, yours very affectionately,

H. MOORE.

Both these correspondents were in advanced life when these friendly epistles were exchanged. Mr. Moore was seventy-five and Miss Wesley sixty-seven, and although Mr. Moore was much the senior, he survived Miss Wesley sixteen years. The attachment she had formed to the city of Bristol in early life seemed to strengthen with advancing years. Scarcely separated during their long life, only when visiting friends, Charles and Sarah Wesley kept home together after their mother died. In the summer of 1828 they accompanied each other to Bristol, to renew once more their acquaintance in that city, and on her part to seek that health which she thought might be vouchsafed in her native air. On their way they called on Sir John Herschel, at Slough, near Windsor, an esteemed friend of the family, who received them with much welcome and kindness. In the absence

* Missionaries.

† The Strangers' Friend Society, founded by Dr. Adam Clarke, to which the late Bishop of Durham left £100.

‡ John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield.

of all other information respecting Miss Wesley's last days on earth, we gladly quote the following from the pen of the venerable Joseph Entwisle, who was personally acquainted with the family.

Writing to the editor of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, October 28th, 1828, Mr. Entwisle records the death of Miss Wesley, in Bristol, on September 19th. He remarks: "A few weeks since she visited Bristol, in a poor state of health, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Charles Wesley. Her disorder was of a peculiar character, which so affected the throat that she could not partake of solid food. During her illness, I had several opportunities of conversing with her on the state of her mind, much to my satisfaction. Her views of the way of salvation were clear and scriptural. She often said, 'I have peace, but not joy.' Her mind seemed to be always tranquil and resigned. One day, when unable to converse, she whispered, 'Pray, pray.' The words so often used by her uncle John,—

I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,

frequently dropped from her lips. A short time before her spirit departed, in answer to a question by the nurse, when she could not speak, she lifted up her hand as an expression of her confidence and comfort. She died a member of the Methodist Society, and in her pocket was found the last Society ticket she received, in June, 1828.

"Prior to her affliction, it was her intention to end her days where she first drew her breath. She was strongly attached to her native place, Bristol, where she had many affectionate friends, both in the Methodist Society and among the members of the Established Church. The death of a member of the Wesley family excites great interest here."

Miss Wesley died in the suburbs of Bristol, September 19th, 1828, aged sixty-nine and a half years. She was buried in St. James's Churchyard in that city. On the tombstone is the following inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of John, Martha Maria, Susanna, Selina, and John James, infant children of the late Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A., of Christ College, Oxford, and of Sarah, his wife; and also of their daughter Sarah Wesley, who departed this life on September 19th, 1828, aged sixty-eight years.

Hosanna to Jesus on high,
Another has entered her rest;
Another is 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast.
The soul of our sister is gone
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasped in the arms of His love.

She was both baptized and buried at St. James's Church, Bristol, and from the recorded date of her baptism, it is plain that at the time of her death she was aged only two days short of sixty-nine years and six months, being eighteen months older than what is stated on the tombstone.

It is much to be regretted that no one at the time she died collected many interesting incidents in her life which were then well known, and of which there still exists in the family of her brother indistinct recollections. From many sources the information here collected has been obtained. The memory of one so intimately attached to and beloved by both Charles and John Wesley is deserving of some permanent record. No one has before attempted this act of justice.

The venerable Thomas Jackson wrote that Miss Wesley appeared rather shy of him when first introduced, but finding he had a profound respect for her father, she laid aside all reserve, and became a sincere friend. She enjoyed the £50 annuity from the Wesleyan Book Room in London. When she and her brother started for Bristol, Mr. Jackson took charge of their furniture, which included some family portraits in oil, and saved them the expense of sending it to be warehoused. Mr. Jackson took great delight in conversing about those few members of the Wesley family it was his privilege to know personally.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

MUSICIAN; SECOND SON OF THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, A.M.

OF the eight children born to the Rev. Charles Wesley, Samuel was the seventh, but the youngest who survived infancy. His next younger brother, John James, born a little more than two years after him, died before he was eight months old. In very early life Samuel manifested such extraordinary genius and skill in both writing and performing music, that his father was importuned to write an account of what he was able to do, to satisfy the numerous inquiries he received from men of learning and science respecting him. This account was supplied to the Hon. Daines Barrington, for publication in his volume of "Miscellanies," and from that work it was copied into the leading magazines of the day. It may be desirable to state that there is a manuscript account of Samuel Wesley's life by himself preserved in the British Museum, but being written from memory when he was in feeble health, and without any papers for reference, it contains many inaccuracies. The details following are copied chiefly from the Rev. C. Wesley's manuscript.

"Samuel was born on St. Matthias's day, February 24th, 1766, the same day which gave birth to Handel eighty-two years before. The seeds of harmony did not spring up in him quite so early as in his brother Charles, for he was three years old before he aimed at a tune." His mother, however, gave to Daines Barrington the following convincing proof that he played a tune when he was but two years and eleven months old, by producing a quarter-guinea, which was given to him by Mr. Addy for this extraordinary feat, wrapped in a piece of paper, containing the day and year of the gift, as well as the occasion of it. The father proceeds:—

"His first attempts were, 'God save great George our King,' 'Fischer's Minuet,' and such like, mostly picked up from the street organs. He did not put a true bass to them till he had

learned his notes. While his brother was playing he used to stand by with his childish fiddle, scraping, and beating time.

"Mr. Arnold was the first who hearing him at the harpsichord said, 'I set down Sam. for one of my family;' but we did not much regard him, coming after Charles. The first thing which drew our attention was the great delight he took in hearing his brother play. Whenever Mr. Kelway came to teach him, Sam. constantly attended, and accompanied Charles on the chair. Undaunted by Mr. Kelway's frown, he went on; and when he did not see the harpsichord, he crossed his hands on the chair, as the other on the instrument, when playing Scarlatti's Lessons, without ever missing a time. He was so excessively fond of Scarlatti that if Charles ever began playing his lesson before Sam. was called, he would cry and roar as if he had been beaten. Mr. Madan, his godfather, finding him one day so belabouring the chair, told him he should have a better instrument by-and-by. I have since recollected Mr. Kelway's words: 'It is of the utmost importance to a learner to hear the best music;' and 'If a man would learn to play well, let him hear Charles.' Sam. had this double advantage from his birth.

"As his brother employed the evenings in Handel's oratorios, Sam was always at his elbow, listening, and joining with his voice. Nay, he would sometimes presume to find fault with his playing, when we thought he could know nothing of the matter. He was between four and five years old when he got hold of the oratorio of 'Samson,' and by that alone taught himself to read words. Soon after he taught himself to write.

"From this time he sprang up like a mushroom, and when turned of five could read perfectly well, and had all the airs, recitatives, and choruses of 'Samson' and the 'Messiah,' both words and notes, by heart. Whenever he heard his brother begin to play, he would tell us whose music it was, whether Handel, Corelli, Scarlatti, or any other; and what part of what lesson, sonata, or overture. Before he could write he composed much music. His custom was to lay the words of an oratorio before him, and sing them all over. Thus he set, extempore for the most part, 'Ruth,' 'Gideon,' 'Manasses,' and the 'Death of Abel.' We observed, when he repeated the same words, it was always to the same tunes. The airs of 'Ruth' in particular he made before he was six years old, laid them up in his memory till he was eight, and then wrote them down.

"I have seen him open his Prayer Book, and sing the Te Deum, or an anthem from some psalm, to his own music, accompanying it with the harpsichord. This he often did, after he had learned to play by note—which Mr. Williams, a young organist of Bristol, taught him betwixt six and seven. How and when he learned

counterpoint I can hardly tell; but, without ever being taught it, he soon wrote in parts.

"He was full eight years old when Dr. Boyce came to see us, and accosted me with, 'Sir, I hear you have got an English Mozart in your house. Young Linley tells me wonderful things of him.' I called Sam. to answer for himself. He had by this time scrawled down his oratorio of 'Ruth.' The doctor looked over it very carefully, and seemed highly pleased with the performance. Some of his words were, 'These airs are some of the prettiest I have seen: this boy writes by nature as true a bass as I can by rule and study. There is no man in England has two such sons.' He bade us let him run on *ad libitum*, without any check of rules or masters. After this, whenever the doctor visited us, Sam. ran to him with his song, sonata, or anthem; and the doctor examined them with astonishing patience and delight. As soon as Sam. had quite finished his oratorio, he sent it as a present to the doctor, who immediately honoured him with the following note: 'Dr. Boyce's compliments and thanks to his very ingenious brother-composer Mr. Samuel Wesley, and is very much pleased and obliged by the possession of the oratorio of "Ruth," which he shall preserve with the utmost care, as the most curious product of his musical library.' [This curious manuscript is now in the possession of his daughter, Miss Eliza Wesley, of Islington.]

"For the year that Sam. continued under Mr. Williams, it was hard to say which was the master and which the scholar. Sam. chose what music he would learn, and often broke out into extemporary playing, his master wisely letting him do as he pleased. During this time he taught himself the violin.

"A soldier assisted him about six weeks, and some time after Mr. Kingsbury gave him twenty lessons. His favourite instrument was the organ.

"He spent a month at Bath, while we were in Wales; served the abbey on Sundays, gave them several voluntaries, and played the first fiddle in many private concerts. He returned with us to London, greatly improved in his playing. There I allowed him a month for learning all Handel's overtures: he played them over to me in three days. Handel's concertos he learned with equal ease, and some of his lessons and Scarlatti's. Like Charles, he mastered the hardest music without any pains or difficulty. He borrowed his 'Ruth' to transcribe for Mr. Madan. Parts of it he played at Lord Despencer's, who rewarded him with some of Handel's oratorios.

"Mr. Madan now began carrying him about to his musical friends. He played several times at Mr. Wilmot's, to many of the nobility, and some eminent masters and judges of music.

They gave him subjects and music which he had never seen. Mr. Burton, Mr. Bates, etc., expressed their approbation in the strongest terms. His extemporary fugues, they said, were just and regular, but they could not believe that he knew nothing of the rules of composition. Several companies he entertained for hours together with his own music. The learned were quite astonished. Sir John Hawkins cried out, 'Inspiration! Inspiration!' Dr. Burney was greatly pleased with his extemporary play, and his pursuing the subjects and fugues which he gave him; but insisted, like the rest, that he must have been taught the rules. An organist gave him a sonata he had written, not easy, nor very legible. Sam. played it with great readiness and propriety, and better, as the composer owned to Mr. Madan, than he could himself.

"Lord Barrington, Lord Aylesford, Lord Dudley, and Sir Watkin Wynne, with other lovers of Handel, were highly delighted with him, and encouraged him to hold fast his veneration for Handel and the old music; but old or new, it was all one to Sam, so it was but good. Whatever was presented he played at sight, and made variations on any time; and as often as he played it again, he made new variations. He imitated every author's style, whether Bach, Handel, Schobert, or Scarlatti himself. One showed him some of Mozart's music, and asked him how he liked it. He played it over, and said, 'It is very well for one of *his years!*' Mozart was then a youth.

"He played to Mr. Kelway, whom I afterwards asked what he thought of him. He would not allow him to be comparable to Charles, yet commended him greatly, and told his mother it was a gift from heaven to both her sons; and as for Sam, he said, 'I never in my life saw so free and *degagé* a gentleman.' Mr. Madan had often said the same, that Sam. was everywhere as much admired for his behaviour as his play. Between eight and nine he was brought through the smallpox, by Mr. Bromfield's assistance, whom he therefore promised to reward with his next oratorio.

"If he loved anything better than music, it was regularity. He took to it himself. Nothing could exceed his punctuality: no company, no persuasion could keep him up beyond his time. He never could be prevailed on to hear any opera or concert by night. The moment the clock gave warning for eight, away ran Sam, in the midst of his most favourite music. Once he rose up after the first part of the 'Messiah,' with, 'Come, mamma, let us go home, or I sha'n't be in bed by eight.' When some talked of carrying him to the queen, and I asked him if he was willing to go, 'Yes, with all my heart,' he answered; 'but I won't stay beyond eight.'

"The praises bestowed so lavishly upon him did not seem to affect, much less to hurt him, and whenever he went into the company of his betters he would much rather have stayed at home; yet when among them he was free and easy, so that some remarked, 'He behaves as one bred up at Court, yet without a courtier's servility.' On our coming to town this last time, he sent Dr. Boyce the last anthem he had made. The doctor thought from its correctness that Charles must have helped him in it, but Charles assured him that he never assisted him, otherwise than by telling him if he asked whether such or such a passage were good harmony; and the doctor was so scrupulous that when Charles showed him an improper note he would not suffer it to be altered.

"Mr. Madan now carried him to more of the first masters. M. Abel wrote him a subject, and declared, 'Not three masters in town would have answered it so well.' Mr. Cramer took a great liking to him, offered to teach him the violin, and played some trios with Charles and him. He sent a man to take measure of him for a fiddle, and is confident a very few lessons would set him up for a violinist. Sam. often played the second, and sometimes the first fiddle, with Mr. Treadway, who declared, 'Giardini himself could not play with greater exactness.' Mr. Madan brought Dr. Nares to my house, who could not believe that a boy could write an oratorio, play at sight, and pursue any given subject. He brought two of the King's Boys, who sang over several songs and choruses in 'Ruth.' Then he produced two bars of a fugue. Sam. worked this fugue very readily and well, adding a movement of his own; and then a voluntary on the organ, which quite removed the doctor's incredulity. At the rehearsal at St. Paul's, Dr. Boyce met 'his brother' Sam; and showing him to Dr. Hawes, told him, 'This boy will soon surpass you all.' Shortly after he came to see us; he took up a Jubilate, which Sam. had lately written, and commended it as one of Charles's. When we told him whose it was, he declared he could find no fault in it, adding, 'There is not another boy upon earth who could have composed this;' and concluding with, 'I never yet met with that person who owes so much to nature as Sam; he is come among us dropped down from heaven.'

"Mr. Smith, who assisted Handel in managing the oratorios, and, as is supposed, selected the passages from Scripture, gave Sam. two bars of a fugue, composed for the organ, and when he had worked it in a masterly manner for some time, fell into a second movement, which so naturally arose out of the former, that Mr. Smith recognised his own notes, adding at the same time that composers were not, from this instance, to be hastily charged with plagiarism.

"Some months before this, Mr. Baumgarten gave him the subject of a fugue, which Sam. pursued a considerable time on the organ. Mr. Baumgarten declared it was almost note for note the same with a fugue that he had written and never showed to any one. He inferred from hence that his train of ideas and Sam's were very similar. He has since declared that he verily believed there was not in Europe such an extempore player as Sam."

This ends the Rev. Charles Wesley's account of his son Samuel. The Hon. Daines Barrington, in his "Miscellanies," published the subjoined additional particulars of the youthful musician:—

"I first had an opportunity of being witness of Master Samuel Wesley's great musical talents at the latter end of 1775, when he was nearly ten years old. To speak of him first as a performer on the harpsichord, he was then able to execute the most difficult lessons for the instrument at sight, for his fingers never wanted the guidance of the eye in the most rapid and desultory passages. But he not only did ample justice to the composition in neatness and precision, but entered into its true taste, which may be easily believed by the numbers who have heard him play extemporary lessons in the style of most of the eminent masters. He not only executed crabbed compositions thus at sight, but was equally ready to transpose into any keys, even a fourth; and if it was a sonata for two trebles and a bass, the part of the first treble being set before him, he would immediately add an extempore bass and second treble to it.

"I happened to mention this readiness of the boy to Bremner, the printer of music in the Strand. He told me that he had some lessons which were supposed to be composed by Queen Elizabeth, but which none of the harpsichord masters could execute, and would consequently gravel the young performer. I however desired that he would let me carry one of these compositions to him, by way of trial, which I accordingly did, when the boy immediately placed it upon his desk, and was sitting down to play it; but I stopped him by mentioning the difficulties he would soon encounter, and that therefore he must cast his eye over the music before he made the attempt. Having done this very rapidly (for he is a devourer of a score), he said that Bremner was in the right, for that there were two or three passages that he could not play at sight, as they were so queer and awkward, but that he had no notion of not trying; and though he boggled at these parts of the lesson, he executed them clearly at the second practice.

"I then asked him how he approved of the composition, to which he answered, 'Not at all, though I may differ from a queen; attention has not been paid to the established rules.' He then pointed out the particular passages to which he objected, and I stated them to Bremner, who allowed that the boy was right; but that some of the great composers had occasionally taken the same liberties. The next time I saw Master Wesley, I mentioned Bremner's defence of what he had blamed; on which he immediately answered, 'When such excellent rules are broken, the composer should take care that these licenses produce a good effect, whereas these passages have a very bad one.' I need not dwell on the great penetration, acuteness, and judgment of this answer.

"Lord Mornington, indeed, who has so deep a knowledge of music, has frequently told me that he always wished to consult Master Wesley upon any difficulty in composition, as he knew no one who gave so immediate and satisfactory information. Though he was always willing to play the composition of others, yet for the most part he amused himself with the extemporary effusions of his own most extraordinary musical inspiration, which, unfortunately, were totally forgotten in a few minutes, whereas his memory was most tenacious of what had been published by others. His invention in varying passages was inexhaustible, and I have myself heard him give more than fifty variations on a known pleasing melody, all of which were not only different from each other, but showed excellent taste and judgment. In his extemporary compositions he frequently hazarded bold and uncommon modulations; and I have seen that most excellent musician, Mr. Charles Wesley, his elder brother, tremble for him. Sam, however, always extricated himself from the difficulties in which he appeared to be involved in the most masterly manner, being always possessed of that serene confidence which a thorough knowledge inspires, though surrounded by musical professors, who could not deem it arrogance.

"Here I will give a proof of the goodness of his heart and delicacy of his feelings. I had desired him to compose an easy melody in the minor third for an experiment on little Crotch, and that he would go with me to hear what that very extraordinary child was capable of. Crotch was not in good-humour, and Master Wesley submitted, among other things, to play on a cracked violin in order to please him. The company, however, having found out who he was, pressed him very much to play on the organ, which Sam. constantly declined. As this was contrary to his usual readiness in obliging any person who had the curiosity to hear him, I asked him afterwards what might be the

occasion of his refusal, when he told me it would be like wishing to shine at little Crotch's expense.

"He was able to sing at sight from the time of his first knowing his notes; the delicacy of his ear is likewise very remarkable, of which I shall give an instance or two. Having been at Bach's concert—our readers will recollect that John Christian Bach, son of John Sebastian Bach, was Queen Charlotte's favourite master—he was much satisfied both with the composition and performers, but said, 'The musical pieces were ill-arranged, as four were played successively which were all in the same key.'

"He was desired to compose a march for one of the regiments of guards, which he did, to the approbation of all that heard it; and a distinguished officer of the royal navy declared that it was a movement which would probably inspire steady and serene courage when the enemy was approaching. As I thought the boy would like to hear the march performed, I carried him to the parade at the proper time, when it had the honour of beginning the military concert. The piece being finished, I asked him whether it was executed to his satisfaction, to which he replied, 'By no means.' I then immediately introduced him to the band, which consisted of very tall and stout musicians, that he might set them right. On this Sam. said to them, 'You have not done justice to my composition;' to which they answered the urchin, with astonishment and contempt, 'Your composition?' Sam. replied, however, with great serenity, 'Yes, *my* composition,' which I confirmed. Then they stared, and severally made their excuses by protesting they had copied accurately from the manuscript which had been put into their hands. This he most readily allowed to the hautboys and bassoons, but said that it was the French horns that were in fault; who, making the same defence, he insisted upon the original score being produced, and showing them their mistake, ordered the march to be played again, which they submitted to with as much deference as they would have shown to Handel.

"He not only entered into the style of the harpsichord masters, but that of solo players on other instruments. I once happened to see some music wet upon his desk, which he told me was a solo for a trumpet. I then asked him if he had heard Fischer on the hautboy, and would compose an extemporary solo proper for him to execute. To this Sam. readily assented, but found his little legs too short for reaching the swell of the organ, without which the imitation could not have its effect. I then proposed to touch the swell myself, on his giving me the proper signals; but to this he answered that I could neither do it so instantaneously as was requisite, nor should I give the greater or less force of the swell, if any note was dwelt upon, which would correspond

with his feelings. Having started this difficulty, however, he soon suggested the remedy, which was the following: he stood upon the ground with his left foot, whilst his right rested upon the swell, and thus literally played an extemporary solo, *stans pede in uno*, the three movements of which must have lasted not less than ten minutes, and every bar of which Fischer might have acknowledged for his own.

"After this, I have been present when he has executed thirty or forty different solos for the same instrument, totally varied the one from the other, to the astonishment of several audiences, and particularly so to that eminent performer on the hautboy, Mr. Simpson. I can refer only to one printed proof of his abilities as a composer, which is a set of eight lessons for the harpsichord, and which appeared in 1777. About the same time that he became known to the musical world, his portrait was engraved, which is a very strong resemblance. His father, the Rev. Charles Wesley, will permit any one to see the score of his oratorio of 'Ruth,' which he really composed at six years of age, but did not *write* till he was eight. His quickness in thus giving utterance to his musical ideas is amazingly great; and notwithstanding the rapidity, he seldom makes a blot or a mistake. Numbers of his other compositions, and almost of all kinds, may be likewise examined, particularly an anthem to the following words, which I selected for him, and which has been performed at the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's: 'O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt Thou be angry at the prayer of Thy people? Turn Thee again, O Lord, and we shall be saved. For Thou art a great God, and a great King above all gods.' The first part of this anthem was composed for a single tenor, the second a duet for two boys, and the third a chorus. With regard to the merits, I shall refer to that most distinguished singer of cathedral music, the Rev. Mr. Mence, who has frequently done it ample justice."

We shall conclude the account of his childhood by presenting the two earliest letters he wrote, copied from the originals. They were written from Guildford, June 26th, 1776, when Samuel and his sister Sarah, attended by their faithful nurse, Prudence Box, were on a visit to Mr. Russell. The first—for both are written on one sheet of paper—was addressed to Mrs. Wesley, the following one to his brother Charles.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS MOTHER AND BROTHER.

To Mrs. Charles Wesley, at the New Room in the Horse Fair, Bristol.

Guildford, June 26th, 1776.

HONOURED MAMMA,—I intended to write yesterday, but as my sister and Miss Russell did, I thought it did not signify. I am much pleased with Guildford, though not with Mr. Russell's organ. If you please, do tell papa

that I intend to begin a fugue to-morrow on the subject he sent with me. I am much diverted with many things that are in this house, which is very large (*particularly the fireworks*).—My duty to papa, love to Charles; and accept both yourself from, honoured mamma, your dutiful son,

SAM. WESLEY.

DEAR CHARLES,—Excuse my not writing yesterday, as I intended; but as I know you will, I shall make no more apologies. We conveyed Harley safe to Mr. Russell's, where he is very much pleased. I performed my promise of singing Dr. Arnold's solo. They had almost done dinner when we came, and were very much surprised to see us that day, as they did not expect to see us till the next.—I now conclude, with remaining yours affectionately,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

P.S.—Prudence and sister desire their duty to papa, mamma, and love to you.

We conclude this notice of his childhood with the following characteristic poem:—

A SERIO-COMIC EPISTLE,

Addressed to Dr. Ludlow, of Bristol, by Samuel Wesley.

To you, dear doctor, I appeal,
And all the learned city:
Am I not used extremely ill
By the Musical Committee?

Why, 'tis enough to make one wild—
They court, and then refuse me;
They advertise, and call me child—
And *as a child* they use me.

That I'm a child I freely grant,
Playful, and somewhat giddy,
The judgment of a Burgum want,
The gravity of Liddy.*

But still in that I see nor rhyme,
Nor any other reason,
Since I perhaps can keep my time,
And come as much in season.

With Bristol organist not yet
I come in competition;
Yet let them know I would be great,
I do not want ambition.

Spirit I do not want, or will,
Upon a just occasion,
To make the rash despisers feel
My weight of indignation.

Excusing their contempt they say
(Which more inflames my passion)
I am not grave enough to play
Before the Corporation.

* Two well-known musicians of Bristol.

To these sweet City-waits although
I may not hold a candle,
I question if their worships know
The odds 'twixt me and Handel.

Nothing shall e'er appease my rage,
At their unjust demeanour,
Unless they prudently assuage
My anger with a *Steiner*. *

It was really composed for him by his father, in 1775, when in his tenth year. We are in possession of the original, in the autograph of both father and son: the latter copy is written in large round-hand, such as the young musician then wrote, 1777.

The corporation of the city of Bristol had invited Charles in the first instance, but he being not able to attend to play at a city feast before the mayor and corporation, the services of his younger brother were offered, and declined.

The Rev. C. Wesley divided his ministerial labours between London and Bristol, whilst his sons were pursuing their educational studies at Bristol. Here Samuel laid the foundation of that varied and polite literature which distinguished him in after life as an elegant scholar. His progress was rapid, and his acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages was extensive. He taught himself to write from the words of the printed oratorio of "Samson," and the character of his handwriting retained the print style to the end of his life. In the facility with which he used his pen he strongly contrasted with his brother. In one year Samuel probably wrote as many letters, and long ones too, as his brother Charles did in the course of his long life.

It was at that period, 1783, that Lord Mornington had Samuel sit for his portrait, after presenting him with a handsome suit of scarlet clothes. The portrait was afterwards finely engraved. Copies are now scarce; at that time they were eagerly secured by the nobility. His early popularity gave some anxiety to his pious father, who addressed to him the following as one of a series of paternal letters:—

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

London, March 6th, 1773.

Come now, my good friend Samuel, and let us reason together. God made you for Himself, that is, to be ever happy with Him. Ought you not therefore to serve and love Him? But you can do neither unless He gives you the power. "Ask," He says Himself, "and it shall be given you;" that is, pray Him to make you love Him, and pray for it every morning and night in your own words, as well as in those which have been taught you. You have been used to say your prayers in the sight of others; henceforth go

* Steiner was a celebrated German violin-maker. "*A Steiner*," *a good fiddle*.

into a corner by yourself, where no eye but God's may see you. There pray to your heavenly Father who seeth in secret, and be sure He hears every word you speak, and sees everything you do, at all times and in all places. You should now begin to live by reason and religion. There should be sense even in your play and diversions, therefore I have furnished you with maps and books, and harpsichord. Every day get something by heart, whatever your mother recommends. Every day read one or more chapters in the Bible. I suppose your mother will take you now in the place of your brother [Charles was in London with his father], to be her chaplain, to read the Psalms and Lessons, when your sister does not. Mr. Fry must carry you on in your writing. I do not doubt your improvement both in that and music. God will raise you up friends when I am in my grave, where I shall be very soon; but your heavenly Father lives for ever, and you *may* live for ever with Him, and *will*, I hope, when you die. Foolish people are too apt to praise you. If they see anything good in you, they should praise God, not you, for it. As for music, it is neither good nor bad in itself. You have a natural inclination to it, but God gave you that, therefore God only should be praised and thanked for it. Your brother has the same love of music, and much more than you, yet he is not so proud or vain of it. Neither I trust will you be. You will send me a long letter in answer, and always look upon me both as your loving father and your friend, CHARLES WESLEY.

Among the musical amateur friends of young Wesley at this period, and with whom he was on familiar terms, is found the celebrated name of Herschel, who, before astronomical science became the absorbing pursuit of his life, dedicated his versatile talents to music, and at Bristol performed publicly. We have his name on a bill for a musical soirée, together with that of "Master Samuel Wesley."

The acquaintance with the Herschel family, father and son, ripened into intimate friendship, which was only interrupted by death. So late as 1828, Mr. Charles and Miss Wesley visited Sir John Herschel at Slough, near Windsor.

The good Bristol Methodists saw with considerable jealousy the approximation to fashionable and worldly connections to which the musical talents of his sons led the family of their beloved pastor, and we possess some curious animadversions and anonymous warnings addressed to the Rev. C. Wesley on this delicate topic. Mr. Wesley wrote an elaborate reply and justification, which, however, failed to convince the Society, classes, and bands that the profession of the young Wesleys was safe, or even consistent with the strict letter of the "Rules of Society;" and Mrs. Wesley, who felt the embarrassment of her position, in the absence of her husband, was glad speedily to be relieved from it, by the final removal of her family to the metropolis, which took place towards the latter end of 1771.

Mr. Wesley addressed a long letter to his wife, from which we extract some passages. Mrs. Wesley, at the date, was on a visit to her sister Mrs. Waller, at her country villa, near High Wycombe.

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS WIFE.

Bristol, September 10th, 1771.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Your welcome letter last night refreshed me much. Sister Waller I presume you found much better, and all the rest well. I am in daily expectation of a letter from Sally, at Wimbledon. . . . I could hire a room for our goods here for a little, and save the Society £12 a year. We shall never more keep house in Bristol. Sam, I suppose, took a copy of Miss Madan's lessons to make one of his new set. His ability to tune is a valuable acquisition. . . . Few comparatively witness a good confession in death, yet thousands have departed in the Lord. You, I doubt not, will be added to the number. I have at times a good hope for myself, but a little time will show what foundation my hope is built upon. We should bring our children under the Word as often as we can: faith may come by hearing. You ought to rejoice as well as I that our children are out of danger from our worldly acquaintance. By all means get Sammy his little horse. He prefers London to every place. CHARLES WESLEY.

In the year 1776, when Samuel was ten years old, he was invited to spend a month with his kind friends the Russell family, at Guildford, who all united to make his visit agreeable. Amongst other boyish enjoyments, he daily let off a cannon before breakfast; and in the evening fireworks were his great delight. In the intervals he played daily to all the surrounding gentry, and amongst others to Lady Gatehouse, who, in a letter to his sister, Miss Wesley, was very lavish of her encomiums on him, and said Mr. Russell had not spoken half enough of his genius. Miss Wesley, writing to her mother, says, "Whoever hears him is astonished; but it is a great favour to get him to play, though the company come here on purpose to hear him. I believe he would not play if he was not to be rewarded with gunpowder. He has found out the man who makes it, and is continually desiring him to let some off, for he strictly remembers his promise of not doing it himself."

From other letters written from Guildford during that visit, some by Miss Wesley, and others by Samuel, the following particulars are extracted: "1776, June 8th. — To-morrow Sammy goes to Mr. Madan, his godfather, and Mr. William Russell goes with him." "July 18th.—Yesterday Sir Fletcher Norton's son and daughter came to hear Sammy, and were very much delighted; another gentleman was also here, who seemed to be a judge of music: he is acquainted with Dr. Morgan. He gave Sammy a subject, and appeared absolutely stupid with amaze to hear how he pursued it; nor was his surprise lessened when he saw him, the moment he rose from the harpsichord, go to play at cricket with some other boys: he has got acquainted with the whole town. Sammy has written to Charles, and sent him a bill of his fireworks, which Mr. Russell had printed for him. The assizes will be the 7th of August, and the sessions are held this week, and the house is continually filled with

Councillors and Right Honourables. Crowds come to hear Sam. . . . Monday, 15th.—Mr. Russell, the celebrated artist, and his lady, from London, here: and the family of Sir Fletcher Norton again. . . . On Tuesday morning we left Guildford, after having spent the month very agreeably there. That morning we came to Epsom, and were received in a very friendly manner by Mr. Madan, his daughters, and Mrs. Madan. Again did Sammy perform, to the great wonder and delight of his hearers, which were not a few. Mr. Madan and his son were equally assiduous to entertain him with fireworks and trap-ball. Mr. Madan would not permit us to go till Thursday, 25th. We left Epsom early that morning, and came safely to London by dinner-time. Sammy has since had a letter from Mr. Madan, in which he says he shall call on him next Thursday, to take him to play to some gentlemen a few miles out of town: he is to bring him back with him to dine at his house at Knightsbridge. Sammy was not fatigued by his journey to Walthamstow with Mr. Madan, who says he is a great favourite at Epsom, especially of Miss Maria's, who took as much care of him as you could have done."

Among the friendships formed at this period was one with Dr. Price, the Professor of Chemistry. This gentleman, who died in 1783, left his favourite young musical friend by will a handsome house at Epsom, and a legacy of £1,000. A very interesting letter addressed to Samuel Wesley now lies before us. It is endorsed in the handwriting of the Rev. Charles Wesley as follows:—

"Dr. Price's last to Sam."

July 28th, 1783.

I acknowledge myself, my dear sir, to have been guilty of an apparent rudeness in so long suspending our correspondence. With respect to *etiquette*, I certainly ought to have wrote, as being the person who moved from the place where our intercourse subsisted; but in fact this punctilio was not the cause of my silence, as I have, I assure you, been so much employed for nearly these three months that I have had scarcely time for even my meals; for it is literally true that I have rose from table and worked with the meat in my mouth, and when I have had a moment to spare from these avocations something else has dropped in; besides all which I have been very ill, and am at present far from well. I have engaged in instructing two gentlemen in chemistry as operating pupils, and found the business infinitely more fatiguing than I could have imagined. I had *everything* to teach, and though they comprehended everything readily, yet their natural desire of obtaining all possible information rendered my task a very laborious one. Last Saturday terminated it, and has left me more at liberty. I made the earliest use of it to say how sensible I am of your friendly attention to me. Since I saw you I have been in town, and would certainly have called, but that the half-hour which was not pre-engaged by urgent business, fell exactly at the time of your dinner, which I should only have disturbed without being able to partake, as my engagements obliged me to move like clock-work; I mean in point of exactness, not slowness, for I was in town only four hours, and scampered up and down as fast as the horses chose to

go. You will believe that I must have had a pretty stew here, when I tell you that the thermometer stood in the laboratory at 84°, and in the part where I worked at 94° or 95°, while I was making alloys and the like in a wind furnace. It seems incredible, but it is actually a fact, for I particularly noted it. I had an opportunity of observing that the human body has a power of maintaining a lower temperature than the surrounding atmosphere, according to some experiments that have been published on that subject. I really thought very often of Quin's speech to the cook. Mr. Pollen is having a celestina stop put to Lady Gatehouse's harpsichord during her absence, that she may have an agreeable surprise at her return. By-the-bye, I begin to dislike the celestina; it has some pleasing tones and *expression*, but no bass. I believe *miladi* will make it *sing psalms*. . . . We all, Lady Gatehouse, Mr. Pollen, and myself, hope you will visit Guildford this summer. I have a bed much at your honour's service, and such accommodations as a philosopher and bachelor's house affords. . . . Adieu, my dear sir, and believe me most sincerely yours, J. PRICE.

These were marks of most distinguished favour shown to a young man only seventeen years old. He was at that time as remarkable for natural genius as for accomplished manners. His musical talents procured him admirers more numerous than was desirable. Even at that early age, more than one effort was made towards a matrimonial alliance, but he evaded them with great difficulty, till after his father's death. Young though he was, he gave lessons in music in several schools for young ladies in London, and particularly in the western suburbs. In several of his letters he refers to visits of this nature to Turnham Green.

The private concerts given by the two brothers were commenced in 1779, and continued for nine successive years. Samuel led those concerts on the violin, whilst his brother presided at the organ. One of his friends at that time was Dr. Boyce, who first heard him play when he was only ten years old, and who said of him, "I never yet met with that person who owes so much to nature as Sam: he is come among us, dropped down from heaven—

> In looks and garb a boy; in judgment, sage
> Beyond his years, and wise as hoary age."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1838 there is an anecdote related of the Wesleys which belongs to this period. Charles Wesley is the narrator. He says he remembered Dr. Johnson calling at his father's, and introducing himself in these words: "I understand, sir, your boys are skilled in music; pray let me hear them." As soon as they began, the doctor took up a book which lay on the window-seat, and was soon absorbed in reading and rolling. As soon as the noise ceased, waking as if from a trance, the doctor said: "Young gentlemen, I am much obliged to you," and walked away.

Before he was twenty years of age, a report was circulated that Samuel Wesley had forsaken the religion of his fathers and joined the Church of Rome. It is true that he attended their services, attracted by the fine music, but he never gave them his heart. Referring to this report, he has himself written in a manuscript we have seen, "that although the Gregorian music* had seduced him to their chapels, the tenets of the Romanists never obtained any influence over his mind."

When it became known that he was frequenting Romish chapels, and had made some overtures to a priest respecting fellowship, there was much perplexity how to break intelligence so painful to his father. At length it was agreed to solicit the Duchess of Norfolk to call on the Rev. Charles Wesley and announce the fact of his conversion to Popery. The duchess, it was argued, would enter more naturally into the feelings of the family, from the fact that her son had renounced the religion of his fathers and had joined the Protestant Church. The duchess accepted the responsibility, and waited upon Mr. Wesley between Easter and Whitsuntide in 1785. The duchess arrived one morning in her carriage, and being announced, the Rev. C. Wesley received her grace in full canonicals as a clergyman. The duchess made the communication with much tenderness and feeling, and suggested as a palliative that Divine grace might be the actuating motive, operating in sincere convictions on the heart of his son. Mr. Wesley, who was pacing the apartment in great agitation, suddenly paused, and addressing the duchess in a transport of warm parental anguish, exclaimed, "The loaves and fishes, madam! Say rather the loaves and fishes!" The painful fact of Samuel's open profession of Popery cast a cloud over the last days of his exemplary father, and the overflowing of his agonised feelings found a natural relief in plaintive verse. He composed a series of mournfully pathetic hymns on the occasion, numerous stanzas of which being already in print, we shall only quote two verses as characteristic of the intense and tender sorrow of the parental heart.

Farewell, my all of earthly hope,
My nature's stay, my age's prop,
Irrevocably gone!
Submissive to the will Divine,
I acquiesce, and make it mine;
I offer up my son!

* By the term Gregorian music it is not meant that we now call Gregorian chants; but Samuel Wesley was not candid in thus alluding to the music. It was the flattery and seductive proselytism of the Romish priest that won him over. He was even childishly susceptible of what seemed to him as kindness, and what was there in the musical affairs of the Church of England to gratify so great a genius?

But give I God a sacrifice
That costs me nought? My gushing eyes
The answer sad express—
My gushing eyes and troubled heart,
Which bleeds with its beloved to part,
Which breaks through fond excess!

The Rev. John Wesley, who had been apprised some time previously of the professed change in his nephew's opinions, addressed to him the following affectionate and instructive epistle :—

JOHN WESLEY TO HIS NEPHEW SAMUEL.

August 19th, 1784.

DEAR SAMMY,—As I have had a regard for you ever since you were a little one, I have often thought of writing to you freely. I am persuaded what is spoken in love will be taken in love; and if so, if it does you no good, it will do you no harm.

Many years ago I observed that as it had pleased God to give you a remarkable talent for music, so He had given you a quick apprehension of other things, a capacity for making some progress in learning, and what is of far greater value, a desire to be a Christian. But mean time I have often been pained for you, fearing you did not set out the right way; I do not mean with regard to this or that set of opinions, Protestant or Romish. All these I trample under foot. But with regard to those weightier matters, wherein if they go wrong, either Protestants or Papists will perish everlastingly. I feared you were not born again; and "except a man be born again," if we may credit the Son of God, "he cannot see the kingdom of heaven;" except he experience that inward change of the earthly, sensual mind, for the mind which was in Christ Jesus. You might have thoroughly understood the scriptural doctrine of the new birth, yea, and experienced it long before now, had you used the many opportunities of improvement which God put into your hand, while you believed both your father and me to be teachers sent from God. But, alas! what are you now? Whether of this Church or that I care not: you may be saved in either, or damned in either, but I fear you are not born again, and except you be born again you cannot see the kingdom of God. You believe the Church of Rome is right. What then? If you are not born of God, *you* are of *no Church*. Whether Bellarmine or Luther be right, you are certainly wrong if you are not born of the Spirit, if you are not renewed in the spirit of your mind in the likeness of Him that created you. I doubt you were never convinced of the necessity of this great change. And there is now greater danger than ever that you never will; that you will be diverted from the thought of it by a train of new notions, new practices, new modes of worship; all which put together (not to consider whether they are unscriptural, superstitious, and idolatrous, or no), all, I say, put together, do not amount to one grain of true, vital, spiritual religion.

O Sammy, you are out of your way! You are out of God's way! You have not given Him your heart. You have not found, nay, it is well if you have so much as sought, happiness in God! And poor zealots, while you are in this state of mind, would puzzle you about this or the other Church! O fools, and blind! Such guides as these lead men by shoals to the bottomless pit. My dear Sammy, your first point is to repent and believe the gospel. Know yourself a poor guilty helpless sinner! Then know Jesus Christ and Him crucified! Let the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God, and let the love of God be shed abroad in

your heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto you; and then, if you have no better work, I will talk with you of transubstantiation or purgatory. Mean time I commend you to Him who is able to guide you into all truth; and am, dear Sammy, your affectionate uncle,

JOHN WESLEY.

This letter was not the only evidence of the concern which John Wesley felt in the heavy trial which had overtaken his brother. Charles, the brother of Samuel, had written to his uncle for his advice and counsel, to which he received the following reply:—

JOHN WESLEY TO HIS NEPHEW CHARLES.

May 2nd, 1786.

DEAR CHARLES,—I doubt not both Sarah and you are in trouble because Samuel has "changed his religion." Nay, he has changed his opinion and mode of worship; but that is not religion, it is quite another thing. "Has he then," you may ask, "sustained no loss by the change?" Yes, unspeakable loss; because his new opinion and mode of worship are so unfavourable to religion that they make it, if not impossible to one who once knew better, yet extremely difficult. What, then, is religion? It is happiness in God, or in the knowledge and love of God. It is faith working by love, producing righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. In other words, it is a heart and life devoted to God; or communion with God the Father and the Son; or the mind which was in Christ Jesus, enabling us to walk as He walked. Now, either he has this religion or he has not. If he has he will not finally perish, notwithstanding the absurd unscriptural opinions he has embraced, and the superstitious and idolatrous modes of worship. But these are so many shackles, which will greatly retard him in running the race that is set before him. If he has not this religion, if he has not given God his heart, the case is unspeakably worse—I doubt if he ever will, for his new friends will continually endeavour to hinder him, by putting something else in its place, by encouraging him to rest in the form, notions, or externals, without being born again, without having Christ in him the hope of glory, without being renewed in the image of Him that created him. This is the deadly evil.

I have often lamented that he had not this holiness, without which no man can see the Lord. But though he had it not, yet, in his hours of cool reflection, he did not hope to go to heaven without it. But now he is, or will be taught, that, let him only have a right faith—that is, such and such notions—and add thereunto such and such externals, and he is quite safe. He may indeed roll a few years in purgatorial fire, but he will surely go to heaven at last. Therefore you and my dear Sarah have great need to weep over him.

But have you not need also to weep for yourselves? For, have you given God your hearts? Are you holy in heart? Have you the kingdom of God within you—righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, the only true religion under heaven? Oh, cry unto Him that is mighty to save for this one thing needful! Earnestly and diligently use all the means which God hath put plentifully into your hands, otherwise I should not at all wonder if God permit you also to be given up to a strong delusion. But whether you were or were not, whether you are Protestants or Papists, neither he nor you can ever enter into glory unless you are now cleansed from all pollutions of flesh and spirit, and perfect holiness in the fear of God.—I am, dear Charles, your affectionate uncle, JOHN WESLEY.

Letters of sympathy and sorrow flowed in to soothe the mind of the afflicted parents, many of which might be introduced to show their kindliness of spirit and tender regard. For several years the Rev. John Wesley manifested his solicitude in the matter, and his anxious desire to recover the young man to a better mind. We have before us an appeal in John Wesley's own handwriting, addressed, "To Mr. Moore, at the New Chapel, City Road," dated April 28th, 1790, less than a year before his death, which reads thus: "I have wrote freely to Sammy Wesley. I desire Mr. Dickenson will call upon him without delay, and invite him to his house. Probably if he strikes while the iron is hot he may save a soul alive." From this it is evident that John Wesley had faith in the use of urgent means to recover his nephew to a better mind; so also had his father, as will shortly be shown.

Pleased with his new friends, and at the joy which everywhere greeted him in the Romish Church, Samuel Wesley composed a magnificent high mass for the pope, Pius VI., which was performed with great *éclat* in the private chapel of "his holiness," who, in a brief to Bishop Talbot, made honourable mention of the mass in music, and of its author. This brief Miss Mary Freeman Shepherd obtained from the bishop, and sent it to the young musician, in the vain hope that the praise of the son might be a source of joy to the father.

Samuel Wesley came of age in the early part of the year 1787. All their three surviving children had till that time resided with their parents. Whilst staying at Bristol, during his last visit to that city, the Rev. Charles Wesley thus wrote to his younger son:—

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS SON SAMUEL.

Bristol, October 4th, 1787.

DEAR SAM,—My eyes will, I hope, suffice for a few lines. Hitherto I have provided for your brother and you with a willing mind. It is no longer in my power. You and Charles are now able to do it for yourselves. I doubt not your willingness. The manner is left entirely to yourselves, either to board out, or with your mother. I cannot leave this place till your answer determines.—Dearest Sam, your true friend and loving father, CHARLES WESLEY.

This touching note of paternal sympathy and regard was sent to London, the father keeping a copy of the same in his pocket-book, where it was found after his death. It remains in Charles Wesley's pocket-book to the present time. In reply to this note he resolved to remain a member of his father's household, and of his mother's when his father died.

During the year 1787 Samuel Wesley fell into a deep excavation in Snow Hill, and injured his head. From the effects of

that fall he suffered intense mental depression during much of his after life.

The beautifully tranquil death of the Rev. Charles Wesley does not seem to have much interfered with his son Samuel's daily vocation as teacher of music. He was with his father up to near the time of his departure. Taking Samuel by the hand shortly before he died, with patriarchal faith the father said: "Omnia vanitas et vexatio spiritus; præter amare Deum et illi servire;" and giving him his blessing, he added, "I shall bless God to all eternity that ever you were born. I am persuaded I shall." The impression of that scene on his mind was not readily effaced.

Samuel Wesley had intended being present at the death of his beloved uncle the Rev. John Wesley, and for that purpose he called at his house in the City Road soon after daylight on the morning of March 2nd, 1791. Whilst he was knocking at the door for admission, the spirit fled to heaven, and by the time he had entered the chamber of death the friends around the bed were solemnly singing a hymn of praise to God for his happy release.

After the death of his father and uncle, Samuel Wesley wrote and published a pamphlet entitled "Vindex to Verax," which was directed against some of the doctrinal errors of the Church of Rome, thus testifying that his heart was not at that time greatly in sympathy with that Church. He also engaged in a controversy with one of the Romish priests of London on the same points of dispute. His letters were direct in their aim, clear, powerful, and caustic; so much so, that the priest was wise enough to keep silent with so masterly a casuist. These letters were intended less to attack popish error, than to try and make a palliative for other errors which were then occupying his attention. The youthful disputant maintained that his right to judge for himself in matters of religion took precedence of any claim the Church of Rome might pretend to have over him, and this he enforced by the declaration, "The crackers of the Vatican are no longer taken for the thunderbolts of heaven: for excommunication I care not three straws."

Before he was thirty years old he threw off the yoke of Popery altogether. But the ill effects of the system were soon manifested. After a profession so bewildering and infatuating to most of its votaries, there follows a period of utter religious indifference, which, to some minds, produces results of a most painful character. Samuel Wesley did not escape those evil consequences. How deeply they influenced his mind may be ascertained by the declaration he himself wrote, as follows: "In this life, my only consolation is in the belief of fatalism, which,

although a gloomy system, is as bright as I can bear, till convinced of that truth which a launch into eternity only can demonstrate."

Turning aside from this painful picture, in which we see

How sad our state by nature is,

let us glance at a more hopeful side. From amongst Samuel Wesley's letters and papers of that period, we have before us, in his own handwriting, dated July 5th, 1793, the following stanza, which seems to be his own composition:—

Me, me, Thy meanest messenger,
Permit his mightier bliss to share,
And, intimately one,
Through life, through death, together guide,
To sing with all the sanctified,
Around Thine azure throne.

We may further illustrate John Wesley's faith in his nephew's restoration to a better mind and judgment, by giving another short note of his. He writes, under date "near Bristol, September 16th, 1789."

JOHN WESLEY TO HIS NEPHEW SAMUEL.

MY DEAR SAMMY,—It gives me pleasure to hear that you have so much resolution that you go to bed at ten and rise at four o'clock. Let not the increase of cold affright you from your purposes. Bear your cross, and it will bear you. I advise you carefully to read over "Kempis," the Life of Gregory Lopez, and that of M. de Renty. They are all among my brother's books.—I am, dear Sammy, your affectionate uncle and friend,

JOHN WESLEY.

A singular coincidence of providential deliverance from the designs of evil men occurs in this period of the life of the two brothers. In the memoir of Charles is recorded his escape from midnight ruffians. This occurred in 1793, in the streets of London, and a few days subsequent to the attack on Charles Mrs. Wesley narrates the following incident respecting Samuel, in a letter to her daughter at Bristol:—

"Your brother Charles is, thank God, recovering, though the bruises in several parts are sore enough: still he is in no danger. But my dear Samuel, returning home last night about eleven o'clock, through Saville Row, was stopped by two fellows; and, not choosing to be knocked down, delivered his purse with some money, and his watch, etc., worth nine guineas. Thus have they both by turns fallen among thieves, and require a collection as much as many foreigners do who are largely assisted by the public. Indeed, I am thankful you have escaped my frights and distress by not being here, as it might have hurt your

health; but I have been supported from a sense of gratitude and trust, that we are yet the Lord's care."

Charles, who was still under medical attention from the severer attack which had been made on him, adds the following pious postscript to the above letter of Mrs. Wesley:—

"What reasons have I, my ever dear Sarah, to be thankful to that Almighty Hand which has kept me from the devouring jaws of death. I am not able to describe to you the horrors I have gone through, or the gratitude I feel to God for my miraculous escape from the bloodthirsty and cruel man. Pray for me. To the Lord's care I commend you, hoping ere long we shall meet *here* again."

Previous to his marriage, and for a long time afterwards, Samuel Wesley spent much of his time in the provinces, where, during the intervals not occupied by giving musical instruction, he greatly enjoyed his freedom and the quiet fresh air. Here is an example of his early letters:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS MOTHER,

Taunton, 27th June, 1788.

DEAR MOTHER,—I got to Taunton safe about five o'clock on Saturday: the journey was by no means unpleasant, and the company was in all respects agreeable.

I am more and more convinced that I shall never be able to live contentedly in London, and that if I value my health of body and peace of mind I ought not to remain in it. No other situation than that where there is good air and quiet will suit me.

Were it not for the sake of a few to whom I am bound to devote some part of my existence for their disinterested affection, I would resolve from this hour to subsist on my scanty pittance in this place, and leave the coast clear in town to my "brother-pickpockets."

I would not advise any man who wishes to make his fortune by medicine to repair hither: he would soon be starved, for the people here are determined to live. The way of securing health, and all the happiness of which we are capable in this world, is so simple and so easy that it is despised: but there may be a few who prize and preserve it. I do not mean the rich or the great. . . .

My best love and wishes to all who will thank me for either. I love the green fields and wholesome fare here.—I am, dear mother, yours affectionately, S. WESLEY.

The intimation given in this letter of his dislike to London really expressed the sentiments of his mind. In consequence of that feeling he took every opportunity of visiting the country, and remaining there as long as he possibly could. Dozens of his letters which have been preserved are sent from or relate to the provinces. From this cause it is probable that more than half his life was passed out of London, although his home was there, or near to it, from the time his parents settled there in 1771.

In 1792 he resolved on entering on the marriage state; but owing to the prevailing opinion that he belonged to the Romish Church, he proceeded with so much caution in his matrimonial arrangements, that his own relations did not know of his marriage until some time after the event had taken place. He had left the handsome abode of his mother, and become the occupier of a rural abode of his own at Ridge, near Barnet. The lady on whom his affections were fixed was Charlotte Louisa, daughter of Mr. Martin, Demonstrator of Anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital. She preferred him, as he states, "in his garden cottage, with his narrow income," to pretenders to her favour esteemed by the world as more eligible. The marriage took place on April 5th, 1793, at the church of a small village in Essex, the Rev. Mr. De la Fitte the incumbent, at whose residence they were both visiting at the time. By some she is said to have been celebrated for her beauty, and for various accomplishments which grace the female character. It is only fair to say that opinions differed on the question of her personal attractions. The ceremony took place in the Church of England, thus demonstrating that he had thrown off his allegiance to the Church of Rome, if it ever had any hold upon his mind and judgment. Mr. Kenton, an old familiar friend of the Wesley family, was one of the subscribing witnesses of the marriage, whose name is on the certificate. In January, 1794, the fact of this marriage was made known to his mother, and the intelligence gave great satisfaction to all his relatives.

The newly-married pair were frequently visited by his mother and sister at Ridge. Mr. Wesley was then at the springtide of his professional popularity. When he visited London, he continued to occupy his former apartment at Chesterfield Street, where his wife and her speedily rising little family always found an affectionate welcome from his venerable mother.

The birth of a son whom he named Charles, and afterwards of a daughter named Emma Frances, whose next brother was named John William, demanded increased accommodation. The rose-mantled cottage had to be given up, and a residence was taken at Camden Town, then quite in the country. From that locality he wrote many most interesting letters to his brother Charles and others, full of spirit, anecdote, entertainment, and sometimes sarcastic humour. Extracts from many of these familiar epistles, so clever and so descriptive, would be read with interest.

The reader will be glad of one example of the epistolary capability of this accomplished musician, in which the wit and true *Wesley*-an genius of his versatile mind is admirably displayed:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

Camden Town, January 15th, 1807.

DEAR CHARLES,—I should certainly have sent you a line long before now, but have been waiting an opportunity of accompanying it with a copy of the glee which you desired, as also an epitome—for I have not had time to transcribe the score—of the responses in the Litany, and I thought you would also be pleased in my adding a copy of a new "Dixit Dominus" for three voices, which was performed lately at what is called the *Concentores Society*, of which you may have heard, and which consists solely of twelve select musical professors, each of whom is expected to produce a new canon and a new glee on whatever day he happens to be chosen president. My invitation thither was as a visitor from Elliott,—*Master Elliott in days of yore*—who is a very amiable, sensible man, and I need not say much to *you* of his skill and taste in singing. [Mr. Charles Wesley had instructed "Master Elliott."] What will, I think, amuse you in the present instance is, that at the broaching of this "Dixit Dominus," were aiding and assisting Messrs. Harrison and Greatorex, together with Stevens, Callcott, *little Master Tommy, cum septem aliis quæ nunc præscribere longum est.* In fine, the verse made a great *splash*, or as the English-*French* say, a great sensation. Old Horsefall was Bawler Maximus, as usual, and he was so transported that I feared he would be seized with some mortal spasm or other, which I was glad to find averted. I know not the rules of your Harmonic Club, therefore cannot determine whether they perform such a thing as I have been writing about; but if they admit Latin and Scripture among festive and Cytheræan lays, and you think it would suit any of their voices, you are quite welcome to make what use you will of it, only that I should by no means like any copies to get abroad until it be published, in case I should so resolve, for various reasons, among which the danger, or rather the certainty, of its being mangled and mutilated in transcription is not the least. You remember what a perfect scaramouch the *learned* Miss Abrams made of Goosy Gander?

And now to the contents of your letter. I have no objection to my music appearing at any of the first-rate shops in Bath, for there, as well as elsewhere, I presume, are orders of dignity; but I should not like them to be set in an inferior window, as if soliciting purchase. If the person you mention is inclined to order a number of copies, either of the voluntaries, the new glee, or whatever else I may publish, and will signify his wish either by you or otherwise, it shall be speedily complied with. Apropos, a word or two of Geminiani. Master Jacky Owen, Archdeacon of York, and own brother-in-law to Joseph Beardmore, Esq., crewel manufacturer—not cruel malefactor—Milk Street, Cheapside, hath lately fallen deeply in love with Geminiani's solos, and his niece having recommenced her musical studies with me, was desirous of knowing whether they were practicable in the form they appear for the violin, to which I ventured to answer in the negative; but added that I knew they were to be obtained, although scarce, as adapted for a keyed instrument by the author himself. I also promised to get them for her if possible. Now I am really at a loss to say how, for modern music-shops disdain such trash, and those who love such obsolete stuff are so bigoted to their fond prejudices that you might as easily wrest a bone from Cerberus, or a good harmony from Kelway, as persuade them to part with a copy on any terms; therefore I desire your advice and assistance on this point. I dare say that your selection by Rauzzini was a good one. You have already discovered, I presume, that he is thoroughly versed in every species of good music, and that he knows and values appropriately the everlasting bulwarks of Canto Fermo, as well as the refinements of those who have since, by degrees, almost entirely anatomised the chromatic, and even the enharmonic

scale. I am glad to hear so favourable an account of Dr. Harrington's health; I wish we could say the same of his worthy and learned contemporary Dr. Burney.

With regard to a real judge of music disliking Haydn and Mozart, it is a thing so strange to me that I have been frequently endeavouring how to account for it. Thus far is certain, that the sounds which we have been earliest delighted with will claim a preference from the very circumstance you instance, to wit, the ideas annexed to those things of which they remind us; and, for the same reason, there are certain strains even in modern authors which, although not eminently beautiful, yet, as they immediately bring me into the situation where I first heard them, they exceedingly affect me. How far taste in music is inherent I will not attempt here to inquire, but sure it is that taste, however acquired, may be wonderfully improved by cultivation and acquaintance with the best authors; and I have remarked that even those who have in words reprobated all modern innovations in musical style, yet, when they came to write, imperceptibly slipped into several of the very phrases with which they professed to wage war.

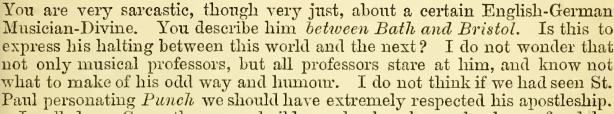
Haydn and Mozart must be heard often before they are thoroughly understood, as it strikes me, even by those who have heard much music of more gradual modulation; but I do think that when the ear and mind become perfectly habituated to their rapid successions of harmony the feast is rich indeed, and the surprise is still maintained notwithstanding familiarity, which to me is a very extraordinary circumstance.

You speak of a movement in Handel's original manuscript. I have lately seen a very curious original of Marcello's "Psalms," which became of course more valuable from their being almost impossible to read. They were placed upon a desk before a young friend of ours, who was totally puzzled, and no marvel, as John Wesley would say, for really they might have made Argus stare to no purpose. By-the-way, I think very moderately of Marcello as far as spirit and effect are concerned. His writing is chaste, his style generally solemn, and his harmonies occasionally rich; but he wants the sweetness of Steffani, the strength of Purcell, and certainly the fire of Handel. If I am not mistaken, Boyce thought that Marcello has been overrated: whosoever thinks so, I am quite of his mind.

Now to the business of the Litany. Little Master Tommy, although he has been a year or two, at least, the doughty organist of Paul's Church, yet it seems has never studied those parts of the Church Service called Rubrics, one of which directs that the Litany is to be read or sung on all Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays throughout the year. Christmas Day, you may remember, happened on a Thursday; therefore the consequence was that no Litany was to be had for love or money, the latter of which I could not offer, and the former, among musicians and Church dignitaries, I was not fool enough to expect. However, to do justice to the sub-dean, and honour to myself, all under one, I must observe that he wrote me a very handsome excuse for the disappointment, and a panegyric upon the composition, which it seems he had heard in private, and added his testimony of approbation concerning the manner in which it was produced. Attwood has since been anxious to have it sung on any Sunday I may appoint. I show him my indifference upon this head by leaving it from time to time without fixing any day. But he means very well, though occasionally a marplot, and one never can be thoroughly angry with an honest blunderer. All I regretted was the disappointment of some people who I knew went to church on purpose. It only remains now with me to perform the said article, together with your Sanctus, when most convenient to myself.

I hope that Dr. Shepherd is recovered of his gout. You remember my father's speech to Petit Andrews: "Mr. Andrews, pray where did you pick up your Greek? I thought that a man of fashion had nothing to do with

Greek." So I say, "Where did Dr. Shepherd pick up his gout? I thought that a man of temperance had nothing to do with gout." He is a very sensible, and evidently a very learned, man, with a degree of energy and originality which to me were excessively interesting. He is just the man whom I could hear talk for four hours together, and be sorry that he would not talk six. I send herewith a few lines to Mr. Bowen, which you will forward at your first convenient opportunity. Pray give my old love and goodwill to Mr. Millgrove, and ask him whether he remembers my pestering him about a solo of Giardini's, beginning:—



You are very sarcastic, though very just, about a certain English-German Musician-Divine. You describe him *between Bath and Bristol*. Is this to express his halting between this world and the next? I do not wonder that not only musical professors, but all professors stare at him, and know not what to make of his odd way and humour. I do not think if we had seen St. Paul personating *Punch* we should have extremely respected his apostleship.

I called on Gray, the organ-builder, who has been closely confined by reason of an accident he met with in coming out of his carriage, by which he has hurt his leg so as to have been laid up for this month past. The organ of Mr. Hoare cannot be finished in consequence of this mischance for some weeks to come, therefore of course the remuneration due to you will be deferred till this event shall take place. John Cramer has lately sent me some charming scraps of his for the pianoforte, among which is a toccata, which, if you can get at Bath, I think I can answer that you will be much delighted with it. The subject is quite in an organ style, and conducted throughout in the most cantabile way, although very difficult in various passages from the great number of double-semiquavers in the bars; but it is a nut worth the cracking.

If fame and flattery would make a man fat, Sir John Falstaff would be a shrimp to me, so far as musical flummery is concerned. My nerves having been, thank God, in a less agitated state for some months past than I have known them to be for years, the consequence is that I have been enabled to bear the bustle of society with much less perturbation of spirits than heretofore, so that I have frequently mingled in those sorts of public parties wherein alone a man is likely to be talked of to any purpose; that is, where he hath the opportunity, if the will be conscientious, of opening whatever there may be of mind or of genius belonging to him, and where he is sure of being heard by the candid as well as the envious critic.

I attended the first meeting of the Harmonist Society, to whom I presented the glee, as you will see by the style; and Stevens, who is, as Madan would call him, "a mighty gentlemanly man," proposed, soon after dinner, to the president, my giving them a piece on the pianoforte, which is an unusual thing in a merely glee-party, and which hint was received with a great fuss of clapping and the usual concomitants. I was in a very good humour, and played much to my own satisfaction.

On Sunday last Carnaby and myself went down together to Parson Barry, at Dulwich, where we met the most hospitable reception. There were nine guests invited besides ourselves, and most of them very sensible, agreeable people. You know what a very clever musician Carnaby is, and he gave us some vocal compositions of his which were highly finished and extremely delightful. He sang, among the rest, one which begins: "Man, can thy lot no brighter soul allow?" and which he says you much approved.

He boasts everywhere of your good word. He carries himself pretty high among ordinary professors, and there are but few among them by whose praise he is gratified.

I have promised to go on Sunday next to the Abbey, after which I am to dine with Robert Cooke, the organist, son of the Dr. Cooke you remember. He is very knowing in music, and is a pleasant man when you get at him, though he is rather shy and reserved at first. Callcott having heard that I am to play at the Abbey on Sunday, has engaged John Cramer to come too, so that I must mind my p's and q's in such "worshipful society." The touch of the organ is remarkably good, indeed rather too light for me. It is a complete contrast with St. Paul's, where you may remember that the keys are all as stubborn as Fox's Martyrs, and bear almost as much buffeting.

This letter reminds me of the story of the man who was asked to sing after dinner in company. He was a long while before he could be prevailed on to comply; but, when he began, he continued for six hours. There was a time when I was very fond of writing long letters, but it was when I had few of the cares of this life to distract or disturb my attention. The heart was light and gay, and every path was a bowling-green; but when the mind has its way hedged up with the thorns and brambles of trouble, and disappointment, and loss, and must often plunge, *nolens volens*, into the ruts of pecuniary embarrassment, it is odds but that a great majority of the brains become confused, if not oppressed into stupidity or sublimated into madness. When two persons, each wishing well to the other, are separated in distance by circumstances, epistolary communication being the only possible one, the trouble vanishes in the consideration of a mutual *agrément*, one to the writer and the other to the reader. The domestic occurrences of births, deaths, marriages, promotions, etc., in the vicinity of Marylebone, which have occurred lately, I mean to recount in my mother's letter, to whom I shall write having finished this.

Dr. Callcott, who is indefatigable in searching out every information he can obtain concerning music, and having conceived a high notion of me as a Greek scholar, which shows how people may deceive themselves, has brought me to peruse a Greek author, Aristoxenes, for the purpose of discovering, if possible, whether Ramean is not mistaken in asserting that the ancient Radicals of B, C, D, and E (the Tetrachord) were G, C, G, C, thus making the mode major; or whether the ancients did not consider their Fundamentals to be rather E, A, D, A, and so the mode was originally minor. Whether I shall be able to poke out any satisfactory intelligence from the author in question is to me a doubt; but I have promised him what assistance I can render, and he is so good a creature that none but a morose and savage mind could bear to refuse him any request which could be granted in reason.

I went yesterday to Dr. Crotch's lecture: it was upon the distinct merits of Pleyel, Kozeluch, and Mozart. The last of the three he much underrated, in my opinion, and the first he much exceeded the truth in panegyrising. To Kozeluch he appeared to me to render exact justice and impartial praise. His playing a score is very extraordinary. I cannot understand how he manages to play all the parts of a symphony of Mozart, so that you do not miss the absence of any one instrument, whether stringed or wind.—I remain in haste, though certainly not in short, dear Charles, yours very truly,

S. Wesley.

This long but exceedingly interesting epistle, giving so characteristic a detail of the employments and enjoyments of the writer, was addressed to his brother, who, with his mother and sister, was on a visit to Bath, in which city several of the persons therein named were residents. Joseph Beardmore and "Jacky

Owen" were intimate personal friends of the Rev. John Wesley, the former being one of the trustees of City Road Chapel. Their family grave is near to Mr. Wesley's, in London. In the "History of City Road Chapel," by G. J. Stevenson, there is an interesting account of the Beardmore and Owen families, which indicates how intimate was the friendship subsisting between John Wesley and themselves. The youngest daughter of Mr. Beardmore was baptized by Mr. Wesley in his eighty-eighth year, and she is believed to have been the last infant for whom he performed that service.

Skilful as Samuel Wesley was on the organ, almost beyond credibility, yet his violin playing was also excellent. An amateur friend, happening one day to find him thus employed, inquired how long he had played that morning. He replied, "Three or four hours, which Giardini had found necessary." On the organ, traces of Handel's style were more discernible than that of any other master; on the harpsichord, of Scarlatti: frequently, however, as is well known, his voluntaries were original, *con spirito, con amore*. He had the art of fully possessing himself of the peculiarities of any composer after he had once listened to him; and astonished auditors continually heard him play, extemporaneously, lessons which might have been supposed to be those of Pinto, Abel, Schobert, and Bach—Sebastian Bach, indeed, he almost venerated.

From various domestic epistles addressed by Samuel Wesley to his brother and mother, we make the following extracts:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

Camden Town, December, 1808.

DEAR CHARLES,—Perhaps you, or some of your friends, will like to hear my Te Deum, Jubilate, and Litany, at St. Paul's, next Sunday, Christmas Day. They always keep this service of mine for high days and holidays; therefore there is hardly any other opportunity of hearing it but upon the four great festivals. The prayers begin at a quarter before ten in the morning. I am sorry you cannot come to Mr. Smith's on Saturday next, more particularly because I shall have no other for this month to come vacant. The people at Bath are besieging me perpetually to come down without delay; and Dr. Harrington, Rauzzini, and the rest of the *musickers*, are already making great preparations. My fingers are so cold I can scarcely hold my pen.—Yours truly, SAMUEL WESLEY.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS MOTHER.

Bath, January 28th, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,—I take this opportunity of sending by Mr. Major, who is returning to town, a line to inform you that I continue here in very good health and condition, and the only doubt is *when* I shall be suffered to come away, for really the Bath people are most extremely and universally kind and polite. I dined with Mr. Thynne Gwynne last Sunday, and have very hard work to fight off the invitations by which I am beset from morning to night. Tell my brother I am obliged to him for his letter.—Haste, and

the shortness of the time allowed me, must excuse my adding more than that I am ever, dear mother, yours affectionately, SAMUEL WESLEY.

There is a pleasant allusion in the next letter to his young son John.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS MOTHER.

January 12th, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—You were perfectly right in your conjecture. Charles had taken away the list of Sebastian Bach's works. I am sorry that I gave so much trouble about it; but, as I had already mislaid a former list, and got Mr. Kollman to take the pains of writing out a new one, I was the more ashamed of my carelessness. Jack will mend you as many pens as you will employ him to do, at any time; and if he were not ready and willing to be useful to a friend who has been so kind to him as you, I should not acknowledge him as a son of mine.

He writes again during the same month, full of glow about the only occupation which he cared for.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I hope you did not wait dinner for any of my people, nor provide any extraordinary food on that account. It was quite impossible for me to come to you yesterday, and I had no opportunity of letting you know this in time. Little Emma has the whooping cough, but is much better, and suffers far less than the generality of children in that disorder, so that I trust she will soon be recovered. You must give me three or four days' notice when you wish me to dine with you next, as I am so *widely distributed*, almost from morning till night, that letters very frequently arrive too late for a commodious answer to them. Remember me to my brother, and tell him that if he is minded to go to St. Paul's on Sunday next, to the afternoon service, he will hear that fugue in three movements, in three flats, which he assisted me in playing the other evening, and which he was so delighted with—upon that noble organ, with the double bass, which makes a magnificent effect. The service begins at a quarter after three.—I am, dear mother, affectionately yours, SAMUEL WESLEY.

Mr. Wesley was now in the maturity of his fame. In society he was a universal favourite; there was a fascination in his conversation and manners that won all suffrages. His scholarship was various, his wit sparkling with classic lustre; and an intellectual superiority, to which all bowed, scarcely left him a rival in select or fashionable society. He affected no superiority; he felt his own powers, and saw them everywhere acknowledged, with conscious desert, which never obtruded in ostentatious pretension.

His services were often in requisition in the provinces. The following relates to one of his concerts given in Norwich:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS MOTHER.

Dean's Square, Norwich,
Wednesday, October 12th, 1814.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Thinking that you would like to know how I am going on here, I take up my pen to inform you that I am in the most comfortable

situation possible, with the Messrs. Linley, who behave with the utmost kindness and attention to me. I have been already introduced to all the principal people of the city, particularly to all the clergy of the cathedral and the persons of the most weight and influence in the place, who pay me all imaginable respect. My performance at the church is to take place to-morrow week, Thursday, the 20th instant, and I have a fair prospect of its turning out advantageously. At all events, it is impossible for me to be a loser, as the admission of only fifty people would pay all the expenses I can incur upon the occasion. I have played the choir-service at the cathedral three times, at the special request of all the clergy. The singing minor canons are delighted at my steady manner of accompanying them, and say they know not how to consent to my leaving the city. The Norwich people are hospitable and hearty.—Yours affectionately, SAM. WESLEY.

He was entertained by the Rev. O. Linley during his sojourn at Norwich.

In another letter, dated May 12th, 1812, he gives his mother an account of a terrible thunderstorm which overtook him whilst returning home from Turnham Green. A man and horse were struck dead by the lightning at Kensington, just before he travelled over the spot. His mother has endorsed the letter, "Sam's merciful escape from the storm of thunder."

At the end of September, he was conducting a concert at Ramsgate, which gained him many friends, but the proceeds did little more than cover the costs. During the following week, October 6th, 1812, he writes again to his mother, and says: "I am considerably anxious about John, and as soon as I can must place him in some safe and useful employment. He has good sense, and I believe him well disposed, so that I think he would be a credit to any one who would take him by the hand." He urges his mother to use her influence to get him a place of occupation "among some of the well-wishers of the family."

In another letter at that period he records having visited the Savoy Chapel in the Strand, about ten o'clock one Sunday morning, when the German organist was playing a well-known Lutheran tune. He afterwards rambled about more than two hours, calling at other places of worship, accompanied by a friend, and returned to the Savoy Chapel, where the congregation and organist "were hard at the same tune!"

In 1816, the sickness and death of a beloved child prostrated him to a state of depression, which was followed by an illness which nearly proved fatal. He had started on a journey to Norwich to take part in the grand musical festival. The excitement of the journey, acting on his painfully nervous system, threw him into a paroxysm of phrenitis so violent, that he was obliged to be left at an inn on the road till he could be conveyed back to London. With much care he partially recovered, but in February, 1817, he had another similar attack, but much more severe. These were the sad effects of the fall in 1787.

During the early stages of this affliction, his brother Charles and the excellent Rev. Basil Woodd visited him with affectionate assiduity. Dr. Sutherland was called in, and advised an immediate secession from all engagements and an entire change of scene.

Miss Wesley offered her prompt co-operation, and having consulted an eminent medical friend, Sir Thomas Bagshaw, engaged his friendly interest, which successfully resulted in the bringing him for a time under her solicitous care.

Shortly afterwards his disorder returned with distressing exacerbation, and for many weeks his life was in imminent danger. On May 8th, 1817, it was pronounced that he had but a few hours to live. He was then perfectly in his senses, aware of his danger, and able to receive a visit from Mrs. Mortimer, who, as an old friend of the Wesley family, hastened to the scene of sorrow, to comfort the aged mother in this hour of maternal anguish. On her entrance he exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Ritchie, do you know me?" his mind evidently recurring to former days. She remarked that she was sorry to see him in this situation, and wished to read a hymn of his father's, which was a prayer for mercy, asking "if he did not wish for mercy?" He answered, "Yes, mercy!" Mrs. Mortimer remarked that he had not yielded to the invitations of mercy, but that the gracious Redeemer was ready even now to receive and welcome him. He feebly replied, he had grieved God so much and so long. She upon this directed him to some of the promises of God made to the penitent sinner. He deeply felt his condition before God, and manifested an earnest desire for that kind of repentance which would be acceptable to his heavenly Father.

He expressed a desire to see several persons with whom he was connected, but his condition was one of such utter prostration, that it was feared such visitors might retard rather than help his recovery. Mrs. Mortimer promised attention to his requests, but again directed his mind to the need of repentance, during which he seemed to realise the solemn circumstances in which he was placed, and he often lifted up his hands in prayer. Some passages of Scripture were repeated to him, which contained promises of forgiveness and help, and he was asked if he could trust in God. He paused some time, and replied, "A little." Again Mrs. Mortimer dwelt upon the nature of repentance, and on the willingness of God to save all who believed and trusted in Him.

Miss Wesley, from whose diary we have collected the above particulars, remarks, in a strain of fervent gratitude to the Almighty, that she was enabled to convey her aged parent to a neighbouring lodging, that she might be near her afflicted

son; and, by aiding him in every way possible, revive her despairing, fainting spirit with assurances of his continued life, concealing from her knowledge the most painful part of the scene—Sir Thomas Bagshaw acquainting her that not one in a million in his desperate state ever lived.

"Even then," piously observes Miss Wesley, "it was brought to my mind that he might be the one of that million; and if not, who was I, to repine at the sovereign will of the Almighty? Penitent he seemed to be, and deeply sensible of his state; so that I hoped he would be a monument of mercy at the last hour. Oh, what gratitude should such thoughts excite! I still mentioned not to my mother his imminent danger, though visiting him with the idea that every hour might be his last. At length, to the astonishment of the physicians themselves, he was pronounced to be out of danger, and enabled to remove to Southend for change of air and scene."

Mr. Wesley's retirement from public life extended from this illness over a period of two years, during which he received the most dutiful attentions from his family, and every sympathising proof of liberality and regard from his professional and personal friends.

Among the valuable and pious friends who sympathised with the venerable widow of Charles Wesley in this season of anxiety the names of Butterworth and Wilberforce stand foremost. Their counsel and kind visits tended greatly to soothe her mind; and to the latter she gratefully expressed "that God had not cast out her prayer." This she repeated, with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, in a manner most affecting to beholders.

When Dr. Sutherland had announced to his family the joyful tidings of his safety and recovery, the excursion to the coast was determined upon; and on his return to town, when nearly convalescent, he was kindly received under the roof of the skilful son of the Rev. John Gaulter, till his confirmed recovery enabled him to pursue his profession.

His restoration to health was simply marvellous, and the astonishment of all who knew him. It is true he had the most skilful physicians, and the most careful nursing. In addition he had the prayers of many of the Lord's people, who for his own, as well as for his venerable mother's sake, took pleasure in supplicating the throne of grace on his behalf. Nor was the influence of prayer lost on his own heart and life. He was earnest in his desire that his children should walk in the fear of God and in the observance of His commandments.

When out in the provinces conducting concerts, he lovingly remembered his children, and in one of his letters home, dated 1824, he says, "Please to drill Lizzy in the following:—

"Prayer for a Child.

"Almighty God, the maker of everything in heaven and on earth, the darkness goeth away and the light cometh at Thy command. Thou art good and Thou doest good continually. I thank Thee that Thou hast preserved me this night, and that I am alive and well this morning. Save me, O Lord, from evil this day, and bestow upon me every good thing that thou seest I need. Bless, I beseech Thee, my parents; preserve them from every kind of evil; and grant that through Thy grace they may live a life of faith and holiness in this world, that they may be fit for everlasting glory.

"Hear the prayer of a little child, O Lord, and pardon all my sins, for the sake of Jesus Christ, my Saviour. Amen."

His subsequent appointments of organist, both at Camden Town and in Ely Place, brought him a stated income, which was greatly extended by the satisfactory pecuniary results of public lectures, which his well-earned fame made it fashionable to attend; and the publication of his splendid Cathedral Service attests the majesty of his genius in a style peculiarly his own, and the merit of his compositions in this high branch of his art has been unsurpassed in the present age.

The University of Cambridge, in the most unanimous and handsome manner, voted him a *Grace*, imparting plenary power and liberty to transcribe and publish any musical manuscript contained in their sumptuous library, when he examined the Handelian music, and the curious collections of Scarlatti, which Lord Fitzwilliam left to that University. Latin anthems and hymns from the reputed author of the popular canon, "Non nobis, Domine," were presented by him to the public. This was in 1827, previously to which he had published the three hymns of his father, set to music by Handel, which he discovered in this grand repository; and in 1828 he enriched the Wesleyan Society with his valuable original hymn-tunes, adapted to every metre in the collection of the Rev. John Wesley. It is prefaced by an elaborate essay from the masterly pen of the author. A few of his sacred compositions in Latin and English have been published by Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley since Mr. Wesley's death. These hymns and sacred pieces display his power and passion in ecclesiastical music; and he has been frequently heard to declare that the most exquisite delight which thrilled his musical sympathies was called forth in his accompaniment of the Gregorian requiem.

"When I first saw him," writes an eloquent living judge, "he was approaching the 'sere and yellow leaf' of life. His hair was already quite silvered; yet I heard him, when invited to play at the close of many an excellent musical evening, put

such a climax to it that everything which had before been heard was entirely swallowed up and lost in the last impression. He concentrated himself, and warmed over his work with unequalled enthusiasm, and showed not only the constructive head, but the most impassioned feeling. When he left off there was a general explosion of long-suppressed delight from his hearers."

We here present an able and characteristic letter addressed to his sister. It would appear that some strictures from her intelligent pen had provoked retort, which called into the arena of dispute the champion-like research of her acute brother, who assisted her arguments on papal tyranny with the following caustic proof that, thirty years after his renunciation of Popery, he remained steadfast in his abjuration:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SISTER SARAH.

Monday Evening, June 3rd, 1816.

DEAR SARAH,—I have been consulting the "Cyclopædia" upon the article "Inquisition," of which there is a long, interesting, disgusting, and horrible account, of which I doubt not every word is fearfully true. The following quotation respecting the quibble of your popish antagonist, is, I think, satisfactorily demonstrative that the establishment of that diabolical tribunal was a job concocted and authorised by the Pope and Council together; and consequently that, according to the principle admitted by the Papists themselves, the Church established it, which, if I understand the objection of the priest rightly, was denied to be the fact. Copy from "Cyclopædia:" "It has been generally said that the tribunal of the Inquisition was the invention of St. Dominic, and first erected by him in the city of Toulouse, and that, although the year of its institution is uncertain, it was undoubtedly confirmed in a solemn manner by Innocent III., in the Council of the Lateran, in the year 1235." Now, anybody who knows anything of that series of abominations, ecclesiastical history, knows that the Lateran Council was one of the most solemn and unanimous that the partisans of the Scarlet Lady ever called; so that I think, as to this subterfuge of your breaden God-maker, you have him on the hip, and it is lucky for you that the controversy between you has happened on this side the Channel, on the score of your corporal safety. Toulouse was the city in which the family of the Calas were all put to death innocently, as having murdered the son of the parents because he turned Papist. Voltaire did wonderful good to humanity by exposing the affair. Nothing can be sharper or more exactly true than my godfather's remark, in the book that the bishops bought up wherever they could find it, for reasons sufficiently obvious. "I am told," says he (Madan), "that Popery is now a different matter from what it was in the days of bloody Queen Mary. I will tell the world what the difference is: it is that of a lion chained, and a lion let loose." I shall, I hope, be in Percy Street before four o'clock on Wednesday, and I am pretty sure that I can help you in dumbfounding your hoary hypocrite. Chillingworth and I have been behind the curtain. *Parva componere magnis.*—Yours, in haste, very truly,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

In his professions of Popery his sister never had faith, always having maintained, when discussing the topic, that his aptitude for controversy misled his mind. While admiring his

intellectual powers, she was earnestly anxious that his mind should be led to embrace Christ fully, and exemplify the same in his life. With this great object in view, she addressed to him, after a period of peculiar trial, the following touching epistle, which evinces strikingly her concern in his spiritual welfare :—

SARAH WESLEY TO HER BROTHER SAMUEL.

May 16th, 1825.

DEAR SAMUEL,—I trust you will not think me intrusive in your private concerns : as a sister, they are also mine, and of infinitely more consequence than any merely temporal. I have never been indifferent to your happiness. This life is a short and uncertain state, and yet upon this state depends an ever-enduring existence. Surely it is important so to live as that the continuance of being may be happy. Do you seriously think your present life—I speak not of the past—is right? Do you consider your afflictions the result of it? If you do not, I beseech you pray to the God of all mercies to show you what He would have you do. He alone can enlighten the understanding which the will clouds; indeed, if the will is sincere, to know and do those things which shall bring a man peace at the last, such a man will never be left in error. I shall not weary your patience with enumerating the evils done to society by disorder, or the miseries devolved upon individuals; you have felt them and their effects. As far as has been in my power I have aided you in every trouble, but what is the aid afforded in temporal calamities compared to eternal? Life, at longest, is short; but mine and yours is nearly terminated, and the future world very near. Can you wonder at my anxiety, with my belief, dear Samuel? Would it not be the height of callous cruelty to withhold my caution when I see you on a precipice, you who are my brother, and to reject all communication in this my own private concern, as well as yours? Your late deliverance, your health, your powers of mind, are all mercies which lead the grateful heart to say, "What shall I render to the Lord?" No affliction springs from the dust; and whatever be the instruments, they are fulfilling a higher decree than their own wills. Absalom was permitted to rebel against David, and his own days shortened by it; but David acknowledged the reason, and submitted to the Hand which in love had inflicted his sufferings in this state, where they ended, as I trust, my dear Samuel, yours have done, or will do when you return to your heavenly Father, who alone can teach you the right way, and enable you to walk in it, before you go hence and are no more seen.

SARAH WESLEY.

It is gratifying to reflect that the intelligent and pious daughter of Charles Wesley should thus approve herself the faithful monitor of her celebrated brother. In what manner he responded to the affectionate counsels of this sister will best be gathered from the following letters :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SISTER SARAH.

May, 1825.

DEAR SALLY,—There are very few who think alike on all subjects. Indeed, I am persuaded that the organisation of our bodies has much to do with our opinions, perhaps the structure of the brain in particular. One man's configuration of intellect may be as truly adapted to form him a sceptic, as another's a Roman Catholic. Depend on it, Heaven sees not with our eyes in these matters. I believe true religion to have nothing, or

little, to do with words, and nothing at all with doctrines; at least such doctrines the truth or falsity of which nothing but death can assure us. That height of good is height of charity, I have as clear evidence as consciousness can afford. If it be true that God is love, the thing admits of no question. To be all I can to the few who love me is the utmost of my wishes below. If wickedness consists in malevolence—and I firmly believe there is no real wickedness without it—I can safely say that, though unfortunate, I have not been wicked. I wish well, and would do good to all. I think I shall find no great difficulty in making my peace with man. Of the few I have offended, some are no more, and them I could easily have satisfied of intending no premeditated evil. I know of no one who fancies that he has any cause for personal enmity against me. How my security of peace in another state of existence may stand, He "whose mercy is over all His works" best knoweth. I believe rational folk will one and all allow that mercy is the only sheet-anchor both for sinners and saints. Excepting in regard to my father, I have no transgressions to accuse myself of but such as were occasioned by a predominant, and not a malignant, passion. Yet even my conduct towards him was rather a sin of ignorance than any other. It was not because he did not agree with me in opinion that we were at variance; on his side was prejudice, and on mine stubbornness. He was misrepresented to me, and I to him. My father might certainly have led me by a silken thread, but this he did not know, or did not think of. Here is an end of the matter. "The heart of man is dark and intricate." By comparing and combining circumstances alone, a glimpse of its mazes is discovered; to explore all the windings of the labyrinth belongs to heaven. You lament my want of faith, and I your excess of credulity. You are grieved at thinking that any one who is not a fool should not be a devotee, and I regret the sight of a rich freight of talents wrecked on the sands.—Ever affectionately yours, SAM. WESLEY.

The following sprightly note, addressed to his brother, from the same ingenious pen, containing a testimony to the character of his eldest son, the Rev. Dr. Charles Wesley, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal of St. James's, cannot fail to be interesting:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

DEAR CHARLES,—I can only promise to call on Friday evening, the time uncertain, but between six and nine. If I had subaltern officers like uncle John, I could do much business by proxy; and were I able to pay messengers, divers persons would have very speedy answers. I am pretty certain that my Charles is already superior to any sordid views of pecuniary advantage from the decease of any human being, and much less from that of an affectionate relation: indeed, if I could believe him mean or interested, I should feel it right to disown him. Thank God, he manifests signs of a very opposite disposition. S. WESLEY.

Writing to his mother, then at Bath, he says:—

I wanted to find the Sanctus of my brother, which he wrote and wished to have performed at St. Paul's. This, I think, may be easily done on Christmas Day, because Attwood has been very urgent for my Litany, which I have now sent him, and which he is desirous of having well performed, that he chooses to have it well studied previously. This is kind and handsome, and I wish the same by the Sanctus in question. I shall send an epitome of the responses to the Litany, which I should much like Charles to try over before Dr. Harrington, who, I suppose, scarcely remembers my

name; but if he yet feels the sort of music he used to prefer to all other, I flatter myself that in the said composition there may be found a chord or two which will reach his honest heart.—I am, my dear mother, ever affectionately yours, SAMUEL WESLEY.

In 1822, the death of his venerable mother, at the advanced age of ninety-six, deprived Mr. Samuel Wesley of one whose solicitous anxiety for his welfare and happiness no vicissitudes of time could abate. On her deathbed some of her last words were addressed to him.

"On his entrance," writes Miss Wesley, "he was much affected, seeing the change in her dear countenance. I told her he was come. He knelt down by her bedside, and earnestly asked her blessing. She blessed him and his children; expressed her satisfaction that they were in so good a way of prospering, and blessed them all. She reminded him that he had a good sister; and, on his mentioning his favourite son, she repeated, 'God bless *all* your children; and I hope that you will be led into the right way.' He then arose from his knees and quitted the room."

This impressive scene so much affected him that his sensibility rose to anguish, and induced his friends to urge him not to venture to attend the funeral. His strong filial affection led him to mingle with the train of mourners, and he saw the sacred resting-place receive the remains. The solemn dirge soothed and composed the perturbed spirit of the gifted son, and he retired from the affecting ceremony with a chastened sedateness.

That his transcendent genius was now in full vigour is proved by the completion of a noble monument of his artistic skill, to which fact the following letter to his brother presents the testimony:—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

Euston Street, November 6th, 1824.

DEAR CHARLES,—At last you herewith receive the long-promised copies of my Church Service, and I think you will say that the engraver has performed his task well, although at the eleventh hour. I must request you to lend me for two or three days the Italian duets of Handel. I have been affixing an accompaniment, in lieu of the figured bass, to the whole set, which is now complete excepting the last page of the thirteenth duet, and which was deficient in the score from which I had to arrange them, so that your accommodation will very speedily set all to rights. I have had much employment from the Harmonic Institution, recently, in arranging a multitude of the oratorio songs from the scores, and I believe they are now put into a more practicable and useful form than they were heretofore. Few persons comparatively possessed the scores, and perhaps fewer could accompany aright merely from the figures. SAMUEL WESLEY.

It was in 1826 that Mr. Samuel Wesley was so fortunate as to discover, at Cambridge University, among many musical

manuscripts in the Library of the Fitzwilliam Museum, three hymn-tunes, composed by Handel, in his own handwriting, and set to words of three of his father's hymns, viz.: "Sinners, obey the gospel word;" "Oh, Love Divine, how sweet thou art;" and "Rejoice, the Lord is King!"

In narrating this most interesting incident, he remarks "that the son of Charles, and the nephew of John Wesley, happened to be the first individual who discovered this manuscript, after a lapse of seventy or eighty years, is certainly a circumstance of no common curiosity;" and in a letter addressed by Miss Wesley to Miss Eliza T. Tooth, the probable details of this historical anecdote are given at length. "Mr. Rich," records Miss Wesley, "was the proprietor of the Covent Garden Theatre, which he offered to Handel to perform his oratorios in when he incurred the displeasure of the Opera party. Mrs. Rich was one of the first who attended the West Street Chapel, and was impressed with deep seriousness by the preaching of my dear father, who became her intimate friend; upon which she gave up the stage entirely, and suffered much reproach from her husband, who insisted upon her appearing again upon it. She said if she did appear on the stage again it would be to bear her public testimony against it. In consequence of this declaration she escaped further importunity. She was afterwards a widow, and lived in affluence. When I was young we used to visit her in Chelsea. She was a beautiful and most amiable woman, and retained her affection to my father and mother during her long life. Handel taught Mr. Rich's daughters, and it was thus that my father and mother used to hear his fine performances. By the intimacy of Mr. and Mrs. Rich with Handel, he was doubtless led to set to music these hymns of my father, which are now, with the tunes annexed to them, in the collection at Cambridge, from whence Mr. Samuel Wesley has had permission to copy and print them."

Samuel Wesley, in publishing these hymns, inscribed them to the Wesleyan Society, adding: "I wish the whole Society may be convinced that I never felt so truly gratified, from my knowledge of music, as when I discovered this most unexpected coincidence; and I cannot anticipate a greater musical gratification, no, not even at the York or Birmingham Festivals, than that of hearing chanted, by a thousand voices, and in the strains of Handel,—

Rejoice, the Lord is King!"

Shortly after the appearance of these hymns, Mr. Wesley published, with an elegant prefatory essay, his "Original Hymn-Tunes, adapted to every metre in the collection. By the Rev.

John Wesley, A.M." The publication of these treasures tended to bring Mr. Samuel Wesley more immediately into notice among the Methodists, and in 1827 the gifted musician was invited to the "Breakfast of the Children of the Preachers," given annually in the Morning Chapel, City Road. This led to his writing the following letter :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SISTER SARAH.

Euston Street, April 29th, 1827.

DEAR SARAH,—The enclosed will show you that your good people are not disposed to quarrel with me. I shall attend their *déjeûner* at the extraordinary hour of seven in the morning, and must set off hence at six, the place of rendezvous being upwards of three miles. I hope Charles is well. If he be disposed to come to my Lecture, which is now a very fashionable lounge, he must let me know some days before, as my power of giving admissions is limited.—Valeas! S. WESLEY.

He attended the very interesting meeting at City Road, and gave the following account of his visit :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

Euston Street, Friday morning, May 4th, 1827.

DEAR CHARLES,—Yesterday was indeed not an idle one, but I was enabled to fulfil all my engagements with alacrity. Let me know as soon as may be whether you resolve to go on Thursday next to Albemarle Street, that I may reserve an order for you and Sarah, otherwise I may be compelled to disappoint you. I am allowed only six admissions. The Methodist Breakfast was an interesting scene, which I am glad I did not miss. The preachers prayed lustily for all three of us, and were hugely delighted when my name was announced, which was followed by hearty acclamation. One of the preachers read a note from you, excusing your appearance among them. I think it is a pity that you did not squeeze out time to come, especially as the meeting of the preachers' children is only once a year. I did not know the lady who you say is lately departed. The prophet's text is hourly verified, "In the midst of life we are in death." Pray is not that Miss Urling who comes to my Lecture—a tall lady who was yesterday at the breakfast, and chatted an hour with me—a very sensible and well-informed person.—Affectionately, SAM. WESLEY.

The tall lady was Miss Reece, daughter of the Rev. R. Reece.

The publication of the Handel tunes was a productive source of emolument. Mr. Wesley writes at this period: "I am going to the Book Room, where several pounds are due for hymns. A remarkably handsome man, Mr. Kershaw, one of the preachers, paid me for hymns sent to his order, and Mr. K. also gave me the book which accompanies this, and recommends Sarah, with myself, to try the effect of what has restored sight to others, in her own complaint, an amaurosis."

Miss Wesley was threatened with a complaint in her sight, which caused much uneasy apprehension, and in which her brother kindly participated, as appears from the following statement :—

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SISTER SARAH.

Euston Street, Monday, January 27th, 1827.

DEAR SARAH,—I have at last discovered that which you persevered in pronouncing *amorosis*, which, you remember, I contended never could be a word of Greek or Latin derivation for a disorder in the eyes. The true word is *amaurosis*, which comes from a verb, Greek, signifying *to become dim*. The explanation of the disease is this: "A dimness of sight, not from any visible defect of the eye, but from some distemperature of the inner parts, occasioning the representation of flies and dust floating before the eyes, which appearances are the parts of the retina hidden and compressed by the blood-vessels being too much distended, so that in many of its parts all sense is lost, and therefore no images can be painted upon them: whereby the eyes continually rolling round, many parts of objects falling successively on them are obscure. The cure of this depends upon a removal of the stagnation in the extremities of those arteries which run over the bottom of the eye."—*Quincy*, quoted by Johnson in his Dictionary. Harding told me yesterday that this disorder is the same as *gutta serena*, which is obstinate, but not incurable. Whenever my own eyes totally fail, I must starve, unless I can pay an accurate amanuensis. Thank God, *you* can live without work. I hope Charles is well; I am not quite so at present.—Yours, etc.,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

P.S.—You know I preach sermons on Fridays among great lords and ladies, and therefore am serving my time to the proprieties of p's and q's; and you may tell Charles that he need not fear any deficiency in the *etiquette* which I perfectly well know that titled men expect and insist on, and *that* generally in an augmented ratio of their *demerit*. I wish to have his glee, "Arno's Vale," copied out as soon as possible, and it must be very legibly and neatly.

This accomplished brother and sister frequently assisted each other in criticism and elegant literature. One more short note and extract we give of these interesting scraps of correspondence. The subject, alas! is but too premonitive. Miss Wesley soon followed the German musician to the upper choir, and her brother himself lingered but a few short years behind.

SAMUEL WESLEY TO HIS SISTER SARAH.

Euston Street, Saturday, June 10th, 1827.

DEAR SARAH,—Here is the song you signified your wish to have. I think you said it is a piece of Sir John Suckling; but not being sure that I did not dream this, instead of hearing it, I abstained from affixing it. I have offered to play the "Requiem" for poor Von Weber on Friday next, at Moorfields Chapel; but I shall be neither surprised nor disappointed if, through jealousy, my civility be refused. Nothing *now* is a matter of wonderment to me but when people do right.

June 14th, 1827.

I find that the musical honours intended the German are all superseded by Poynter, the Popish bishop, who will not allow more than twenty performers in his chapel at one time, which is a number much too inconsiderable to execute the "Requiem" of Mozart with proper effect. Poor Von Weber's soul will not suffer much in purgatory from the omission, in the opinion of yours truly,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

Within a year and a half from the date of the preceding extracts, Miss Wesley was summoned to her everlasting rest.

Her approaching departure was signalised to Samuel Wesley by the following touching note :—

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER SAMUEL.

2, Paul Street, Bristol, September 18th, 1828.

MY DEAR SAMUEL,—In great affliction, but I hope in resignation to God's will, I wish to inform you our dear sister is near a crown of glory. She took cold at Lady Herschel's, and has not been able to take any substance of importance for five weeks, having a stricture in the throat. She bears her sufferings like a Christian. Her life has been exemplary all her days. She is going to her eternal reward. Oh, may we follow her, as she followed Christ Jesus, our Blessed Saviour! I suppose you went to Leeds. I directed the ministers of my uncle's people to send to you. They wished me, but it was *impossible*. God bless you. I hope we shall meet again. Oh, my dear brother, follow the things which make for everlasting peace, and which this world cannot give.—I am ever, dear Samuel, your affectionate brother, CHARLES WESLEY.

Miss Wesley died September 19th, 1828, aged sixty-nine years. Six years afterwards her eldest brother departed this life, by which event the subject of our memoir was left the last survivor of the eight children of the Rev. Charles Wesley.

Changing his residence in the spring of 1830, Samuel Wesley removed from Euston Street to Mornington Place. Under the influence of a feeling of duty, created by the teaching of his father, he wrote and offered a beautiful and appropriate dedicatory prayer. In his "Hymns for Children and Families," the Rev. Charles Wesley provided for such services, and it is a most happy evidence of piety in his son's heart that Samuel Wesley should have thus entreated the Divine blessing in language which reads like that of a patriarch. The prayer is copied from the original manuscript in the possession of the writer, and is as follows :—

"A PRAYER.

"Almighty God the Father, we humbly implore Thee for this house, and for all its inhabitants and contents, that Thou mayest vouchsafe to bless, sanctify, and increase it with all good things. Give, O Lord, abundance from the dew of heaven and the substance of life from the fat of the land to them who dwell therein, and lead their desires to the experience of Thy mercy. Therefore at our entrance do Thou vouchsafe to bless and sanctify this house, as Thou didst vouchsafe to bless the house of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob : and may the angels of Thy brightness inhabit it, and preserve both it and all who reside in the same, through [Jesus] Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Monday, March 22nd, 1830."

The £50 annuity granted to the family of the Wesleys on account of copyright enjoyed by the Wesleyan Book Committee,

was continued to Samuel after the death of his brother Charles. The payments were made monthly, for which he called himself on the Rev. Thomas Jackson. To the latter, Mr. Wesley often observed that "the Jew's curse had fallen upon him—old age and poverty." Mr. Jackson remarks, in his "Recollections," that he was anxious to uphold the honour of the family whose name he bore. When he was unable to call for the monthly sum, he used to send one of his sons [Erasmus], about fourteen years of age, whose manners presented unmistakable proof of the care that was taken of his training. He was a complete gentleman in miniature, was perfectly self-possessed, and could bow as gracefully as if he had belonged to the court of George IV." Upon his deathbed the father said to another of his sons, "Keep thy knowledge of Latin; remember the Wesleys were all gentlemen and scholars."

He had, in 1836, attained to threescore years and ten; yet was his mental vigour unabated, and, as has been recorded by a competent witness, "the torrent of his invention was still such that he could not exhaust it, even if he sat at the pianoforte from the evening deep into the night. After a cheerful party, when the company had all departed, it was then, in the silence of the night, that he seemed in the happiest mood, and gave the rein to his boundless fancy and invention." "In the sere and yellow leaf" his hair was quite silvered, and he presented, to those who remembered the ancestral patriarch, a striking resemblance to John Wesley. A profile sketch of his face, taken as he sat playing at that period, now in the possession of Miss Eliza Wesley, is a strong confirmation of the family likeness.

"His serious feeling was profound, his hymns and little sacred pieces having a pathetic character; and in his numerous manuscripts are displayed the highest designs in ecclesiastical music. He wrote a trio for three pianofortes—the last thing of the kind that had been heard since the times of Sebastian Bach and Mozart. There exists, also, a beautiful pianoforte duet by him, which will, it is hoped, some day see the light."

A trio for the piano and two flutes was one of his latest productions. If it were possible to recall the performances of this native genius, over which silence and oblivion now brood, we should find them extremely various, and that his capacious mind embraced a vast store in composition; but except the noble Cathedral Service, no printed transcripts from his manuscripts give an adequate idea of his extraordinary power.

At length the rush of numerous years bowed down the strength of this extraordinary man, and in October, 1837, his physical energies totally declined. It was not till within a few weeks of his death that his powers were visibly prostrated, but still no

immediate danger was apprehended. For some time he had been unusually diligent in studying the holy Scriptures, and it is stated by his family that as his weakness increased he became earnest and importunate in prayer, addressing his supplications especially to the Saviour, through whose atonement alone he hoped for pardon and acceptance.

The last time he performed upon the organ was at Christ Church, in Newgate Street. The instrument there had been repaired and improved, and at the invitation of Mr. Glenn, the music-master at Christ Hospital, who had married one of Mr. Wesley's daughters, the venerable Wesley was invited to meet Mendelssohn (who was then in London) and a few other musical celebrities, to try the powers of the organ. Each played in turn, and each tested the instrument in his own way. Mendelssohn was enraptured with Wesley's performance, whilst Wesley in return spoke in high terms of commendation of the distinguished foreigner. It was a memorable day, and would have been more so had it been known that one in the company would never again exercise his skill in this world.

On arriving at home in the evening, Mr. Wesley hung his hat and coat on the last peg in the passage, saying to a member of his family as he did so, "I shall never go out again alive." This conviction of his mind proved to be correct. All his nervousness left him, and he was for a day or two feeble in body, but full of life and energy, and remarkably cheerful in spirit. He entirely recovered the use of his mental faculties, and conversed freely about the events of his past life, many of which he spoke of with minute distinctness. At eventime there was light.

Of his last hours, the Rev. Thomas Jackson wrote the following account: "I prayed with him when he had lost the power of speech, and was apparently unconscious, commending him to the tender mercy of God, through the atonement and intercession of Christ. Just before his departure, although he had not spoken for some time, he cried out in his usual tone, 'O Lord Jesus!' and then he suddenly raised his hands, and exclaimed, 'I am coming,' and immediately expired." Then was realised the dying prayer of his sainted father: "I shall have to bless God through all eternity that ever you were born. We shall meet in heaven."

The arrangements for his funeral included a musical service of great solemnity, which was conducted by his sons, the Rev. Charles Wesley, D.D., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, and Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the now celebrated Doctor of Music, assisted by gentlemen from the principal churches in the metropolis, and from the Chapels Royal. The entire service was

choral, and the anthem sung over the grave of the departed was grand and impressive. The large number of attendants were deeply moved by its solemnity. A more fitting testimony could not have been offered to his genius and talents. Amongst those present on the occasion was the late Rev. Thomas Jackson, who refers to that service in the following passage from his "Recollections :"—

Samuel Wesley's "remains were interred in the grave of his father, in the churchyard of Old St. Marylebone. Out of respect to his memory, as one of the most distinguished musicians of the age, some of the finest singers, belonging to the most eminent of the London choirs, especially that of Westminster Abbey, attended his funeral; and after chanting a considerable part of the service in the church, formed a large circle in the graveyard, and sang an appropriate anthem with wonderful power and effect. I was impressed beyond all that I had ever felt before from the combination of human voices."

He died of a carbuncle in the neck, on Tuesday, October 11th, 1837, aged 71 years 8 months, and he was interred on the seventeenth of the same month. When the new tomb over the grave was erected a quarter of a century since, by some strange oversight his name was not recorded on the stone with those of his father, mother, and brother, but it is now about to be inscribed.

The musical journals of that day printed notices of his life and character, which abundantly testify to his eminence as a scholar and musician. The *Musical World* added to its account of his life some details of the manner in which Mr. Wesley was denied the position of organist to the Foundling Hospital.

From another musical journal, the following descriptive and discriminating remarks are extracted. After giving particulars of Mr. Wesley's early days and closing hours, the account proceeds :—

> Before Samuel Wesley reached the year of his majority, he had become an excellent classical scholar, a fine performer on the pianoforte and organ, and unquestionably the most astonishing extemporaneous player in Europe. His prospects in life were unfortunately clouded by a dreadful accident which befell him in the year 1787. Returning home one evening from a visit to an intimate friend (one of the oldest members of the Madrigal Society), in passing along Snow Hill he fell into a deep excavation which had been prepared for the foundation of a new building. There he lay insensible until daylight disclosed his situation, and he was conveyed home. His head had received a most serious injury, and the medical attendants wished to perform the operation of trephining; but Wesley obstinately refused his consent, and the wound was permitted to heal. This he ever after regretted, for it is supposed that in consequence of some portion of the skull adhering to, or pressing upon the brain, those periodical states of high nervous irritability originated which subsequently checked and darkened the splendour of his career. For seven years immediately following his accident he remained in a desponding state, refusing to cultivate his genius for music. On his

recovery he prosecuted the science with the utmost ardour, bringing to light the immortal works of Sebastian Bach, then alike unknown here and on the Continent. In 1815, when on his journey to conduct an oratorio at Norwich, he suffered a relapse of his mental despondency, and for another seven years he retired from public life, endeavouring to find relief in constant attendance upon public worship, and living with the austerity of a hermit. In 1823 he recovered, and up to 1830 composed many excellent pieces, and was much engaged in public performance on the organ. He then relapsed into his former state, but in August, 1837, partially recovered his health and spirits. It soon became evident, however, that his constitution was undergoing a great change. When at Christ Church, Newgate Street, about three weeks since, he rallied, passed a delightful day, and spoke in the evening of Mendelssohn and his "wonderful mind" in terms of the strongest eulogy. On Saturday last he played extemporaneously to a friend, and composed some psalm-tunes. On Monday he endeavoured to write a long testimonial for an old pupil, but which his strength only permitted him to sign, and in the evening retired to his room with a presentiment which the event of yesterday has but too accurately verified.

As a musician, his celebrity is greater on the Continent than in his own country. His compositions are grand and masterly; his melodies sweet, varied, and novel; his harmony bold, imposing, unexpected, and sublime. His resources were boundless, and if called upon to extemporise for half a dozen times during the evening, each fantasia was new, fresh, and perfectly unlike the others. His execution was very great, close, and neat, and free from labour or effort, and his touch on the pianoforte delicate and *chantante* in the highest degree. His favourite contemporaries were Clementi and Woelff; his models in early life were Battishall and Worgan on the organ, and subsequently Sebastian Bach.

Mr. Wesley was remarkable for great energy, firmness, nobleness of mind, freedom from envy, penetration, docility, approaching almost to an infantine simplicity, and an unvarying adherence to truth, His passions were exceedingly strong, and from a habit of always speaking his mind, and his having no idea of management for the *finesse* of human life, he too often by the brilliancy of his wit, or the bitterness of his sarcasm, unthinkingly caused estrangements, if not raised up an enemy. His conversation was rich, copious, and fascinating; no subject could be started which he could not adorn by shrewd remarks, or illustrate by some appropriate and original anecdote. For many years it has been his constant habit to study the Bible night and morning, and as no meal was taken before he had supplicated Heaven, so he never lay down without thanksgiving. He disclaimed ever having been a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, observing that although the Gregorian music had seduced him to their chapels, the tenets of the Romanists had never obtained any influence over his mind.

The musical profession has lost its brightest ornament. Since the days of Henry Purcell, no British composer has evinced so much genius and learning, developed with such variety and sensibility, or has displayed so much energy and industry in the composition of memorials as lasting as they are extraordinary. Flourishing at a period when composers met with less encouragement than at any epoch in the history of the art, he pursued his course without reference to the applause of the day, resting on the certainty that the time must come when his works would receive that justice which the then state of the art forbade. He cared nothing for the public opinion respecting his compositions: with him the art was all in all, and, like Sebastian Bach, Handel, and Mozart, he affords another instance of the remark that it is the prerogative of genius to look forward with a calm but assured expectation that posterity will award that meed of approval which must ever attend its bright and beautiful creations.

Fourteen years after Mr. Wesley's death a considerable impetus was given to the study of music, partly from the grand gatherings which formed part of the Great Exhibition in 1851, in which music of the highest class formed so prominent a part. In anticipation of the opening of the Exhibition in Hyde Park, and the musical performance which formed part of the ceremonial, an article appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1851, entitled, "Our Musical Spring," which so honourably states the claims of Samuel Wesley to the consideration of the profession, that the reproduction of so much of the article as relates to the part he took in introducing the music of Bach into England is due to his memory. The music of Bach was then being introduced into the popular concerts of the day, hence the appropriateness of informing the public to whom they were indebted for that music. The article thus proceeds:—

For many years in the musical history of this country the name of Bach has awakened the most prejudiced feelings, and served as a by-word to encourage professional animosity and party spirit. To confess any admiration of the works of this master was looked upon as affectation and cunning—as a mere device to exhibit an uncommon taste, and to appear more knowing than your neighbours. Still, the musician, content with the pleasure which he felt—the more enjoying it perhaps from the opposition and the insensibility of others—went on, defying the sneers and insinuations of the crowd, and seeing from year to year fresh disciples enter the pale of his Church. The first work of Bach which made an impression in England was his "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues." This, the greatest classic of the instrumental art, now familiar in numerous publications, was first discovered in a foreign edition by Pinto, a musician of genius, who died in his youth. He communicated the work to the late S. Wesley, who, in conjunction with his friend Horn, produced an admirable English edition of the "Preludes and Fugues," which has served as the most authentic text of many a subsequent foreign copy. The enthusiasm with which Wesley identified his whole musical existence with Bach is well remembered by many now living. He carried his idolatry to an almost injurious extent, for his own original powers were in a manner absorbed in the object of his admiration; and many think that the change wrought in his subsequent way of thinking and composing infused a stiffness into his original compositions from which at first they were entirely free.

The preludes and fugues of which we speak gave new life to music in England about the beginning of the present century. They were cherished by organists with peculiar love and devotion; and after, Wesley, Novello, Jacob, Crotch, Adams, S. Webbe, etc., contributed to spread a taste for them. From this stock of music, our cathedral organists on festival occasions and other musical solemnities selected their choicest voluntaries; and they were generally performed by four hands, London organs having at that time no pedal pipes, nor our players any of that skill in managing the obligato pedal part which, with our late improvements in the construction of instruments, has since become common. Subsequently there came into moderate circulation here a volume containing some of Bach's organ music, and a part of his *Suites de pièces* for the clavier. The organ music was a treasury of full harmony, spread out over the whole extent of keys and pedals, in a manner that our Kelways and Worgans had never dreamed of, and indeed which had never been seen in the works of Handel or Scarlatti. This volume

contained beautiful things. There were the Kyries—fugues on a Canto Fermo in soprano, tenor, and bass; the noble prelude for the full organ in E flat, and the fugue with various counterpoint on the melody of St. Ann's tune; it had likewise several choice trios for two claviers and pedal on sacred chorals.

Wesley held this book also in the greatest reverence, and taught others to love it too. Whoever had a copy of his own thought himself happy; while those who could only borrow one began industriously to write out its chief contents. We think, with a smile, that in our youth this book used to be known by us as the "green fat" book, for so Wesley familiarly named it with aldermanic gusto. Nothing less than a metaphor inspired by the full contentments of a City feast would do complete justice to the overflowing pleasure of the scientific ear in this music.

Next appeared among us the Sonatas of Bach for the clavier and violin, very extraordinary and beautiful productions. Wesley was again the hero to fight the battle of his favourite composer, and establish his claims to consideration in England. At the annual organ performances which long took place at the Surrey Chapel, in the time of Mr. Jacob, these pieces were often produced; and Wesley, who in his youth had been a considerable violin-player, performed the violin part, with either Jacob, Novello, or Dr. Crotch at the organ. We remember, as a favourite piece on these occasions, the beautiful Sonata in A, the last movement of which is a fugue apparently on the popular sacred melody, *Adeste fideles*. No words can describe the state of ecstasy into which Wesley was wrought by these compositions; a burning enthusiasm filled his breast; no difficulties daunted him; no sense of responsibility to the public. Already a famous organist, he seized a new instrument, which Bach has written for in a peculiar style, with double notes and passages of such difficult intonation that modern violin-players quail before them; and even with the violin in his hand, he appeared as great as he had been on the organ. He was possessed with one idea—that here was extraordinary music requiring to be interpreted, and that he was the man to do it. The new and most uncommon train of Bach's musical thoughts did in fact make their first great impression in England through the example of Wesley. Other musical natures vibrated in unison with that of this sensitive and impassioned man; it was impossible to see him so moved and not sympathise. These passages carry us back far into the romance of memory; and though in the last five and twenty years it has been our good fortune to be personally acquainted with the most eminent German and English composers, we have never found, in certain points, the equal of Samuel Wesley. His whole soul was music. He was the unsophisticated child of nature, of warm affections and impulse. Had he perceived less keenly, or felt less warmly, he might have preserved himself from many of the errors which chequered his career. Still he was the first great devotee of the unpopular Bach in England: as such we remember him well, with a hearty benison to his memory, and gratitude for his musical example, for he was essentially a gentleman, kind, affectionate, and encouraging to young musicians.

To appreciate the singleness of purpose in Wesley with regard to Sebastian Bach, one should be a little behind the curtain in musical matters, and witness the hesitation and debate through which new and difficult music usually makes its approach to a public hearing, amidst a thousand fears and misgivings that it will not be liked, that it will create no effect, etc. Calculations such as these may astonish a man who owns and feels the beautiful; nevertheless they abound in a mercenary age, in which many are willing to "swell the triumph and partake the gale" of popularity, but few to stem the torrent of adverse opinion, or to risk any of the penalties of failure.

Mendelssohn's first appearance, about 1830, confirmed the justice of Wesley's prepossessions.

Bach had now many ovations. He was introduced—a little against the grain, it must be confessed—at the Philharmonic Concert, and his triple concerto for the harpsichord, played by Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and Thalberg, gained enthusiastic applause. His sonatas for the pianoforte and violin were sometimes brought forward at classical concerts by the best artists. Shortly afterwards, we received from Germany carefully corrected editions of all his pianoforte and organ works, forming many volumes, of which poor Sam Wesley never heard a note, but which nevertheless are full of associations with him and the pleasure he diffused.

Samuel Wesley had a numerous family. Several of the children died young. The following are the names of those who survived infancy, with the names also of their descendants to the present time :—

Rev. Charles Wesley, D.D., who married Miss Eliza Skelton.

John Wesley, who was married, but left no issue. He was in early life engaged in commercial pursuits, but in his later years was one of the lay secretaries at the Wesleyan Mission House. A manuscript volume of his writing, now in the possession of Miss Eliza Wesley, his half-sister, contains satisfactory evidence that he inherited some portion of the wit and poetic genius of the family.

Emma Frances Wesley, who was born in February, 1805, married November 5th, 1830, to Frederick Newenham, historical painter, born in September, 1806, and died March 21st, 1859. Mrs. Newenham died in November, 1865. Both are interred in Kensal Green Cemetery. Seven of their children survived their father, whose names are as follows :—

George Wesley Newenham, born in August, 1831, was married and went to America, where he died in 1871. When an infant his father painted his portrait, which was afterwards engraved, and published with the title of the "Infant Wesley."

Emma Charlotte Wesley Newenham, born in June, 1834, married to Edward Hunt, an artist.

Eleanor Sarah Wesley Newenham, born September 13th, 1837 ; and died, unmarried, December 29th, 1863.

Bertha Anne Wesley Newenham, born March 13th, 1839, is married to George Bliss.

Katherine Louisa Wesley Newenham, born October 11th, 1840, is married to Curwen Gray.

Eliza Wesley Newenham, born September 23rd, 1844, is married to James Meacock, a teacher of music in Doncaster, and has issue.

Frederick John Newenham, born September 21st, 1847.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Doctor of Music, and at present organist of Gloucester Cathedral, married Marianne Merewether. They have issue five sons, two of whom are clergymen, their names being John Sebastian Wesley, Samuel Annesley Wesley,

Rev. Francis Gwynne Wesley, Rev. Charles Alexander Wesley, and William Ken Wesley.

Rosalind Wesley was married first to Robert Glenn, an eminent organist, who died in 1844, leaving a daughter, named Rosalind Eleanor Esther Glenn, and a son, Robert George Glenn, the latter of whom is a barrister in the Temple. Her second husband was Oliver Simmonds, a silversmith. They had three children, namely, Florence Simmonds, Annesley Simmonds, and Jessie Simmonds.

Eliza Wesley, who resides in Islington, and is unmarried.

Matthias Erasmus Wesley, who has been largely engaged in mercantile and engineering pursuits, is an Associate of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and a Member of the College of Organists, London. On the death of Mr. Limpus, the founder and first Treasurer of the College, Mr. Wesley undertook the management of the financial affairs of the College, and he is now its Hon. Treasurer. He married Caroline Jeffreys, now deceased, by whom he had seven children, whose names are Caroline Maria Wesley, Erasmus Wesley, Edwin Wesley, John Wesley, Arthur Wellesley Wesley, Samuel Wesley, and Harry Wesley.

John Wesley, who married Susanna Alexander. They had six children, five of whom are living, whose names are Ada Susanna Wesley, born in April, 1850, married in September, 1875, to Arthur Bayley of Islington; Marian Wesley, born in October, 1851; John Wesley, born in May, 1855; Alice Maude Wesley, born in July, 1857, died in November, 1858; Edith Wesley, born in July, 1859; and Elaine Wesley, born in July, 1861.

Thomasine Wesley, who was married to Richard Alfred Martin. They have five children, whose names are Ellen Florence Martin, Eva Wesley Martin, Alfred Mortimer Martin, Samuel Wesley Martin, and George Frederick Martin.

Robert Glenn Wesley, born in November, 1830, who married Juliana Benson in 1858. They have five children, whose names are Kate Wesley, born September 14th, 1859; Arthur Wesley, born September 14th, 1860; Charles Wesley, born February 28th, 1864; Laurence Wesley, born November 8th, 1865; and Julie Wesley, born March 9th, 1871.

CHARLES WESLEY, D.D.

SUB-DEAN OF THE CHAPELS ROYAL, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN.

IN the year 1768, when the Rev. Charles Wesley, the poet of Methodism, had a third son born in his family, he wrote to his brother John to announce the fact, and in the letter he makes the following remarkable observation: "It is highly probable one of the three will stand before the Lord. But, so far as I can learn, such a thing has scarce been for these thousand years before as a son, father, grandfather, *atavus tritavus*, preaching the gospel, yea, and the genuine gospel, in a line."

In recording that fact, he excluded himself and his two elder brothers, who were all clergymen: his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were clergymen also. His own son did not follow in the succession, but the ministerial line was resumed in his grandson, the subject of the following pages.

Charles Wesley, D.D., was the eldest son of Samuel Wesley, the musician, and of Charlotte Louisa, his wife. He was born at Ridge, a village near St. Albans, September 25th, 1793. The parish register of Ridge has the following entry: "1793, October 20th.—Wesley, Charles, son of Samuel and Charlotte Wesley, then baptized." From his father he derived the first elements of that varied scholarship which distinguished him in after years. Several children were born after him, but he was the only one who survived infancy till he was about twelve years old, so that he had the advantage of the careful instruction of his father for about ten years, when he was sent to a school at Wateringbury, near Maidstone.

At the age of six years he was able to write a letter to his aunt, Miss Sarah Wesley, which is indicated in the following extract from a letter sent from Ridge, July 1st, 1799, by his mother to Mrs. Charles Wesley, who observes: "Charles is delighted with his aunt's present; he sends a letter for his aunt, and love and duty for his dear grandmamma."

Several of his early letters from school are preserved; the excellence of the writing amply proves the great care which had been bestowed upon that branch of his education. The first

letter he sent from school was to his grandmother, to which was added a postscript to his aunt, Miss Sarah Wesley. The following is an exact copy from the original :—

CHARLES WESLEY TO MRS. SARAH WESLEY.

To Mrs. Wesley, No. 1, Great Chesterfield Street, Marylebone, London.

Maidstone, April 4th, 1804.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—I received your kind letter this morning, and hasten to answer it accordingly. I am in very good health, and like school as much as ever. Mr. Cooper has been well enough to attend it these three weeks. I hope my father is in better health than when I had the pleasure of hearing from him. You will not fail to present my best love to him, and at the same time inform him that, according with his wish, I read geography with the higher class. — I remain, dear grandmother, your affectionate grandson, CHAS. WESLEY.

DEAR AUNT,—I am very much disappointed of the pleasure I promised myself in seeing you at Mr. Lediard's. I had a very pleasant walk from Wateringbury to Maidstone ; and be assured I will send you a whole epistle as soon as possible.

From Maidstone he removed to St. Paul's School, in London, where he remained for some years. In 1818 he entered as a student at Christ College, in Cambridge, when he was of the age of twenty-five years. There he distinguished himself by his skill as a logician, a feature of character which was strongly developed in the Rev. John Wesley.

Having chosen the duties of a clergyman, he was ordained priest at Salisbury Cathedral by Dr. John Fisher, bishop of that diocese, in 1821, and came to London, where, in the same year, he was appointed to the cure of souls in Ebury Chapel, Pimlico. In 1822 he was appointed alternate minister of St. Mary's Chapel, Fulham, where he remained for some years. He was also for some time minister at St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

A note which he wrote to his uncle at this period is suggestive of the very moderate means then at his disposal, but it manifests a spirit of submission and contentment which belonged to many of the Epworth Wesleys. It is as follows :—

CHARLES WESLEY TO HIS UNCLE CHARLES.

Charles Wesley, Esq., favoured by Mr. John Wesley.

5, Princes Road, May 3rd, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much indebted to Mrs. Coope for her prompt attention to my letter, and shall take a very early opportunity of acknowledging her kindness.

I am convinced that no dissension can arise from the pecuniary negotiations in which we are concerned. Poverty never made me rapacious, and friendship is better than money.—Have the goodness to present my affectionate respects to my aunt; and believe me always, my dear sir, your very faithful and obedient nephew, CHARLES WESLEY.

In 1833 he was appointed chaplain to the king's household at St. James's, with a residence at the Palace. Four years later his father died, and he conducted the service in Old Marylebone Church, which was choral throughout, and a most solemn and impressive one.

Subsequent appointments placed him successively in the office of Sub-Dean of her Majesty's Chapels Royal, Confessor of the Household, and in 1847 Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty the Queen. The position which he occupied brought him into personal intercourse with the Duke of Wellington, who was a constant attendant at the early Sunday morning service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

For nearly thirty years Dr. Wesley was officially connected with the ecclesiastical duties of St. James's Palace, and was present at the national ceremonies of the confirmation, coronation, marriage, and first churching of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and also at the baptism and marriage of the Princess Royal of England.

The daily duties at the Palace made it difficult for the resident chaplain to undertake any clerical duties elsewhere. Dr. Wesley preached one of the Lent sermons in the parish church of Lambeth in the year 1854, on which occasion it was remarked how thoroughly he represented the Wesleys of Epworth in stature, manners, earnestness, and fidelity. Short stature, spare figure, quick eye; in manners a gentleman of the most courtly type, in dress a pattern of neatness; whilst in the pulpit the style of his address was at once faithful and polished.

In the spring of the year 1859 Dr. Wesley was attacked with gastric fever, and his medical adviser ordered his removal to St. Leonards-on-Sea for change of air and scene. He had not been long there when he was seized with paralysis, which gave less hope of recovery than before. He lingered for some months, and at length returned to his residence at St. James's Palace, where he peacefully expired, September 14th, 1859, aged sixty-six years. He was interred at Highgate Cemetery, where an upright stone marks his last resting-place.

His long and painful illness was borne with the patience and resignation which became his Christian profession. He was greatly soothed by the tenderness and sympathy of many friends, amongst whom were Dr. Tait, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. W. T. Bullock, Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Rev. Charles B. Dalton, vicar of Highgate, and many others. The esteem in which he was held by many distinguished families in the Church will be best shown by a few brief extracts from the letters of condolence received by the family at the time of his death, with which this account will be closed.

Dr. Wesley was a staunch and devoted son of the Church of England, maintaining her doctrines and principles without wavering all through his life. He made no secret of the regret he felt that the followers of his distinguished relatives the Revs. John and Charles Wesley separated so entirely from the Church. He had watched their progress with considerable solicitude from soon after the death of the Founder of Methodism himself; and from his father he had received impressions in early life which greatly fostered the idea that union with the Church was proper.

His father's talent for music did not descend to his son Charles. He had a good voice, and a very correct ear for music, but the preferences of his mind lay almost entirely in literature and theology.

Dr. Wesley's clerical duties were limited to a narrow sphere, but within that circle were persons of the highest influence and importance in the Church and State of England. Numerous letters of kindly sympathy were addressed to the members of his family at the time of his decease. From amongst these the following extracts are kindly permitted by Miss Wesley.

The Rev. Charles B. Dalton, who, as chaplain for many years to Bishop Blomfield, had frequently met with Dr. Wesley, and in whose church at Highgate it was proposed to read part of the burial service, wrote as follows, under date of September 16th, 1859: "Our friend Mr. Bullock has informed me that your dear father's gentle spirit is now with the blest, and with his Redeemer. He was a remarkable instance of a true-hearted son of the English Church, thoroughly valuing all its ordinances, and living up to its earnest, pious spirit. . . . I valued his judgment, and loved his society and his correspondence."

The Rev. A. S. Farrar, writing to Mrs. Wesley from Queen's College, Oxford, September 17th, says: "My own acquaintance with Dr. Wesley was brief, yet I had looked forward to many instructive hours with him, such as the few I had been privileged to have. . . . If a life conscientiously spent be the passport to a life eternal, you will have the consolatory hope that the God of mercy whom your dear husband reverently served has taken him to Himself, and you cannot doubt that the blessing of God will rest upon his surviving relatives. The prayers which he has registered for you in heaven will not be forgotten of God."

Mrs. Blomfield, widow of the Rev. Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, in writing to Miss Wesley, on September 26th, says: "Sad as it is to be parted from those we dearly love, the blow is rendered less heavy by the humble hope and conviction that those whom we mourn have entered into rest, and that they are for ever removed from all the pain, suffering, and anxiety of this life. It is pleasant to dwell upon the thought that your honoured

father and my beloved husband are now resting together from their labours in the immediate presence of God and the Saviour in whom they alone trusted for salvation."

The late Rev. Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, wrote on the same day as Mrs. Blomfield, as follows, to Miss Wesley: "I was taken quite by surprise when informed of the loss sustained by your family, and I may say by the Church at large, in the death of your dear father. His kindness of heart, his primitive simplicity of character, his accurate and extensive learning, together with his peculiar wit and humour, endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him. I had always been accustomed to look forward with pleasure to my yearly visit to the Chapel Royal, and shall long remember the kindness I received from your father."

During the time Dr. Wesley was preaching at Fulham, amongst his hearers was Miss Eliza Skelton, daughter of J. Skelton, Esq., of Hammersmith, to whom he was married at Fulham, December 7th, 1824. Four children were the issue of that marriage, namely, Mary and Charles John, both of whom died in infancy; and Eliza and Maria, who still survive. Maria, the youngest daughter, was married on June 27th, 1854, to William Dennis, Esq., Civil Engineer. The names of their children are: Charles Wesley Dennis, deceased; Mary Chilton Wesley Dennis, Frank Wesley Dennis, Maude Wesley Dennis, deceased; Katherine Wesley Dennis, Alexander Lancelot Wesley Dennis, Arthur Wesley Dennis, and others who died in infancy. Mrs. Wesley survived her husband seven years, and died at Tunbridge Wells, September 4th, 1866, aged sixty-seven years.

Dr. Wesley was the author of "A Guide to Syllogism," published in 1832, and "A Short Commentary on the Church Catechism." There is also attributed to him a volume of sermons, published by Baldwin, but the surviving members of his family do not think this is correct.

He was a man of singularly retired tastes and feelings, and hence it was that the public so seldom heard of him. The patronage he enjoyed through the kindness of Bishop Blomfield supplied him with those duties which were exactly suited to his quiet and pious disposition.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

Composer and Organist.

Dr. Samuel S. Wesley, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral, was born in London in the year 1810. He inherits the musical genius of his father, from whom he received much instruction in early life, and the recollection of which has cheered him often in his public career as a musical composer and organist.

At about the age of six he was privileged, with only a few other boys, to attend the Blue Coat School for a year, without a nomination, and without wearing the costume. In 1819, the period of his father's severe illness, he was chosen one of the choristers at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where he remained for eight years. During that period he received instruction in the pianoforte from Mr. Molineux, and singing he was taught by Mr. Hawes, the master of the choristers. These advantages he highly appreciated, and, aided by natural genius and a love of the art, his progress kept pace with his opportunities, and he was soon chosen for special services.

While quite a boy he occasionally performed in public, and for some years went regularly to the Pavilion at Brighton on Saturdays, returning on Monday mornings, while King George IV. was staying there. On these occasions he took part in the Saturday evening concerts, and the Sunday services in the Chapel Royal. Mr. Attwood, of St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal St. James's, was the accompanyist, together with his Majesty's superb wind band. The king occasionally spoke kindly to the young singer, and on one occasion asked what was the relationship of the chorister Wesley and Mr. Charles Wesley, private organist to the king. His Majesty ordered a gold watch to be presented to the lad.

The band of instrumentalists just referred to was an object of great interest to those artists who were fortunate enough to hear them. They were all discharged by the king's brother, William IV., and that without receiving the pension which had been

promised on their accession to office. Kramer, a man of great talent, was conductor. Several members of this band practised their art in public on quitting Brighton, amongst others the celebrated Distin and Willman, trumpet and clarionet.

It was part of the duty of the choristers at the Chapel Royal to assist the choir of the Concerts of Ancient Music at the Hanover Square Rooms. Mr. Hawes, their singing-master, was in the habit of declaring young Wesley to be the best boy he had ever had, and he was invariably selected, if present, to sing at sight the compositions brought by their composers for first performance at the several musical societies then existent in London. Mr. Charles Wesley was a frequent attendant amongst the privileged few who were favoured with the entrée at the rehearsals of the Ancient Concerts. He usually wore a white powdered wig, and an antique blue top-coat with a large cape, which was subsequently stolen from him, greatly to his sorrow, as he said he had worn it for thirty years, and it was his father's before him. The youthful chorister did not then know how greatly his uncle had contributed to the success of those concerts even forty years before. Nearly half a century afterwards, when Dr. Wesley had himself attained to some degree of fame, part of the manuscript music of his uncle was offered to him for sale, and he did not want persuading to become the purchaser.

Whilst Dr. Wesley was at the school connected with the Chapel Royal he was much visited by his father, Mr. Samuel Wesley, who frequently composed and brought with him short anthems, and gave them to his son. Owing to the father's illness, probably, these were of a most serious, simple, and plaintive kind. A few have been preserved, and are published in Dr. Wesley's "European Psalmist."

Dr. Wesley early commenced his public duties as an organist. In 1827, when only seventeen, he was chosen organist to St. James's Chapel, in the Hampstead Road. Two years afterwards he received the appointment as organist at St. Giles's parish church, Camberwell. About that period, 1829–30, the celebrated Thomas Adams was organist at the new church, Camberwell, where the service continued longer than that at the parish church, which gave Dr. Wesley many opportunities of calling at the new church, on which occasions Mr. Adams frequently left the organ to his young friend, for him to extemporise a fugue as a concluding voluntary, notwithstanding the possibility of Wesley's playing being mistaken for his own. The favour thus shown him Dr. Wesley greatly appreciated, for he held Thomas Adams in the highest esteem. Adams certainly, as an extemporaneous player, was as masterly a performer on the organ as this country perhaps ever possessed. Dr. Wesley was next elected

organist of St. John's Church, Waterloo Road, about 1829, whilst still serving the chapel in the Hampstead Road and St. Giles's Church, Camberwell. He appointed his venerable father to play for him at St. John's, to whom he gave the salary, but upon his father's health too far decaying this office had to be relinquished, as also that of the Hampstead Road Chapel.

Continuing to hold the appointment at Camberwell, in 1830, whilst still under age, he was chosen organist in the evening at the parish church, Hampton-on-Thames, to reach which place he had to travel by coach after conducting the morning service at Camberwell. These appointments he held together for ab two years, when a more honourable call reached him, and soon after he came of age he accepted the post of organist of Hereford Cathedral, to which office he was chosen in 1832. Called to associate in his daily duties with the Dean and Chapter, he was cordially welcomed at the Deanery, then presided over by the learned Dr. Merewether, whose sister Marianne Dr. Wesley married in the year 1835. They have had a family of five children.

Shortly after his marriage, and during the same year, he accepted the duties of organist at Exeter Cathedral, in which duty he continued seven years, although in the mean time other preferment was placed before him. About the year 1841 the Professorship of Music in Edinburgh was vacant, and he was urged to apply for that position. To facilitate his efforts in that object, he was urged to take his degree of Doctor in Music, although he had not taken his Bachelor's degree. His abilities were held in so much esteem that a special *Grace* was accorded to him, and he was permitted to take the highest degree, his qualifications to take both being undoubted. He returned from Oxford, after taking his diploma, and continued his residence at Exeter some months, but, disapproving of some things done in the service of the Church in that city, he left the west of England, and in 1842 accepted the position of organist at the Leeds parish church, when the late Dr. Hook was in the midst of the great work of renovation and church extension which he so nobly carried out in that locality.

During Dr. Wesley's residence at Leeds he was the means of greatly improving the taste for Church music in the town; and when, after seven years, he was called in 1849 to conduct the musical service in Winchester Cathedral, the gentlemen connected with the church choir at Leeds presented Dr. Wesley with his portrait painted in oil as a "mark of their friendship and the high appreciation they had of his musical genius." He was described in the local papers as "the most justly celebrated

organist, and the ablest composer of Church music then living." The following appeared in one of the Leeds papers in 1849: "His loss will be much felt by those who have been accustomed, week after week, to hear his grand, solemn, and sublime accompaniments to the psalms, services, and anthems. His wonderful extemporaneous music never degenerated into a mere brilliant, showy, exhibitional style, too often adopted by organists of the present day; but always was calculated to produce and maintain devotional thoughts and feelings in the church. The following beautiful lines, though they refer to a cathedral, are more expressive of what our feelings were when we were accustomed to hear the doctor's exquisite music in the Leeds parish church than any language of our own can convey:—

When beneath the nave,
High arching, the cathedral organ 'gins
Its prelude, lingeringly exquisite,
Within retired the bashful sweetness dwells;
Anon, like sunlight, or the floodgate rush
Of waters, bursts it forth, clear, solemn, full;
It breaks upon the mazy fretted roof;
It coils up round the clustering pillars tall;
It leaps into the cell-like chapels; strikes
Beneath the pavement sepulchres; at once
The living temple is instinct, ablaze
With the uncontrolled exuberance of sound."

The musical professor of Cambridge, Dr. T. Attwood Walmsley, writing from Trinity College in November, 1841, says, "The universal consent of all musicians in England is that Dr. Wesley is the first among us, both for extraordinary talent, and for unwearied diligence in improving that talent to the utmost. He is not only the first organ-player that we have, but also a most accomplished musician." Dr. Louis Spohr, writing of Dr. Wesley from Cassel, in January, 1844, after carefully examining all his published works, says, "They show, without exception, that he is master of the style and the form of the different species of composition, keeping himself closely to the boundaries which the several kinds demand, not only in sacred things, but also in glees and music for the piano. They point also out that the artist has devoted earnest studies to harmony and counterpoint, and that he is well acquainted with rhythmical forms. The sacred music is chiefly distinguished by a noble, often even antique, style, and by rich chosen harmonies, as well as by surprisingly beautiful modulations. Along with this they possess the advantage to be easily sung. Respecting the abilities of Dr. Wesley as a practitioner, I heard him called, when I was last in England, the first of all at present there living performers on the organ."

Such testimonials seldom are offered to a young man of thirty years; but the opinions then so freely expressed have been abundantly confirmed during the thirty years which have since elapsed.

Creating in many minds in Leeds the same love for Church music of a high order which was his own inheritance, Dr. Wesley in 1849 accepted the position of organist at Winchester Cathedral, taking with him his five sons. The school in that city, with which are connected so many honoured names in English history, afforded the facilities required for their education. Two of those sons are now ordained clergymen, and two others are in the medical profession. During the fifteen years of Dr. Wesley's residence at Winchester he was invited to preside at the opening of most of the large organs which had been erected in England.

In 1865 he became the organist at Gloucester Cathedral, and in that city he has since resided. Dr. Wesley conducted the last musical festival held at Worcester, on which occasion some of his own compositions formed part of the programme, one of them being styled "that immortal anthem of Dr. Wesley's." The services he rendered at that festival, as well as his own compositions, received the highest commendation from both the audience and the press.

In the service of song in the churches and congregations throughout the land the name of Dr. Wesley is well known by the number of tunes which he has written, and which have found their way into so many psalters and hymnals. Dr. Wesley collected all his compositions of that class, and embodied them in one volume, which he published in 1872, under the title of the "European Psalmist," a work of enduring excellence which takes precedence of all other works of the kind, and which is likely to perpetuate the name of the doctor as a composer of psalm-tunes to run parallel along the ages with the hymns of his grandfather the Rev. Charles Wesley, whose sacred songs have found a place in nearly every collection of hymns in use throughout Christendom. The full title is as follows: "The European Psalmist. Dedicated by permission to her Majesty the Queen. A Collection of [733] Hymn-Tunes. Selected from British and Foreign Sources for every metre in common use in English churches. To which are added Chants, an Easy Service, short Anthems, etc. The whole revised and where necessary rearranged, and much of the new portion [130] composed, by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc. Novello, 1872. Price twenty-three shillings."

Many persons in the profession will consider that the most important of Dr. Wesley's published works is his "Twelve Anthems," which are now generally used in the cathedrals

throughout England. Among these is one entitled the "Wilderness," the performance of which never fails to call forth the most profound admiration. The new use made of broad, massive harmony, the manner in which the words are expressed, combined with serious devotional effects, have justly earned for Dr. Wesley the reputation of being the greatest writer in our time of English Church music. In the *Musical Times* for May, 1874, Dr. Wesley's anthem for four voices, "God be merciful unto us," receives a lengthy commendation from the editor, who speaks of it as an instance of rare and highly exalted beauty, and closes his appreciative remarks in these words: "Englishmen may boast, with well-founded pride, of the rich stores of their elder Church music, but it is matter for still higher exultation that the torch, whose smouldering light was hidden for a large part of a century, finds new hands to bear it, displaying all its former brightness, refined by the purifying power of new knowledge and extended resources; foremost among living representatives of our glorious eld is the artist whose latest production we have now been noticing."

In his extemporaneous organ-playing musicians consider Dr. Wesley to have no rival, and this equally applies to his mode of touch, which at once impresses the hearer; as also the grand and marvellous effects he produces by the combination of the various stops of the organ.

Dr. Wesley's family consists of five sons, two of whom are clergymen in the Church of England, and two are in the medical profession. One son is in Australia. They had a daughter named Mary, who died in infancy.

A BRIEF glance at the persons included in the preceding pages will introduce to the reader men of high rank and renown; eminent for piety, learning, and genius; distinguished for courage, patience, fortitude: gentlemen and scholars who have left behind them memorials of honourable service which will survive to the end of time.

A patriot of this family bore the Royal Standard before Henry II. during the wars in Ireland in 1172. Nearly two centuries later, the heroism of another son of the family led him to Palestine with the Crusaders, where he fell in 1340, whilst resisting the Saracens. From the same branch of the Wesleys descended the ancestors of Lord Mornington, the Marquis Wellesley, and the Duke of Wellington. Amongst the barons of England were not a few who bore the name of Wesley. The first name in the family pedigree represents a noble thane raised to that dignity by the Saxon Athelstan more than nine centuries ago.

The cloisters of many a monastery have been trod by members of this family in times when piety and learning were thus manifested; whilst in later years from hundreds of pulpits, scattered all over the land, the genuine gospel has been faithfully, earnestly, and effectively preached by an unbroken line of Wesleys for one hundred and fifty years. At the present time there are not less than four members of the family ordained ministers in the Church of Christ.

Within this family are names of men and women who as authors, poets, composers, and organists have few if any equals: some of whom genius and industry have raised to the highest rank of their profession.

Trials and persecutions have reached some of the Wesleys with a severity unknown in these days, but they honourably endured the worst and longest sufferings, and maintained their Christian integrity unshaken and unbroken. Heroic women too have their record on the family roll. Benevolence has marked other members of the family to self-sacrifice; philanthropy has found amongst the Wesleys some of her most distinguished adherents; and the voice of song in the sanctuary of God on earth will continue to ascend to heaven in the words and music of the Wesleys, until the clarion of the archangel shall prepare the ransomed worshippers for the closing scene, and time shall be no more.

THE END.

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